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THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

AUGUST 1, 1850.

ART. I. *Phases of Faith: or Passages from the History of my Creed.*
By FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN, formerly Fellow of Balliol College,
Oxford. 12mo. Chapman, London, 1850.

IN this old world, original thinking is by no means so common as some worthy people appear to suppose. We may venture to say thus much of all thinking, but especially of the thinkings of men about religion. To think and to feel on this subject, and at times intensely, may be said to have been common to humanity. The speculations of the sage and of the savage have been alike tasked by it. The presumption, accordingly, would seem to be, that this is about the last quarter in which it would be reasonable to expect novelty. The Bible of Nature has been complete, and an open volume, from the beginning; and the natural powers of man, as the student and interpreter of that volume, have been from the beginning all that we now find them. So of Revealed religion. Some two thousand years have passed since the authority on which this rests was completed. Since that time every sort of scrutiny has been brought to bear on the grounds of this authority, and on the matters attested by it. Whatever learning, talent, genius could do in this way, has been done, once and again. The Gibbons and Voltaires, the Julians and Porphyrys, have all had their day, and have played their part with abundant cleverness. When we look back on this field, we must confess, that, to ourselves, it appears singularly unpromising of novelty.

Very different, however, seems to be the impression of our modern free-thinkers. If we may give credit to their statements, or to their general manner, this field, in place of being exhausted, is only now beginning to be fairly worked. The subject, so far

from being devoid of novelty, teems with it. It is only to-day that men have begun to look at it with their eyes open, and to express themselves concerning it with a becoming intelligence and courage. So great indeed are the discoveries which an improved criticism, and an improved philosophy have laid open to them, that wonders not to be dreamt of before are about to be realized. This pleasant conceit has been obtruded upon us in every book that has appeared for some time past on the side of Sentimentalism as opposed to Christianity. In no book is this bit of agreeable dreaming more perceptible than in the volume at the head of this article. We must repeat—the presumption against the soundness of these sanguine expectations is, in our judgment, all but irresistible.

Mr. Newman began his religious career very credulously, and with little of that grounding in the matter of religion which the education of every English gentleman should embrace. Well informed as a scholar, he was so poorly equipped for the struggle which awaited him as a professed believer in Christianity, that we see him perplexed by the slightest appearance of difficulty. As difficulties thicken he invariably falls before them. Each wound he receives is deeper than the former—until, at length, you see him prostrate and slain. Every assailant, though never so worn in the service, comes upon him with all the advantage of a surprise, and the show of resistance sometimes made only serves to betray the more conspicuously the sad helplessness of the assailed one. We do not, indeed, mean to say, that the results at which Mr. Newman has arrived, should be attributed wholly to this cause. They should, no doubt, be traced, in great part, to some peculiarities of mental constitution and habit, of which we shall have occasion to speak presently.

Our author is too much of an artist not to be aware that in giving forth his confessions in this autobiographical form, he is adopting a method, which, by imparting an air of nature and truthfulness to his speculations, will be most likely to secure to his argument the attention he wishes it should receive. The aim of the book, is to show the path by which Mr. Newman has passed to something worse than an utter rejection of Christianity, and to give as much force as possible to the reasoning, which, in his view, should dispose his readers to follow his example. We felt as we journeyed with him along his perilous, and, we must say, somewhat tedious pathway, that to us, at least, the road was not new; and that from point to point, where he has somehow managed, as we think, to go wrong, we had not ourselves found any great difficulty in distinguishing between the right track and the many bye-paths turning off from it, nor between the false directing-

posts which certain mischievous people had set up, and those placed there for a better purpose. For these reasons, in dealing with Mr. Newman's book, we feel inclined to depart from our usage as reviewers, and while continuing to speak in the plural number, to present the confessions of another mind, side by side with those of our author, leaving our readers to judge between two minds which have come under much the same influences, but ended in opposite conclusions.

Should it be thought by some of our readers that we are attaching too much importance to the present publication by this course, it may be proper to remind such persons that there are other qualities beside great power that may contribute to give a book efficiency for mischief; and that the process of thinking exhibited in this work is that through which the mind of our times may be said to be passing. We may add, also, that in endeavouring to give existence to this journal, our foresight that the question—'Philosophy *versus* Christianity,' was about to become the great question of the age, supplied us with one of our strongest motives. We felt that some service might be done, both to the church and the commonwealth, by men, who, if only tolerably up to their function, should take their stand in the old pathways of human thought, and while ready to discard whatever may prove to be false, should be prepared, if need be, in the very crisis and whirlwind of change, to do something towards defending that ascertained truth which the past, whether nearer or more remote, may have worked out, husbanded, and placed before us.

Mr. Newman divides the History of his Creed into Six Periods. *First Period*—My Youthful Creed. *Second*—Strivings after a more Primitive Christianity. *Third*—Calvinism Abandoned, as neither Evangelical nor True. *Fourth*—The Religion of the Letter Renounced. *Fifth*—Faith at Second Hand found to be Vain. *Sixth*—History discovered to be no part of Religion. *Conclusion*—On Bigotry and Progress.

I. The 'Youthful Creed' of Mr. Newman was formed under the influence of the Evangelical section of the established church. When not more than eleven years old, he had formed the habit of secret prayer. At fourteen, he was regarded as a 'converted person,' and though perplexed thus early with the doctrine of Election, he was content to leave that mystery, with some others, to become clear in due time. At sixteen, he was confirmed, by Dr. Howley, then Bishop of London, the ceremony being to him, on the whole, impressive, but the bishop, a dull 'made-up' man, and the examining clergy a set of officials who seemed to have no thought about anything beyond memory and the catechism.

The following year he entered Oxford, signed the Articles conscientiously; but, he adds, 'It was certain to me before I went to Oxford, and manifest in my first acquaintance with it, that very few academicians could be said to believe them. Of the young men, not one in five seemed to have any religious convictions at all; the elder residents seldom or never showed sympathy with the doctrines that pervade that formula. I felt from my first day there, that the system of compulsory subscription was hollow, false, and wholly evil.' (p. 3.) In Oxford, a freshman, somewhat older than our author, convinced him that the distinction made by his evangelical friends between the 'sufferings' and the 'righteousness' of Christ was not scriptural; an irreligious student shook his faith in the Article which represents our Lord as taking 'his flesh and bones' into heaven; and certain of his Oriel friends succeeded in putting an end to his puritanical notions about the identity of the Lord's Day with the Jewish Sabbath. This last point of progress led to new views of the Old Testament altogether, as subordinate and imperfect, if compared with the dispensation which had succeeded it. The doctrine of the Atonement also, he ceased to view, as heretofore, as embracing the ideas of equivalency and compensation. Doubts, moreover, came up on the point of Infant Baptism, which ended in a rejection of that observance; but the Baptismal Regeneration dogma he regarded as 'full-blown popery.' For Episcopacy, in the baronial form in which it is familiar to us, he had no reverence. It was, in his view, an exhibition of the clerical function much more worldly than spiritual. The men who had filled this high office in England since the days of Edward VI. soon came to be in his estimation a race of pliant courtiers, rather than a succession of primitive overseers of the church: their vocation being to act as a drag on all popular progress, in place of being, as they should have been, the chief impetus in that direction.

'With these considerations on my mind,—while quite aware that some of the bishops were good and valuable men, I could not help feeling that it would be perfect misery to me to have to address one of them, taken at random, as my 'Right Reverend Father in God,' which seemed like a foul hypocrisy; and when I remembered who had said, 'Call no man father on earth; for one is your Father, who is in heaven:'—words which not merely in the letter, but still more distinctly in the spirit, forbid the state of feeling which suggested this episcopal appellation,—it did appear to me as if 'Prelacy' had been rightly coupled by the Scotch Puritans with 'Popery' as antichristian.

'Connected inseparably with this, was the form of Ordination, which, the more I thought of it, seemed the more offensively and outrageously Popish, and quite opposed to the Article on the same subject. In the Article, I read that we were to regard such to be legitimate

ministers of the Word, as had been only appointed to this work *by those who would have public authority for the same*. It was evident to me that this very wide phrase was adapted and intended to comprehend the 'public authorities' of all the reformed churches, and could never have been selected by one who wished to narrow the idea of a legitimate minister to episcopal orders; besides that, we know Lutheran and Calvinistic ministers to have been actually admitted in the early times of the Reformed English Church, by the force of that very Article. To this, the only genuine protestant view of a church, I gave my most cordial adherence; but when I turned to the ordination service, I found the bishop there, by his authoritative voice, absolutely to bestow on the candidate for priesthood the power to forgive or retain sins!—'Receive ye the Holy Ghost! Whose sins ye forgive, they are forgiven: whose sins ye retain, they are retained.' If the bishop really had this power, he of course had it only *as* bishop—that is, by his consecration; thus it was formally transmitted. To allow this, vested in all the Romish bishops a spiritual power of the highest order, and denied the legitimate priesthood in nearly all the continental protestant churches—a doctrine irreconcilable with the Article just referred to, and intrinsically to me incredible. That an unspiritual—and, it may be, wicked—man who can have no pure insight into devout and penitent hearts, and no communion with the source of holy discernment, could never receive by an outward form the Divine power to forgive or retain sins, or the power of bestowing this power, was to me then, as now, as clear and certain as any possible first axiom. Yet, if the bishop had not this power, how profane was the pretension. Thus, again, I came into collision with English prelacy.'

Matters being so, it will not excite surprise, that even in this early stage of our author's speculations, the Athanasian creed proved a great perplexity. But at this time, the Nicene creed was regarded as a fair expression of his thoughts on the doctrine of the Trinity. Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ* gave him a new zest in the study of the Pauline epistles; but the difficulties of the gospels were already as fixed blocks in his way; and as to the Fathers—apostolic and others—there was very little in them, so far as they came under his notice, that he could away with. 'Thus the Bible,' he writes, 'in its simplicity, became only the more all-ruling in my judgment, because I could find no Articles, no church decrees, and no apostolic individual, whose rule over my understanding or conscience I could bear. Such may be conveniently regarded as the first period of my creed,' (p. 25.) In this 'first period' the elder brother of our author, since so notorious, rebuked, rather than aided him, in his perplexities, and the evangelical clergy, to whom he looked for assistance, uniformly failed him. These good men could dogmatize, and tell him to wait and pray, but vain was the hope of further help from them.

In all this, there is an appearance of ingenuousness which must command respect, and which seems to promise that the ultimate opinions of our young freshman at Oriel, will not be taken up because they happen to be ready-made and in vogue. But this is not the only probability suggested by this portion of the narrative before us. There is manifestly room to fear, that as the youthful creed of Mr. Newman has been embraced with so little discrimination, and so little attention to the true laws of evidence, it may possibly be subjected to grave mutilation, or be wholly discarded, on very insufficient grounds. The danger of this is the greater, from the significant fact, that the most accredited adherents to the creed thus adopted, are found, upon experiment, to be so little capable of dealing with the objections to which it is exposed. Change has already come, suspicions have been generated, and where this scepticism may stop it is not easy to say. There is something infectious in distrust. An authority which breaks down in part, is in danger of breaking down altogether. The fault in the religious training of Mr. Newman hitherto, is that which has been too common among Christians of the Evangelical school, especially within the pale of the Church of England—viz., that of resting a creed on mere texts of Scripture, or on authority in other forms, irrespective of the critical or moral difficulties which, soon or late, must force themselves on the attention of an intelligent and ingenuous spirit. Send a young mind into the midst of the influences and debates of a fashionable university, with so little preparation as we see in the Mr. Francis Newman, of Oriel, in 1820, and it will be no marvel if the bitterness of his experience be such as to prevent his submitting himself to your guidance ever afterwards.

Our own early history has some points in common with Mr. Newman's, but differs considerably in others. We had neither the advantage, nor the disadvantage, of the sort of religious education received by him. Until somewhat past the age at which Mr. Newman entered Oxford, we can hardly be said to have been the subject of religious convictions at all; but when these came, they were, we suspect, much deeper, and much more absorbing, than our author has at any time experienced. During the period preceding, we had been in the way of becoming pretty familiar with the infidel speculations of the French, and with those of our own English deists; but our faith in the Divine origin of the gospel had not been much disturbed by such influences. It was different, however, when this faith became vitalized, and our religious sensibilities and hopes were powerfully affected by it. With this deeper interest in the truth

of Christianity, came a new feeling of solicitude in relation to its evidences—a forwardness, perhaps, to assert the sufficiency of its proofs, and many a lengthy, and sometimes warm debate, with old friends of sceptical tendencies, whose conversion appeared to us to be, not only desirable, but quite within our power. In these encounters we certainly did not always escape unharmed; but the effect, on the whole, was to preclude serious trouble in this shape for a long time to come. We see there was peril, but we feel that there was advantage, in our lot in this respect. In making our first grave profession of a Christian creed, we were obliged to contend for it, and to establish it, point by point, in the face of some of the strongest things that could be said against it. There assuredly were some oscillations in our convictions during this process, but the end was wholesome, and the effect of it has lasted, in a good degree, to this day. Differences on such points as the supposed distinction between our Lord's suffering and his righteousness, or as to the condition in which the humanity of the Saviour has entered heaven, affected us very little. We saw in the Gospel a breadth and elevation placing it in a happy independence of such refinements. The theory of the Atonement was a graver matter, but, thanks to a little sound theological guidance, we soon learnt to regard the death of Christ as having respect to the Divine claims and human need, in such a manner as not to embrace any immediate or necessary reference to particular persons and their particular sins. Nor were we much disturbed by the dogmatic, narrow, and often altogether unsatisfactory manner in which this truth, and others, were not unfrequently expounded and defended in evangelical pulpits. We thought, even then, that we could distinguish between such weakness in the advocate, and the impregnable strength of the cause. If some alleged points of evidence broke down, if some real difficulties presented themselves, we felt, almost as by an instinct of our understanding, that it did not behove us to allow the mass of ascertained proof really before us to become valueless on that account. In fact, there were two fallacies which we well remember to have marked down at this time as being very common, but which it became us cautiously and resolutely to avoid—first, the fallacy which, in effect, declares, that the evidence which does not prove *everything*, proves *nothing*; and, second, the fallacy which seems to say, that because some *old* things have proved *false*, it is fair to presume that every *new* thing will prove to be *true*. We feel distinctly, in the review of those days, that we were as little disposed to honour the mercurial people about us who were the worshippers of novelties, purely because they were new; as to do homage to those duller and

more confiding people who were content to be worshippers of the old, purely because the old always had in it, in their eyes, something of the respectable. If the future has its mission, so we venture to think had the past; and few things seem to us more certain than that the really new truth to be added to the world's stock by any single generation, must of necessity be very small, compared with the old truth wrought out and settled by the many preceding generations. The notion that the birth of wisdom had been postponed until it should be incarnated in the men of our own times, was a notion that we felt compelled to regard, and that long before we became old, as one presenting about as choice an exhibition of self-complacency and arrogance as could well be imagined.

With regard to the church of England, our position, at the time under review, bore some resemblance to that of Mr. Newman. Like himself, we had been baptized into that church. But we did not proceed to the length of confirmation. The indifference of our feeling about everything of a religious nature, and what we had seen of that ceremony, disposed us to leave it to the other sex, or to those whose tastes or convictions might prompt them to an observance of it. Subsequently, when our feeling on the whole matter of religion had undergone a great change, we, too, found one of the dreams of our youth in the desire to be numbered with the clergy of the established church. We looked to the historical associations of that church; to her learning, her piety, her position in times past as a great bulwark of the protestant cause in Europe; to her many good influences in our own time—in a word, to all that is usually regarded by her sons as constituting her high claim on their affection and veneration. But we could not avoid seeing that this system had some other aspects. While our religious sensibility lay dead, our moral sentiment had not been uncultivated, and had more than once placed us at issue with some of the Anglican formularies. We remember giving serious offence to certain relatives by refusing to stand sponsor to an infant—not on the plea of youth, but simply on conscientious grounds. We had some obscure idea that we did not sufficiently understand the nature of the service to allow of its being proper that we should be parties to it; and, above all, we had been so often scandalized by persons consenting to become sponsors without a thought of ever attempting to discharge the duties to which they solemnly pledged themselves, that we determined not to add to the number of such unedifying examples. We mentioned this fact, because it indicated the presence of those moral convictions to which our subsequent religious feeling was obliged to do

homage, as to an authority both anterior to itself, and of even higher authority than itself; and the ultimate effect of which was, to shut us up to the conclusion, that it became us either to decline the christian ministry altogether, or to enter upon it among Nonconformists. So far as we can recal the feeling of that time, we think we are justified in saying, that had we seen the same moral impediment in the way of professing an adhesion to Christianity, that we saw in the way of professing an approval of Church-of-Englandism, the moral argument would have prevailed. Nothing short of the relinquishment of Christianity itself, could have been to us a more costly surrender of feeling to conscience, than was our relinquishment of the facilities which then seemed to present themselves, not merely on the side of a worldly advancement, but on the side of true christian usefulness in the direction of Oxford and of the Established Church. But our reasons for taking another course were imperative—of much more weight and breadth than any that appear to have been present to Mr. Newman during this period.

II. Mr. Newman's Second Period is intitled, 'Strivings after a more Primitive Christianity.' We have here a new instance of the haughty repugnance which a certain order of churchmen have always shown to connecting themselves with any other sect, even when obliged to acknowledge that they have come to be on very bad terms with their own. To ally themselves with any one of the religious bodies, already in separation from the establishment, would be at once to lose social status, and to feel themselves exposed to all the contempt which their old friends have been wont to express for sects of all kinds. At the same time, to attempt to form a sect for themselves, has proved to be an undertaking for which their training—or rather no training, as churchmen, renders them singularly incompetent. There is a melancholy monotony in the imbecility which such men have brought, almost invariably, to such enterprises. The thought of joining the Dissenters did indeed occur to Mr. Newman, but the following passage shows how easy a thing it was for him to satisfy himself that no good could come from his looking in that direction.

'I saw that I was shut out from the ministry of the Church of England, and knew not how to seek connexion with Dissenters. I had met one eminent Quaker, but was offended by the violent and obviously false interpretations by which he tried to get rid of the two Sacraments; and I thought there was affectation involved in the forms which the doctrine of the Spirit took with him. Besides, I had not

been prepossessed by those Dissenters whom I had heard speak at the Bible Society. I remember, that one of them talked in pompous, measured tones of voice, and with much stereotype phraseology, about 'the Bible only, the religion of Protestants:' altogether it did not seem to me that there was at all so much of nature and simple truth in them as in Church clergymen. I also had a vague but strong idea that all Dissenting Churches assumed some special, narrow, and sectarian basis. The question, indeed, arose—'Whether I was *at liberty* to preach to the heathen without ordination?' but I, with extreme ease, answered in the affirmative. To teach a church needs of course the sanction of the church: no man can assume pastoral rights without assent from other parties: but to speak to those without, is obviously a natural right, with which the church can have nothing to do. And herewith all the precedents of the New Testament so obviously agreed, that I had not a moment's disquiet on this head.'—pp. 37-38.

So, because the few dissenters whom Mr. Newman chanced to meet with did not exactly please him; and because the oratory of one, or more, of them, did not happen to be to his taste, he could at once ignore whatever of a more favourable nature might be suggested concerning those christian bodies by their history, and become wholly heedless about the better knowledge of them that might so readily have been obtained through other channels. Having concluded first, and on the narrow grounds already stated, that the Church of England is a blunder; and next, that Nonconformity must, for the very satisfactory reasons contained in the above extract, be something like a remedy that has proved worse than the disease,—Mr. Newman becomes possessed with a passion for 'the establishment of a christian fellowship in a purely biblical church, as *the first GREAT WANT of CHRISTENDOM and the WORLD.*' Thousands of the best heads and best hearts the world has seen, have been employed through many ages and many lands in endeavouring to show what Christianity really is, and how it should be worked. Here, however, we find a gentleman, who only a few short years since made his appearance as a 'freshman' youth at Oxford, and who has in this short space so far outstripped his predecessors, that we hear him, in effect, say, to all the greybeards of the past and present—'stand aside, good sirs; you have erred all of you; 'it has been left to me to show to you, to CHRISTENDOM, and to the WORLD, what you have been so long attempting to show, 'but in vain.' We are not unmindful of the subdued and humble terms in which Mr. Newman sometimes speaks of his own claims on the confidence of his readers; but we must be excused if we judge as to what he really feels and thinks, from his doings, more than from his language, and we feel bound to

say, that it would puzzle us exceedingly to find a parallel to the amount of ill-judged self-reliance betrayed in this portion of his self-recorded history. He may not have suspected at that time 'the spirit he was of'—indeed we must suppose that he is insensible to it even now; but anything bespeaking a higher degree of what phrenologists call by a name we need not mention, or a stronger tendency towards the Quixotic, than is here depicted, we scarcely know where to find. It may be, that the mind capable of all this something more than twenty years since, is now commissioned, not to show to 'Christendom' and the 'world,' the pattern church which is to bring back primitive Christianity and convert the heathen,—but to demonstrate, beyond all need of further inquiry, that Christianity, under any form, is without proof, without value, pregnant with the pernicious, that Modern Sentimentalism is really the New Gospel, destined to be ascendant in the new era. We will only say, at present, that to us, the probabilities of the case do not seem to lie that way.

Mr. Newman's visit to Ireland, on his leaving Oxford, brought him under the full influence of those Millenarian doctrines which have long been so prevalent among the clergy and laity of the Protestant Church in that country. These doctrines, which required all believing in them to live in the constant expectation of the visible and glorious appearance of Christ upon earth—to live, in Mr. Newman's language, '*as though* the end of all earthly concerns may come at cockcrow or at mid-day,' were the preachments which our author heard everywhere, and especially from one person, an Irish clergyman, a man whose resolute will, notwithstanding his morbid and narrow views of religion generally, exerted a great influence over him. But Mr. Newman must be allowed to make his own confession in this place.

'Nothing can be clearer, than that the New Testament is entirely pervaded by the doctrine,—sometimes explicitly stated, sometimes ceremoniously assumed,—that earthly things are very speedily to come to an end, and *therefore* are not worthy of our high affections and deep interest. Hence, when thoroughly imbued with this persuasion, I looked with mournful pity on a great mind wasting its energies on any distant aim of this earth. For a statesman to talk about providing for future generations, sounded to me as a melancholy avowal of unbelief. To devote good talents to write history, or investigate nature, was simple waste: for, at the Lord's coming, history and science would no longer be learned by these feeble appliances of ours. Thus, an inevitable deduction from the doctrine of the Apostles was, that 'we must work for speedy results only.' The hold

which the apostolic belief then took of me, subjected my conscience to the exhortations of the Irish clergyman, whenever he inculcated that the highest Christian must necessarily decline the pursuit of science, knowledge, art, history,—except so far as any of these things might be made useful tools for immediate spiritual results.

‘Under the stimulus to my imagination given by this gentleman’s character, the desire, which from a boy I had more or less nourished, of becoming a teacher of Christianity to the heathen, took stronger and stronger hold of me.’

‘When I had returned to Oxford, I induced the Irish clergyman to visit the university, and introduced him to many of my equals in age and juniors I began to see the prospect of so considerable a movement of mind, as might lead many in the same direction as myself; and if it was by a collective church that Mohammedans were to be taught, the only way was for each separately to be led to the same place by the same spiritual influence. As Groves was a magnet to draw me, so might I draw others. In no other way could a pure and efficient Church be formed. If we waited, as with worldly policy, to make a complete colony before leaving England, we should fail of getting the right men: we should pack them together by a mechanical process, instead of leaving them to be united by vital affinities. Thus actuated, and other circumstances conducing, in September, 1830, with some Irish friends, I set out to join Mr. Groves at Bagdad. What I might do there, I knew not. I did not go as a minister of religion, and I everywhere pointedly disowned the assumption of this character, even down to the colour of my dress. But I thought I knew many ways in which I might be of service, and I was prepared to act according to circumstances.’—pp. 36-45.

Our readers, we think, will feel, that the mind which could give itself up, even at five-and-twenty, to anything so loose and visionary as this, must be a mind radically wanting in judgment. What *ignis fatuus* may not cross its path, and lure it into mischief at the subsequent points of its course it is hard to say; one thing only would seem certain,—such a mind will always be in danger of going off into the eccentric, and that there is scarcely any verge of eccentricity which it may not in time be found to bring within its own limits of the reasonable. Should such a man come to regard himself as bound to attempt the conversion of the Pope into a primitive bishop, or the conversion of the British nation into a nation of Deists, it would hardly astonish us.

Nearly everything that Mr. Newman has recorded of himself during this period makes the infirmity of which we have spoken more and more conspicuous. Thus a Mohammedan at Aleppo had taken up the notion, common among his countrymen, that the Gospels are spurious narratives of a late date. Mr. Newman

endeavours to prove the contrary; the Mohammedan cannot reply, but brings the matter to a close by saying—‘Ah, well! God has no doubt given you English many good things, but the thing he has not given you is the true religion—that is ours.’ Mr. Newman says this case made a lasting impression on him, and that he derived from it much instruction; and what, good reader, do you think is the lesson which our missionary learns from this fact? not that the way to neutralize historical falsehood is to confront it with historical truth, but that to make it appear that the Gospels must have been written in the first century, it will behove you to show that they contain much moral and pious sentiment that might have been committed to writing in almost any century! The Mohammedan himself had taken the historical ground—nevertheless, you must not join issue with him there, you must leave him under the impression that the four Gospels are so many historical lies, and, in spite of that impression, you must endeavour to convince him, not only that what these documents contain is truth, but eminently revealed truth! Verily, if this be a specimen of the teaching of the model church at Bagdad, its small success with Jew, Turk, or Infidel, can be no mystery.

Again; in this same Aleppo, an Englishman of rather low tastes, and of irregular habits, persists in assailing the evidences of Christianity. Mr. Newman endeavours to ‘divert the argument from external topics, and to bring it to a point in which there might be a chance of touching the conscience’ of this man—but without effect; for though his historical objections were fairly refuted, that did not prevent his returning to the same ground, and affecting to be victorious rather than vanquished. Now one would suppose that the inference to be deduced from this incident would be, that there are men upon whom neither the internal nor the external evidence of Christianity must be expected to produce any sensible impression. But in place of eliciting this one truth from the facts before him, Mr. Newman contrives to elicit from it two errors; first, that external evidence must be futile as an instrument of conviction in all instances, because it appeared to have so been in this instance; and, second, that internal evidence must be the successful weapon for such purposes, though, unhappily, in the very instance adduced, it is found to be the reverse of successful! Mr. Newman says much in the later portion of his work about ‘logical proof,’ and speaks very disparagingly of the discernment of the ancients, of apostles among the rest, in this respect; but we think it must be obvious in these instances, and that it will be more so as we proceed, that our author’s own sequences are rarely—very rarely, such as a sound logic would warrant.

Once more : when Mr. Newman left Ireland for Bagdad, it was as one of a party by whom the doctrines regarded as evangelical had been inculcated with a rigour, narrowness, and intensity, beyond what was common even in that school. After two years' absence, our author returns to England. It does not appear that the slightest advance had yet been made, either in the way of edifying 'Christendom,' or converting the 'world;' but it was hoped that more might be achieved in this way, if some new recruits could be obtained. To his amazement, however, Mr. Newman now learnt that the soundness of his own faith had fallen under strong suspicion. Nor ought he to have been surprised at this fact. According to his own showing, he had by this time virtually surrendered the doctrine of the Trinity. He no longer believed the Son to be in any sense the equal of the Father, and of the Spirit he writes—'That the spirit of God 'meant in the New Testament *God in the heart*, had long been 'to me a sufficient explanation, and who by logic or metaphysics will carry us beyond this?' Yet, with that strange obtuseness as to the issue to which his speculations are conducting him, which is manifestly a characteristic of his mind, he regards the distrust of his friends, and the separations that followed, as a painful result flowing from a very trivial cause—viz., a failure of agreement about certain 'intellectual propositions.' Mr. Newman is certainly at liberty to describe the doctrines which he had surrendered, and others which consistency would require him to surrender along with them, as intellectual propositions, but he surely ought to have borne in mind that they were propositions which had always been regarded by his friends as embracing fundamental facts of the Gospel—as doctrines held by them, whether wisely or otherwise, as of the essence of the Gospel. So grieved, however, is he, that the matter should be viewed in this light, and that 'alienation should have followed, that he gives us this statement as the result of his experience at that juncture : 'The resolution then rose in me to love all good 'men from a distance, but *never again to count on permanent 'friendship with any one who was not himself cast out as a heretic.*' This, then, is the point at which Mr. Newman has arrived at the close of this second period in his mental history, and in the twenty-eighth year of his age. The Church—Millenarianism—Orthodoxy—these were the questions with which our author had to deal at this time, and we well remember that at about the same period we had our own course to take in relation to all these points.

In ceasing to be of the Establishment, we had to take our place

with some body of Nonconformists, or, after Mr. Newman's manner, to attempt something ecclesiastical on our own account. From the latter course we were deterred in part by what we regarded at the time, and by what we now feel to have been, a becoming deference to older and wiser heads than our own. There was nothing new in our position as having ceased to approve of the Church of England. We were in a country in which myriads of men—men of intelligence, conscientiousness, and piety—had been in the same position before us. Supposing all the sects into which the secessions from our established church had settled down to be more or less at fault, we had still to ask ourselves whether some of these did not approach *very nearly* to the primitive model, and whether it did not behove us, with information so limited, experience so recent, and minds so little matured, to connect ourselves with the least exceptionable of these, rather than to pursue a course which would be in effect to say, that, though subject to all these disadvantages, we felt that we could ourselves do something greatly better than had hitherto been done. Undue regard to authority or precedent was not, we fear, the kind of error to which we were then most liable. But we felt that, in guarding against the abuse of authority, it became us to remember that its very abuse implied its use. We sometimes cast our thoughts towards Heathendom, but we felt that even there Providence and our brother man had left us nothing new to attempt; while at home, an experiment in which some half-dozen beneficed clergymen—Messrs. Snow, Baring, Bevan, Kemp, &c.—had done their best to show both churchmen and dissenters how ecclesiastical matters should be regulated, had brought out such exhibitions of weakness, and had ended in all respects so lamentably, that there was no prayer, next to the prayer having respect to our soul's salvation, that we presented more fervently, than the petition to be saved from becoming 'the reproach of the foolish' after a manner of that sort. Modern congregationalism did not completely realize our notion of the form and spirit of primitive Christianity, but it seemed to approach so nearly to both, as to leave us little reason for striving after anything more complete. From few things were we then more averse—and the aversion has only strengthened with years—than from that morbid scrupulosity about the 'mint and cummin' of religious modes, which separatists from our national church have too often viewed, both in past and in more recent times, as 'strivings after a more primitive Christianity.' There were in this country, at the time of which we speak, several thousand churches holding, in common with Mr. Newman, that a church should be an 'assembly of the saved, gathered by the vital

'attractions of God's spirit,' and that every such assembly being 'heavenly minded,' and being shunned in consequence by the 'earthly,' would be naturally left to make the will of Christ, according to its own interpretation of that will, its sole guide. We have no reason to suppose that there was anything very precocious in our wisdom at this juncture; but had Mr. Newman then said to us in words, as he did say everywhere in effect—'All you say about such churches may be true, but I have something in my view more primitive still, which, though it hardly admits of being stated in words, will, when realized, supply a great want' to 'Christendom' and the 'world,'—we feel assured that the conviction forcing itself irresistibly upon us would have been, that our young friend from Oxford might be an elegant scholar, and a very amiable and well-meaning gentleman, but that among his valuable qualities, actual or probable, it could never become us to reckon a judgment fitting him for leadership.

The weakness displayed by Mr. Newman in this last respect was further conspicuous in his millenarian notions. With the most innocent oversight of his inconsistency, he maintained, in the same breath, that the 'authority of the whole and indivisible Bible was overruling and complete;' and that this authority nevertheless inculcated upon the first Christians that the end of the visible universe was at hand—so nearly at hand, that they were to be expecting it every hour. Our author regarded the New Testament as teaching this doctrine, he learns to account this doctrine a delusion, but even yet, the authority of the book which teaches it is declared to be 'overruling and complete.' In describing his position at that time as to this point, Mr. Newman does not seem even now to see its suicidal absurdity, and deems it enough that persons taking this ground could cite Peter as rebuking the 'scoffers' who dared to ask—'Where is the promise of his coming!' We have not forgotten the trial to which our patience was often put by the men and women who professed themselves great adepts in mysteries of this nature. Quite natural did we think it, that people who assured us they looked on each sunset as probably the last the world would see, or as that which would be followed by the advent of the King of Saints to reign over the kings of the earth—quite natural did it appear to us that such persons, after the manner of Mr. Newman's Irish clergyman, should have little care of either learning or worldly affairs in general. It did not ^{they} astonish us to find that weak people should some of them be thus far consistent in their weakness; but astonished we should have been had we found any man possessing the least claim to discretion—any man of such standing as our author—carried away

by such pitiable fictions. In our judgment, an educated, full-grown man, in such a school, would have been a person giving proof enough in that fact of a liableness to dream, and to become erratic, with very little promise of ever attaining to such a state of discernment as wise men might be disposed to regard with confidence.

But if we feel obliged to regard our author's experiments as an ecclesiastical reformer, and his visions about the millennium as pregnant with caution against trusting implicitly to his guidance, we can readily understand how a mind like his, attempting, with so much resoluteness, to solve the difficulties of orthodoxy, should have found itself ere long in a very jungle of bewilderments. We remember well that, more than once, we somewhat mistook our way at the same points, and had to retrace our steps. One advantage, however, in our case was, that in ceasing to be churchmen, we ceased to be concerned about the honour of the creeds of the church from which we had separated. The Athanasian and the Nicene Creeds soon came to be regarded by us as attempts to explain what is in its own nature inexplicable. We felt that, for aught we knew, the doctrine of an unexplained Trinity might be an unavoidable mystery to created intellect, in common with the doctrine of an unoriginated Deity, or an unexplained omnipresence. We never concealed our sense of difficulty, but we saw that our choice lay between difficulties. The mysteriousness of the received doctrines of Christianity, embracing not only the Trinity, but the Incarnation, the Atonement, the regenerating agency of the Holy Spirit, often confounded us; but we had seen so much of the mischiefs which had resulted from allowing principles or theories to rest on isolated texts, that it early became a habit with us to guard against delusion from that source. We soon began to discern that the opinions about which men make the most noise, are commonly subtleties or refinements which have little or no scriptural authority to sustain them. When very young in our theological studies, we heard the late Dr. Carpenter deliver his first discourse as pastor of his new charge at Bristol. It was expected to be a masterly exposition and defence of Unitarianism. We must say that it greatly disappointed us. It presented, as usual, the texts and reasonings regarded as most favourable to the Unitarian theory, but it ignored nearly all of religious and reasonings of a different description. Thus we were not to be sure that Christ could not be a divine person, seeing that he is said to have been raised from the dead by the power of the Father—as though there were no texts in which our Lord claimed this power as his own, none in which it is ascribed to the Holy Spirit. The drift of the discourse was to this effect.

It did much to fix us in our determination to test our opinions by the Scriptures *as a whole*, and to this principle of investigation we were indebted for our comparative freedom from many doubtings which have proved insuperable in the experience of Mr. Newman. The scripture, 'My Father is greater than I,' which could so far unsettle Mr. Newman's orthodoxy at this juncture, had no such effect on ourselves, for we placed that scripture, and others like it, side by side with texts which seemed to set forth strictly opposite ideas concerning the nature of the Redeemer, and we felt sure there must be a sense in which these seeming contradictions, if taken *conjointly*, would be found to convey a great truth. •

III. 'Calvinism Abandoned.'—This is the title of the chapter which gives us the third stage in the history of Mr. Newman's creed. The creed in which our author had been educated was that of the 'straitest sect' amongst Calvinists. He had learned to believe, because the Articles of his church had so determined, that the good works of the unregenerate have all 'undoubtedly the nature of sin.' It had in consequence been his manner to despise 'meremoral men.' But he now began to see his error in this respect, and to look on the more natural humanity of the world, as a kind of refuge from the morbid piety of the church. The first point of his Calvinism which fell, was the doctrine of 'reprobation,' which presented itself as a corollary to the doctrine of 'election.' He next ceased to be a believer in the eternity of future punishment; and his change of opinion on this point conduced to a change in his views with regard to the person of Christ, and the design of his death. By this time, the Christ of Mr. Newman had not only ceased to be in any proper sense divine—he had ceased to be human. The Christ in his view was not the Christ of the Gospels, but the Christ of his own imagination, wrought up by a shadowy and general use of the materials of the Gospel. So of the death of Christ—it not only ceased to be 'a compensation of quantity' for men's sins, it ceased to be a compensation in any sense. Of the sense in which Christ might be said to die for the sins of men, Mr. Newman could determine nothing, except that it surely was not in the Calvinistic sense. Having abandoned so many points in the Calvinistic creed, it will not be supposed that its doctrine of 'original sin' could long stand. It soon wholly disappeared. Adam's original state of being and our own are declared to have been the same, and Mr. Newman finds relief in looking on *all* men as *created* in a sinful state, rather than as having come into this state in consequence of a moral failure on the part of our

nature in a state of innocence. Already, the religion of our author had come to consist in a certain condition of sentiment, the spirituality of which it is supposed may be sustained in a high degree of purity, though all the doctrines usually accounted orthodox or evangelical should be extinguished. To be assured of the divine power, wisdom, and goodness, without the aid of dogma in any more definite form, is, according to Mr. Newman, to be assured of all that is necessary to awaken and nourish a truly religious life. It will be seen, accordingly, that Mr. Newman's abandonment of Calvinism was the natural result of his particular views as to the function assigned to our moral sentiments. His language on this point is as follows:

'The hearers of Christ or Paul could not draw their knowledge of right and wrong from the New Testament. They had (or needed to have) an absolute power of discerning that his conduct was holy and his doctrine good. To talk about the infirmity or depravity of the human conscience is here quite irrelevant. The conscience of Christ's hearers may have been dim or twisted, but it was their best guide, and only guide, as to the question, whether to regard him as a holy prophet: so likewise as to ourselves, it is evident that we have no guide at all whether to accept or reject the Bible, if we distrust that inward power of judging, (whether called common sense, conscience, or the Spirit of God,)—which is independent of our belief in the Bible. To disparage the internally-vouchsafed power of *discerning truth without the Bible*, is to endeavour to set up a universal moral scepticism.'—p. 82.

In stating our own views on this subject, we can truly say, that there never was a period in which we did not ourselves believe very much to the effect stated in this extract. Calvinism, as commonly understood, we saw as abounding, unquestionably, with strong ethical difficulties. We felt them all—felt them quite as deeply, we think, as Mr. Newman. The style of exaggeration we sometimes listened to from Calvinistic pulpits, which seemed to ignore all worth in morality, because morality is not religion, never commended itself to our moral consciousness. We felt obliged to bear with such professional rhetoric, but we generally found relief in the persuasion that the preacher himself was really no believer in his own doctrine. His manifest and everyday estimate of the character of the 'merely moral' persons in his family and neighbourhood, presented sufficient evidence on that point. In this way we often saw nature neutralize theory, so far at least as to bring it somewhat nearer to the sobrieties of truth. We did not elevate morality into the place of religion, but we left to it a basis of its own. * We were very far, however,

from seeing that the man holding such opinions is bound, in logical consistency, to declare against Calvinism.

Before we became familiar with the reasoning of Butler, we were convinced, that in taking exception to any supposed doctrine of scripture as inconsistent with the moral perfections of the Supreme Being, it became us to look at the obnoxious tenet in the light of all the knowledge within our reach concerning the moral relations of the Deity to our race. Now, this knowledge comes to us through many sources beside our moral sentiment. It is manifest in outward *facts*, no less than from inward *feelings*. Teachings on this subject we have in the inner world of our own spirit; but not less in the outer world around us, where innumerable appearances bring the moral agency of the Infinite near to us. These appearances, both physical and moral, are often strangely different from such as we should have expected to find, had we taken our moral sentiment alone as a guide, in a world created by infinite power, wisdom, and goodness. Sin, sorrow, disease, death—all the blight and abortiveness we see to be so characteristic of the present condition of human nature—how little do these harmonize with the *à priori* dictates of our natural feeling? We are not more conscious that whatever God does must be best, than we are that what he has done, in many respects, is something greatly diverse from what we should ourselves have been prompted to do, with mere sentiment as our guide. Now, if this inner sentiment may be supposed competent to act as an expositor of the divine proceedings anywhere, we should expect it to be thus competent here—in its own world, where the divine hand is everywhere at work as in our very sight. But if we have questioned it about earthly things, and it has failed us, how can we trust to its responses concerning the things proper to be existing beyond the earthly? If, in this its home it is often so impotent, what might we expect to be its manifested weakness if sent through the untravelled regions of infinity? Looking to Calvinism, not through the dark colouring which some men have thrown over it, but in the more sober light in which men of discrimination see it, we have always felt that the man disposed to abandon it should be prepared to show that there is no Calvinism in nature or providence, to lend its sanction to the supposed Calvinism of the Bible. But we could never see a showing of this sort as possible. In fact, the fortress of the Christian evidences is not to be demolished; the substantial meaning of the Christian records is not to be evaded; and the virtual Calvinism of the Divine moral government, so far as its facts came under our observation, has been seen, felt, and acknowledged, more or less, by thoughtful men in all ages.

No doubt, our natural sentiment, if taken alone, might declare against the existence of a 'hell-prison' of any sort hereafter; but if allowed to speak again, it would protest with no less emphasis against any such prison here, where assuredly we do, too often, find it as a reality. We must repeat what we have said on a former occasion—that the moral argument against Calvinism, if carried to its just result, is an argument against theism. The moral difficulties of a moderate Calvinism, and the moral difficulties of this world's providence, require us alike to believe that righteousness and judgment do regulate the Divine proceedings, though in a manner which is often concealed from us by the 'cloud and darkness.'

One idea especially contributed, during this stage of our progress, to render our conception of the Gospel clearer and more satisfactory. It was the idea which regarded it as intended, not so much to teach men *principles*, as to assure them of *facts*; not so much to explain what is *morally right*, as to show what God has *done* in relation to certain great *moral ends*; not to make it clear that man is a sinner—for to that fact he could not be more than partially insensible—but to declare, as a *fact*, that God is prepared to *save* sinners, and to show *how* he is prepared so to do. The Gospel, in this view, is less a *teaching* of principles, than an *illustration* of principles; less a showing that God *is* just and good, than a showing of what he has done *consistently* with justice and goodness to amend and ennoble the condition of our nature. What we call the *doctrines* of the Gospel, accordingly, are properly the *facts* of the Gospel. The Incarnation, the Atonement, the agency of the Holy Spirit, all are before us as facts—facts which *imply* much as to the present state of man, but facts, the direct teaching of which has respect to what God *is*, as shown in what he has *done*.

Had we met Mr. Newman in this stage of his mental pilgrimage, we think our reply to his reasonings would have been in substance to the following effect. 'We differ from you, 'not as denying the existence of a moral standard in man, a 'standard of sufficient clearness and force to constitute him a 'responsible agent, but simply as to the *degree* of efficiency that 'should be ceded to this inner light. Concerning the doctrine 'of human degeneracy, moreover, we differ from you, according 'to your own statements on this subject, more in appearance than 'reality. You admit that the depravity of human nature is 'attested by Thucydides, Polybius, Horace, and Tacitus, almost 'as strongly as by St. Paul.' (p. 95.) The difference between 'us on this point is, that in our view this degeneracy has come 'to be the condition of humanity in great part *mediate/y*—that is,

' through a moral failure on the part of the first man. You regard
 ' this state of our nature as having come to be ours *immediately*—
 ' through a constitution of things, which, in the case of each man,
 ' is a direct appointment of God. In both cases, the fact of the
 ' prevalence of moral evil remains the same; and its moral diffi-
 ' culty, viewed in relation to the Divine government, is, in our
 ' judgment, much stronger according to your theory, than
 ' according to our own. All you say, therefore, about the evan-
 ' gelical doctrine concerning human sinfulness, as exhibiting the
 ' Divine Being as casting you away from him, as deeming you
 ' the child of the devil rather than his own, and the like, is wholly
 ' beside the mark; for, upon any view, so long as God is good,
 ' evil, wherever it exists, and to the degree in which it exists, must
 ' be alien from him. Hence, in the evangelical theory, as in
 ' your own, the Divine Being does not disown his creatures
 ' except in the degree in which he is himself disowned by them.
 ' Here we reach another point of difference, but a difference in
 ' which, as we think, the advantage is again with us, and not with
 ' you. For while we believe little more concerning human
 ' depravity than you are yourself obliged to admit, we believe in
 ' an extent of Divine agency designed to *abate* and *remove* the
 ' evils of our present condition, of which your faith takes no cog-
 ' nizance. We believe in nearly everything for which you
 ' contend as to the light of nature, and as to the manner in which
 ' the Supreme Judge will deal with those who have no higher
 ' light; but we believe there *is* a higher light, and we regard the
 ' degree in which that higher light exists as the measure in which
 ' the God of the evangelical believer is, to use your own language,
 ' a God 'more merciful' than your own. We believe, in common
 ' with yourself, in the terrible facts, embracing so much sin and
 ' suffering, which the providence of this world presents; but we
 ' believe in a costly and momentous remedial agency as existing
 ' along with these facts, which is not present to the eye of your
 ' faith, and you have nothing to put over against this light and
 ' gladness peculiar to the path of the evangelical believer, but an
 ' exaggerated picture of the hell said to be awaiting the impeni-
 ' tent hereafter—a subject, the true revelation of which must be
 ' left for the most part to that hereafter, and the awfulness of
 ' which should have sufficed to prevent its being appealed to with
 ' a rhetorical levity and dogmatism, however much the exigencies
 ' of an argument might be felt as requiring that such a use should
 ' be made of it. We have said that we regard the special facts
 ' constituting the doctrines of the Gospel, not as a revelation of
 ' new principles, so much as of new modes of giving action to
 ' principles which are far from being new; and if we understand

‘your objection to these doctrines aright, it has respect to them
 ‘as being inconsistent with the *possible* as pertaining to the *Divine*
 ‘*nature*, and with the *proper* as pertaining to the *Divine conduct*.
 ‘The Trinity and the Incarnation you appear to reject on the
 ‘plea of impossibility. But to allege that these are doctrines
 ‘which can be in *no sense* possible, is to take bold ground. The
 ‘man who can presume in favour of his own powers so far as to
 ‘express himself to this effect appears to us a person hardly to be
 ‘reasoned with. Certainly we dare not ourselves be thus self-
 ‘reliant. The doctrine of the Atonement—pardon through a
 ‘vicarious medium—this you declare to be contrary to rectitude,
 ‘and inconsistent with the most acknowledged ends of moral
 ‘government. Nevertheless, the Christian records appear very
 ‘clearly to teach this doctrine; the providence of God abounds
 ‘with ends accomplished through media of this nature; and the
 ‘sense of guilt common to humanity has everywhere pointed
 ‘to it as the fitting channel through which to seek the needed
 ‘remission. You rest almost everything on the truthfulness of
 ‘the moral sentiment in man, and if this guide be trustworthy
 ‘anywhere, we should be disposed to say it must be so here,
 ‘inasmuch as it cannot be shown to have converged on any point
 ‘more widely or strongly than on this—namely, that sacrifice is
 ‘a fitting medium for forgiveness. If the sentiment of man has
 ‘been sometimes diverted from this conclusion, these exceptions
 ‘have been nearly always induced by the subtleties of a false,
 ‘often of a very effeminate philosophy. In a word, we have
 ‘balanced the moral difficulties in the alternative before us, and
 ‘the result of this process has been that it is a much easier thing
 ‘—that is, a much more reasonable thing, to believe after the
 ‘manner of the Evangelical Christian, than to believe after any
 ‘other manner.’ These are some of our *old* thoughts.

IV. Mr. Newman’s fourth chapter is intitled, ‘The Religion of the Letter Renounced.’—It describes that state in the course of doubt, which left our author a Bible so mutilated, and so disfigured by the signs of ignorance, and of error of all kinds, as to be in reality without value. His own summary of the results at which he had now arrived is thus given:—

‘After this, it followed that the so-called canon of the Jews could not guarantee to us the value of the writings. Consequently, such books as Ruth and Esther, (the latter, indeed, not containing one religious sentiment,) stood forth at once in their natural insignificance. Ecclesiastes also seemed to me a meagre and shallow production. Chronicles I now learned to be not credulous only, but unfair, perhaps so far as actual dishonesty. Not one of the historical books of the

Old Testament could approve itself to me as of any high antiquity, or of any spiritual authority; and in the New Testament I found the three first books and the Acts to contain many doubtful and some untrue accounts, and many incredible miracles.

'Many persons, after reading thus much concerning me, will be apt to say: 'Of course, then, you gave up Christianity?' Far from it. I gave up all that was clearly untenable, and clung the firmer to all that still appeared sound. I had found out that the Bible was not to be my religion, nor its perfection any tenet of mine: but, what then? Did Paul go about preaching the Bible? Nay, but he preached Christ. The New Testament did not yet exist: to the Jews he necessarily argued from the Old Testament; but that 'faith in the book' was no part of Paul's gospel, is manifest from his giving no list of sacred books to his Gentile converts. Twice, indeed, in his epistles to Timothy, he recommends the Scriptures of the Old Testament; but even in the more striking passage, (on which such exaggerated stress has been laid,) the spirit of his remark is essentially apologetic. 'Despise not, O Timothy,' (is virtually his exhortation,) 'the scriptures that you learned as a child. Although now you have the Spirit to teach you, yet that does not make the older writers useless: for *'every divinely inspired writing is also profitable for instruction,'* &c. In Paul's religion, respect for the Scriptures was a means, not an end. The Bible was made for man, not man for the Bible.

'Thus, the question with me was: 'May I still receive Christ as a Saviour from sin, a Teacher, and Lord sent from heaven, and can I find an adequate account of what He came to do or teach?' And my reply was, Yes. The Gospel of John alone gave an adequate account of him: the other three, though often erroneous, had clear marks of simplicity, and in so far confirmed the general belief in the supernatural character and works of Jesus. Then, the conversion of Paul was a powerful argument. I had Peter's testimony to the resurrection and to the transfiguration. Many of the prophecies were eminently remarkable, and unaccountable except as miraculous. The origin of Judaism and spread of Christianity appeared to be beyond common experience, and were, perhaps, fairly to be called supernatural. Broad views such as these did not seem to be affected by the special conclusions at which I had arrived concerning the books of the Bible. I conceived myself to be resting under an Indian fig-tree, which is supported by certain grand stems, but also lets down to the earth many small branches, which seem to the eye to prop the tree, but in fact are supported by it. If they were cut away, the tree would not be less strong. So neither was the tree of Christianity weakened by the loss of its apparent props. I might still enjoy its shade, and eat of its fruits, and bless the hand that planted it.'—p. 140.

How Mr. Newman's Christianity was to be safe while resting on a faith in the Christian Scriptures thus limited, will be to some of our readers a matter of wonder. It becomes us to

ask in this place—what was the sort of reasoning which sufficed to reduce the faith of Mr. Newman in the Bible to a space thus narrow, to a condition apparently so capricious. And we must confess that we have found his reasoning on this subject singularly devoid of novelty, and have felt not a little surprised that a logic so feeble should have ended in results so momentous. If we except one point, the argument of our author consists in a tissue of objections which have been urged times innumerable, and have been answered about as often. We do not mean to attempt a repetition of these answers, it will be more to our purpose to point the attention of our readers to some of the characteristics of Mr. Newman's method of dealing with this subject.

One feature in our author's method is to repeat a very old objection with all the freshness and vigour proper to a novelty, and at the same time to pass over all, or nearly all, that has been said in reply to it, as only so much evidence of 'the flagrant dishonesty' with which divines aim to give to imposture the appearance of truthfulness. Thus, we have in a single paragraph, and for the hundredth time, the alleged differences between Matthew and Mark in the matter of the Saviour's genealogy, set forth with a convenient heedlessness as to what has been done by learned men greatly to diminish, if not wholly to remove those apparent differences. The objection is given as a discovery made by Mr. Newman, given as he seems to find it, and all other interpretation is forgotten, or puffed at in passing as without value, or worse than valueless. Such, from some cause which we are not bound to explore, is the unhappy bias of our author's mind, that if half-a-dozen interpretations of a scripture record be possible, with five of the number in favour of the integrity of the passage and one against it, you may be pretty sure that he will deem the one in such case of much greater weight than the remainder taken together, though not really of greater weight than any one of them.

Another characteristic observable in the reasoning of Mr. Newman throughout this chapter is—that when a contradiction seems to arise between a sacred and a profane historian, it is assumed that the probable truth must always be, that the profane historian is right, and the sacred historian wrong. Even the omissions of profane writers are turned to the same one-sided account. An event recorded by an inspired author, if it be at all remarkable, must, it is presumed, have been recorded by many profane authors, and if no such corroborative evidence has come down to us, the legitimate conclusion is held to be, that the supposed event is a piece of invention. In no quarter, it would seem, is it so proper to suspect fraud as in the quarter to

which Christian people look as being eminently truthful. Thus, our Lord is described as speaking of 'Zacharias, son of Barachias,' as the 'last of the martyrs,' and inasmuch as Josephus speaks of one 'Zacharius, son of Barachius,' as put to death some forty years later, the conclusion at once adopted is, not that Josephus might have been the blunderer in this instance, nor that the Zacharias interded might have been the martyr whose death was so speedily followed by the overthrow of the first temple and the captivity; nor that there might have been a later victim, of whom tradition had spoken enough to the men of that time, though history has reported nothing concerning him to the men of our time—no, none of these things must be supposed, but the reputation of the Bible being that of a convicted liar, the probability—yea, the certainty must be, that the falsehood lies there. We are aware that the Zacharias, whose death preceded the fall of the kingdom of Judah, is described as the son of Jehoiada—but the answer is twofold—first, Jehoiada and Barachias are words of the same meaning, so that the one name might have been innocently inserted for the other, and secondly, the Hebrews often bore two names, and were sometimes described by the one, sometimes by the other. But these possibilities of truthfulness, must not be expected to weigh as anything with Mr. Newman, if there be one possible interpretation that may lead to a different conclusion.

So in the case of the man named Theudas in the fifth of the Acts, it was not, according to Josephus, until some ten years after the time when Gamaliel is described as making reference to the history of that person that the events mentioned as belonging to his history took place. The conclusion, as a matter of course, is, that the author of the Acts has put a speech into the mouth of Gamaliel which he never uttered. Lightfoot—for this objection, like the host of its fellows, is very old—has the temerity to insist that the slip in chronology here has been with Josephus, and not with the sacred historian. Bishop Pearce maintains, that the person intended may have been one Judas, to whose doings and end the description sufficiently agrees, and who met his fate a little after the death of Herod the Great. Theudas and Judas, he argues, may very well be regarded as names of the same person, it being not at all unusual for names to change thus in Hebrew history. Thus, the Apostle called Judas in John xiv. 22, and Luke vi. 16; is called Jude, Jude i.; Thaddens, Matt. iii. 18, and Lebbeus, Matt. x. 3. But no Jew bore more than two names, unless the third were a patronymic, as when Joseph sur-named Justus, is called Barsabas, that is, the son of Saba; this obliges us to suppose that Thaddeus and Theudas, as given to this apostle, were the same name, and leaves us open to believe

that, without any real inaccuracy, the person called Theudas in the Acts, might be the same who is called Judas by Josephus. This was, most assuredly, possible; and supposing the mistake to have been, not a mistake in a name, but in chronology, this we must maintain was as possible in the case of Josephus, as in the case of the writer of the Acts. But does Mr. Newman give the benefit of these possibilities to the side of the sacred narrative? Nothing of the sort. There is one possible construction which goes against that narrative, and, as his manner is, with that he is content.

There is also a third characteristic in Mr. Newman's method of investigation that must not be overlooked. Nothing can be more flexible than his Exegesis, when the object is to bring the teaching of scripture down to the level of his own thoughts; while nothing can be more rigid than his criticism, when his object is to stiffen the apparent meaning of a passage into a form which may enable him to convict an inspired writer of teaching something—to use his own soft expression—‘demonstrably false.’ Thus, we are assured at one time, that to discern the real meaning of the Bible, we should understand its language in the sense in which the sacred writers themselves understood it. But when the object is to set aside the Mosaic account of the Deluge as a clumsy fiction, we are required to believe that Moses used the term ‘earth,’ in relation to that event, not for the earth in the small extent in which it was then known, but for the entire globe in the extent in which it is known in our own time. So, also, of the animals entering the ark, we are expected to understand him as saying, not simply that the animals of a particular region then alone known as the earth, and where the waters were about to prevail, were thus preserved, but that animals of all kinds were to travel to Southern Asia, some from the farthest south, and the others from the farthest north, deserting the remoter regions where there would be no flood, and coming to the particular region where the waters were to prevail, as their only means of safety. So, again, when it is said that ‘all the mountains were covered,’ we are not allowed to suppose that the word ‘all’ is here used, as it very often is, with a restricted meaning, denoting the mountains generally, the covering of the mountains, in so far as was necessary to the purpose of the miracle, but it is insisted that the loftiest peak of Ararat must be supposed to have been submerged, in common with the rest. We believe none of these things.

One more specimen must be selected from this chapter as illustrating the manner in which Mr. Newman aims to ‘verify the faculty of criticism.’ In the Pentateuch, as we possess it, there are passages which appear to be of a later date than the

time of Moses, and complaint is made that these passages are regarded by divines as interpolations by some later hand, and as not at all affecting the general veracity of the books in which they occur. On this point Mr. Newman writes thus:—

‘I consider that if we were debating the antiquity of an Irish book, and in one page of it were found an allusion to the parliamentary union with England, we should at once regard the whole book, *until the contrary should be proved*, as the work of this century, and not endure the reasoner, who, in order to uphold a theory that, it is five centuries old, pronounced that sentence evidently to be from a later hand, yet in this arbitrary way, Dean Graves, and all his condjutors, set aside one by one the text which points at the date of the Pentateuch. I was possessed with indignation. Oh, sham science! Oh, false named theology!

‘O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ.
Spiritus et, quantum sat erit tua dicere facta!’

In the face of this outburst of offended purity, it may seem a bold thing in us if we venture to intimate that there is possibly something of an oversight in our author's view of this matter, and that from this cause he may have expended a large amount of virtuous emotion to very little purpose. We have no doubt that such is the fact. To an ingenuous inquirer, concerned to give fair play even to an adversary, it might have occurred that the comparison just made as to the chances of interpolation between an Irish book *printed* in our own time, and an oriental *manuscript* descending to us from the remotest times, is by no means a comparison of parallel cases. Even printed books have not been secure against the kind of admixtures intended by the word interpolation; but that notes in the margins of manuscripts have thus found their way into the text in the course of transcription, and that wilful insertions of this nature have been in other cases effected, and all this without impairing the general credibility of the documents so disfigured—this is beyond doubt, and known to few men better than to Mr. Newman himself. Then, the assumption that we have the same right to demand contemporary proofs relative to disputed passages in the books of Moses, that we have to demand such proofs as to the credibility of some modern Irish author, is a course of proceeding, the justice of which we are at a loss to discover. But such is the ‘faculty of criticism’ which Mr. Newman has ‘verified,’ that on its authority he does not scruple to assure us, first, that the chances of interpolation in a modern printed book and in a very ancient manuscript are pretty much the same; second, that an interpolated sentence or clause in a manuscript should be admitted as subjecting its entire contents to the suspicion of fraud; and third, that to remove the suspicions thus raised, it is strictly

necessary that every such ancient manuscript should be sustained by the same undoubted contemporary evidence, that we should be prepared to exact in the case of a work of comparatively modern authorship! Against an obtuseness, or a wilful scepticism of this sort, our appeal must be to the common sense of our readers. Admitting for a moment that there are small portions of the Pentateuch which contain allusion to matters subsequent to the age of Moses, these passages are from the real author of the books included under that name, or they are not. To regard these passages as proceeding from the author of the Pentateuch, is to believe strange things. It is to suppose that the same man could have risen so high above the *moral* and *religious* feeling of his age, as to have been the author of these extraordinary writings; and that at the same time he was not only such a *knave* as to have aimed to practise a base fraud in the fabrication of such pious documents, but such a *fool* as not to have seen, we will not say, when the first *thought* of the passages in question came to him—but even when he had committed them to writing, that the effect of them must be to demonstrate his treachery as attempting to pass off the fictions of one age for the true history of another! On the other hand, supposing these documents to have obtained root and authority from natural causes, we can easily understand how that authority would remain intact, notwithstanding the quiet growing up in after time of such instances of supposed discrepancy. It must be remembered, that the exception grounded on these passages, has been as patent to all Hebrew and to all Christian peoples for now some three thousand years, as it can be to us, or to Mr. Newman himself; and the verdict of these peoples has been, that exceptions on such grounds are frivolous, and that the general veracity of the Mosaic writings is not impeached by them. Mr. Newman, indeed, is amazed at the perfidy of men who can express themselves to this effect. We will only say, that the number of men in this case is so great, and the character of myriads of them so eminent, that it is with us a question of modesty whether we ought to think them mistaken. And we feel bound to add before leaving this topic, that the passages of the Pentateuch that may be regarded as interpolations are very few in number; most of the expressions or texts cited as betraying the presence of a hand much later than the time of Moses, being by no means such as to warrant an inference of that nature. It seems to be forgotten, for example, when Moses speaks of things as being thus and thus—‘unto this day,’ that he is speaking of what happened many years since, in some cases centuries before his own time.

We have said that there is one point of novelty only in the series of objections on which Mr. Newman grounds his renunciation of the authority of the Bible. Even this, however, is a novelty only as put forth in our own popular literature. It has long been familiar to scholars—especially in Germany. It is thus stated by our author:—

‘For some time back I had paid special attention to the book of Genesis; and I had got aid in the analysis of it from a German volume. That it was based on *at least* two different documents, technically called the Elohist and Jehovistic, soon became clear to me; and an orthodox friend, who acknowledged the fact, regarded it as a high recommendation of the book, that it was conscientiously made out of pre-existing materials, and was not a fancy that came from the brain of Moses. My good friend’s argument was not a happy one: no written record could exist of things and times which preceded the invention of writing. After analysing this book with great minuteness, I now proceeded to Exodus and Numbers; and was soon assured, that these had not, any more than Genesis, come forth from one primitive witness of the facts. In all these books is found the striking phenomenon of *duplicate*, or even *triplicate narratives*. The creation of man is three times told. The account of the flood is made up of two discrepant originals, marked by the names Elohim and Jehovah, of which one makes Noah take into the ark seven pairs of clean and *single* (or double?) pairs of unclean beasts; while the other gives him two and two of all kinds, without distinguishing the clean. The two documents may indeed in this narrative be almost re-discovered by mechanical separation.’—pp. 133, 134.

An hypothesis somewhat to this effect concerning the origin of the Pentateuch was broached by Vitranga, and has been learnedly discussed within the last seventy years by Astruc, J. D. Michaelis, Eichhorn, K. D. Ilgen, Gramberg, Stühelin, De Wette, Hartmann, Kelle, Ewald, Bertholdt, Ranke, Shumann, Von Bohlen, Havernick, and others. Very edifying too is it to mark the sea of troubles into which the theorizing of some of these gentlemen has plunged them. Some content themselves with two sets of previously existing documents, some insist on more. Some see the apparent repetitions as relating to different events, or to the same event as viewed from a different point, or in a different stage; others, again, see them not merely as diversities, but as contradictions, while others regard them as a natural result of the looseness of method observable in all oriental history, and as appearances to be expected in oriental documents of such remarkable antiquity.

We dare not take the space at present that would be required for going into this subject in its details, and in no other way can

it be dealt with effectually. The argument founded on the beginnings and endings of the passages regarded as determining the limits of so many separate fragments, are, in our judgment, of no weight. The old Eastern style of writing history, partook so little of the continuity of subject with which our classical authors have made us so familiar, as to leave us no room here for reasoning from one to the other. In fact, if a good deal of this irregularity and abruptness of transition were not observable in the Pentateuch, one material point in the evidence necessary to establish its remote antiquity would have been wanting. We see nothing, therefore, in the isolation of many of its passages to present difficulty; on the contrary, a narrative coming to us from such a source, and from such a time, was sure to be thus marked. Such appearances may bespeak a want of skill in the historian, but it is precisely the want which was characteristic of his country and his age. So varied, moreover, were the matters for which a record was to be found within the narrow limits of the Pentateuch, that an elaborate and wordy joining of the different parts into a smooth whole, is the last thing a sound criticism would expect to find in such a composition. We know not when Moses began to write—probably a period not less than we count as a long life was from time to time thus employed. If so, this circumstance may have contributed to give, not only an appearance of disconnectedness to many of his insertions, but may in some degree account for those seeming repetitions of which so much complaint has been made. But these repetitions, again, came naturally from the oriental method of dealing with the materials of history, not so much logically, as intuitively, or under the guidance of impulse. Mr. Newman, however, views these seeming repetitions, not as mere repetitions, resulting from the disposition of the orientalist to touch and retouch his theme, to leave it, and return to it again at pleasure, but as so many duplicate narratives involving contradictions. If this were so, the inference would be one, not so much against the divine origin of the materials of the Pentateuch, as against the natural skill of the compiler, who in this case must have failed to see inconsistencies, which, Mr. Newman assures us, are so glaring as to be perceptible at a glance. We submit, however, that the presumptive evidence against this view of the case is all but insuperable. If the writings we attribute to Moses were so self-convicted and self-condemned by their own contradictions, is it not a marvellous thing that they should have been received as truthful by so many and such enlightened nations through so long a chain of centuries? Must it not be as difficult to account for such a phenomenon as to believe in the miraculous? Is it so,

that the ordinary senses of mankind have failed them thus lamentably, or has some new sense been conferred on Mr. Newman wherewith to make his professed discoveries?

But if we turn for a moment to an alleged instance of contradiction, in the passage cited, concerning the number of the living creatures said to have entered the ark, we shall perhaps see reason to believe that it is the discernment of Mr. Newman that has failed, and not that of the bygone readers of the Bible. The sixth chapter of Genesis gives us an account of the wickedness of mankind, of God's purpose to destroy them by the flood, and of his intentions, 'when the ark shall have been prepared, to preserve in it, not only Noah and his family, but 'of every living thing *two* of every kind.' When the seventh chapter opens, the ark is built, and now it is said, 'of every clean beast thou shalt take to thee by *sevens*, the male and his female, 'and of the beasts that are not clean by *two*, male and female.' But this alleged separate and contradictory account does not end here, for it is added, precisely as in the supposed distinct fragment in the preceding chapter, 'of clean beasts and of beasts that are not clean, and of fowl, and of everything that creepeth upon the earth, there went in, two and two, unto Noah into the ark, the male and the female.' Now, who does not see that the first of these descriptions was intended to suggest nothing more than that the living creatures should be perpetuated by the preservation of *twos*—that is, by the preservation of a male and female of each; but that the second and subsequent account gives the *additional*, but *not* the *contradictory* circumstance, that of the clean the *two* should be *seven times told*; and now, all having entered into the ark, it is deemed sufficient to mark the point at the end, that it had been deemed sufficient to mark at the beginning—namely, that the preservation of the creatures should be by *twos*—that is, by means of the male and female of every kind. In our calm judgment, there is nothing of disconnexion, nothing of useless repetition, still less anything of contradiction, in this narrative to warrant the sort of conclusion that Mr. Newman has founded upon it. In fact, it is long since we have met with anything more at variance with sound criticism than is the reasoning of our author on this point, though, it is proper to say, we have dwelt upon it, not because it is weaker than many other instances we might have selected, but simply because of the place assigned to it in the passage we have had occasion to cite.

We must express ourselves very much to the same effect concerning the attempt made to reduce the Pentateuch to a thing of shreds and patches, on the ground of the manner in which the

name Elohim, or God, is used over some spaces, and Jehovah, or Lord, is used over others. It is not denied that there are spaces where the one of these names is employed, either from accident, or from causes that it does not concern us to know, more frequently than the other. But nowhere is the separate use of these titles so continuous as to justify the weighty conclusion which some learned men have endeavoured to found upon it. To give the hypothesis a semblance of consistency, it has been found necessary to resort to the significant expedient of declaring certain verses interpolations. Of course, with such a licence, gentlemen may revel in theories of many kinds. We all know the freedom with which the Hebrew historians subsequent to the age of Moses acknowledge their obligations to preceding authorities; and why this should not have been done in the Pentateuch as readily as elsewhere, if anything had been indeed derived from such sources, we are at a loss to understand. It is true, in Numbers, xxi. 14, the writer does make mention of another work, and cites from it; but does not this instance suggest that, if the writer had felt himself under obligations of the same kind in other quarters, similar acknowledgments would have been made?

These instances will, we trust, suffice to indicate the sort of reasoning or criticism which has sufficed to conduct Mr. Newman to the issue suggested by the title of this chapter—‘The Letter Renounced.’ If we mistake not, the feeling of our readers on the review will be, that, if our Christianity is to fall before such logic, it is strange that it should not have disappeared long since.

When we travelled the space included in this stage of Mr. Newman’s course, we were at times impeded and perplexed by the difficulties which have done so much to turn him from the right path. Many of them, indeed, we readily overcame, but others were more formidable, and we must own, that in relation to some of them, we still feel the need of greater light than we possess. If we did not diverge at these points, as Mr. Newman has done, we think we owe it in part—not to speak of higher influences—to a different early training; in part, also, to a considerably different organization, both physical and mental; and perhaps, as much as to either of these causes, to the fact that we never lacked genial and healthy occupation. So far as our observation extends, we think your unsettled man in religious speculation will commonly be found an unsettled personage in very much beside. The history of a man’s creed is often only a particular phase in the history of his temperament and circumstances. Steadiness in labour has a mighty influence on

steadiness in the faith. In this respect, as in some others, there is a divinely appointed connexion between faith and works. Idlers are generally men for the little, the isolated, the microscopic; and the more microscopic they become, the more do they oscillate, and become liable to be drifted from their place by every wind of doctrine. Mr. Newman, we must suppose, has never been an idle man; but we suspect that the unsettledness of his plans during his early manhood—the result, apparently, of a certain constitutional unsteadiness—did much towards preparing the way for his subsequent aberrations. The constantly returning duties of a somewhat agreeable worldly avocation are to many minds their grand means of escape from much conflict and much evil. Speculative men who have gone most astray have rarely been men deeply feeling the ties of the husband and the father; and, if capable of effort, their effort has not been so soundly directed as it would have been had it been truly a work of life, and less a mere beguilement of its leisure. The wise thinking in the world's history has come much more from its good workers than from its refined idlers. Ceaseless hair-splittings about means leave no space for continuous labour towards great ends.

When Mr. Newman entered on the third stage of his progress, it was, as we have seen, with the determination never again to count on permanent friendship with any one, who was not himself cast out as an heretic. Starting with such a resolve, we feel no surprise on finding 'Calvinism Abandoned,' as the first result, and the 'Letter of Religion Renounced,' as the second. But we remember with gratitude, that the causes which disposed Mr. Newman to surrender himself, after this manner, to the guidance of a prejudice, in a professed search after truth, were not allowed to exert the same influence upon ourselves. We knew something of the power of bigotry to pervert moral feeling,—fitting men for calling good evil, and evil good. We knew, also, that for too long a space in the history of nominal Christianity, the charge of heresy had been so cast about as to have become presumptive evidence in favour of the persons so accused, as being probably honest witnesses to some outcast and down-trodden truth. But to argue that, inasmuch as the men called heretics have often been some of the best defenders of truth, therefore all men so called should be accounted as persons acquitting themselves thus honourably; and to say further, that inasmuch as the persons denounced as heretics in barbarous times have often been men of eminent virtue, therefore only the persons so denounced in times far removed from barbarism can be supposed to be persons of such virtue—this is a mode of reasoning which, however satisfactory it may have been to Mr. Newman,

would have been anything but satisfactory to ourselves. At any period after reaching our state of manhood, we should have felt compelled to regard such a course as betraying, in the man pursuing it, a dangerous tendency to surrender judgment to passion, logic to resentment. Our own acquaintance with the writings, and with the lives of men who have committed themselves conspicuously, in recent times, against orthodoxy and Christianity, was by no means such as to shut us up to the conclusion that truth was to be found in that quarter, and nowhere else.

One characteristic in the reasoning of these men we carefully marked—a characteristic which, as we have before observed, has not become obsolete—consisted in the tendency, when accumulating all sorts of objections, to appear as if wholly ignorant of the fact, that some nineteen-twentieths of these objections had been fairly and honourably refuted; and that the remainder, if we suppose them to be in a great degree unanswerable, must leave such a mass of proof on the opposite side, that to attempt to break through it, would be to involve ourselves in difficulties greater by many degrees than the objections aforesaid could, with any measure of fairness, be said to present. We were then, and we are now, firm believers in the doctrine that all moral evidence is *cumulative*; that its force results, not from the insuperableness of any of its parts, but from the weight of the whole; and that our obligation to believe follows, not where this evidence becomes irresistible, for that it never does, but where it preponderates. We remember, in our early youth, being greatly amazed that any man should hesitate to admit the justness of this principle. In those days—days on which it is not altogether unpleasant to look back—we often found our place among the listeners in our courts of law, and rarely have we felt a reverence for human intellect exceeding that which often involuntarily became ours as we attended to some clear-headed judge when summing up a case to go to the jury. We do not remember a case in which the judge had not to admit some points as being apparently at variance with the general current of the evidence, and some particulars as needing further light, and which, if taken alone, might seem to justify doubt. But in the face of these objections stood the preponderating mass of proof, the judge gives his direction to the jury according to that proof, and the verdict of the jury is determined by it. Mr. Newman has learned to repudiate evidence when thus conditioned, alleging, in effect, that evidence is binding on man, not because it preponderates, but only as it becomes perfect—that is irresistible. But this is to exhibit perverseness—not sagacity. Mr. Newman acts upon a different principle every hour of his life: he knows that other men so act

hourly towards himself, and that it would be a great delinquency in them if they did not so act.

Nor was this difference of conception in respect to the true nature of the moral evidence the only, nor even the strongest source of difference between Mr. Newman and ourselves, during the years now under review. As we have intimated, our own feelings had not been early placed under the influence of evangelical teaching. They grew and strengthened in the open air of the world, where the battles that are fought do so much more, as Mr. Newman thinks, than battles in the church, to give a man natural robustness. We rose to manhood in that school, and not, as we hope, without having learned some reverence for truth, and evinced some sympathy with free and generous sentiment. But that school, if it gave us patriotism and humanity, did not give us piety. No—the awakening of our soul, almost as to our first thought of God; the preparation of our spirit for looking, as for the first time on the small and great, the beautiful and the grand, in nature and providence, as being all full of God, as to us a manifested God, all this was left to be realized in us by a new faith—faith in the divine origin of those evangelical doctrines which Mr. Newman now casts away from him so contemptuously. This faith gave us, as it once seemed to give him, new eyes wherewith to see spiritual truth, new hearts wherewith to feel it, and not only set before us visions of a hereafter, such as had not until now occupied our thought, but seemed to bring down to our present pilgrim way, not a little of the air, and song, and gladness of that distant paradise. This new faith had, indeed, its darker aspects, which sometimes affected us. But its potency lay not there. It was its power to give us hope, to move the soul to the love of goodness, that contained the secret of its mastery over us. It gave us to understand how heaven might consist in a love of rightness, goodness,—of whatever may make us like God, and one with God. We have no belief that we should ever have been brought to feel thus apart from the influence of the Gospel. It is to this that Mr. Newman owes all the feeling of this nature he once possessed, and the effect of which is still perceptible in him—the vessel retaining somewhat of its odour, though, strange to say, the fragrant herb which imparted it is now cast forth as an offensive thing.

That we should ourselves have remained proof against change under influences that have produced such marked change in Mr. Newman, may be ascribed to a want of discernment, a want of courage, a want of honesty—to any of the discreditable things that gentlemen may be disposed to name. It must be enough for us to find our moral consciousness attesting that none of these cha-

ritable surmises are true. We had learnt, in many things, to subordinate the love of the world to the love of truth, and we think we could have gone much further in that direction had our sense of duty dictated the fitness of our doing so. We found in the faith of the gospel a renovating power, which we feel assured we should not have found elsewhere; and we hold to it, in part because of its outward proofs, in part because of its divine substance, but most of all from what we know of its efficiency to convey a new spiritual life to the soul, such as none of the ordinary moral appliances within our reach could ever have originated.

V. 'Faith at Second-hand found Vain.' In the section thus intitled, Mr. Newman professes to deal with the '*Essential logic of these investigations*.' He subjects the claims of the Evangelists, of the Apostles, of Jesus himself, and of the great substance of the New Testament, to what is called *logical* scrutiny, and he declares them all to be wanting.

Here it is assumed that logic—in other words, that the power of the mind necessary to apprehend the nature of evidence, is a something artificial, growing up through long culture; that the evidence of miracles, to prove anything, must be of a nature to supersede all other proof; that no evidence from miracles can be admitted in favour of anything opposed to our moral sentiment; and that to the uneducated the moral and spiritual sense must be the only test of truth. Then, as to the substance of Christianity, it is argued that its inherent goodness is a much more doubtful matter than some people seem to suspect; that, in fact, it has proved a good in history, only as the social good of communities, derived from other sources, has been such as to secure its application to good ends; that its early diffusion presents nothing supernatural; that its doctrine in relation to woman is ascetic and degrading; that its teachings in relation to slavery are so negative as to be to its dishonour; that the supposed evidence from prophecy is futile; that even the veracity of the gospel of John breaks down when closely examined; and that the logic of Paul, in spite of his 'eminently sober understanding' is fatally at fault.

Of course, our reply to this series of assertions, if we attempt it at all, must be given in the briefest possible terms. But in such terms we shall endeavour to indicate the ground on which we have seen reason to differ very widely from Mr. Newman on these points.

1. Of *logic*, as an art, Mr. Newman thus speaks:—

'If we are to compare logic with mathematics and other sciences

which grew up with civilization and long time, we cannot doubt that the apostles imbibed the logic, like the astronomy of their own day, with all its defects. Indeed, the same is otherwise plain. Paul's reasonings are those of a Gamaliel, and often are indefensible by our logical notions. John also (as I have been recently learning) has a wonderful similarity to Philo. This being the case, it becomes of deep interest for us to know—if we are to accept results *at second-hand* from Paul and John—*what was the sort of evidence which convinced them.*—P. 147.

It will be seen, that the reasoning of this passage assumes the difference between Paul's views of evidence and our own, to be much the same as the difference between his views of astronomy and our own. The chances, accordingly, being as ten to one, that in discoursing upon a law of astronomy, he would blunder,—so the error likely to arise in his reasoning, and in his treatment of evidence generally, must have been in something like the same proportion. All loose verbiage apart, Mr. Newman must mean this, or he means nothing.

But is this doctrine sound? We have looked at it with some attention before to-day, and have long felt that it is anything but sound. It is one of a class of doctrines, however, which our philosophical spiritualists are constantly reiterating, and with a boldness and dogmatism which seem to be proportioned to a secret consciousness that there is little chance of giving currency to such opinions among us except as they may be passed off after a manner of that sort. The nature of evidence, and the nature of reasoning about evidence, are determined by the nature of the human mind. The laws of logic are the laws of mind. In this sense we agree with Mr. Newman, that logic cannot be a subject of revelation. Revelation must suppose it, must appeal to it, but does not make it known. But then revelation must suppose it *always*, and must always suppose its *competency*. The natural logic of the mind, like its natural sentiment, must be inherent in men, common to men, if the race is to be deemed responsible. Men could no more reason without logic, than they could speak without language; and we scarcely need say, that to suppose men incapable of reasoning, must be to suppose them incapable of moral action. The office of the logician, accordingly, says Whately, is 'not to lay down principles by which one *may* reason, but by which all *must* reason, even though they are not distinctly aware of them.' (*Logic*, p. 25.) Art may do something to assist nature with regard to rules of evidence, as with regard to rules of morality; but that substantial permanence and certainty which Mr. Newman's theory supposes on the side of our moral sentiments, must be supposed to belong to our reasoning powers, or the sufficiency of his revelation existing in the human

consciousness is gone. This admitted, however, it must be idle to make the existence of logical power, any more than of moral power, a question of time and place. In these respects, Paul might have been all that we are, and more, though greatly behind us in his knowledge concerning the laws and relations of the physical universe. We have not now said that Paul *does* reason logically in all cases; all that we are concerned to say is, that if he does *not*, the fault must have been that of the man; it must not be laid to the account of the age in which he lived. Aristotle's Treatises on Logic and on Ethics, made their appearance long before the time of Paul; and the improvements on those treatises, down to our own time, would go within a very small space. In fact, the substance of those treatises existed in men's minds long before its appearance as the elaborated material of philosophy. To plead for a sufficiency of the moral sentiment as universal, without pleading for a like sufficiency of the moral judgment, as Mr. Newman sometimes seems to do, is to remove the whole subject of evidence beyond the tribunal of common sense, and to leave no room for reasoning of any sort about it. If Mr. Newman *must* take that position, there we must leave him—only venturing to remind him of one fact—a fact which has sufficed to prevent our mistaking our road at this point, as he has done—viz., that, in his case, as in the case of a convert to Romanism, it has been by the use of reason, by an exercise of the powers of his understanding, that he has made his way to faith in the supposed infallible authority within him; and that this surrender to authority being once made, that carnal instrument of the understanding—reasoning—of course, comes to an end. The only difference is, that, in Mr. Newman's case, the ultimate authority reached is not the Sovereign Pontiff, nor the Grand Lama, but a power not less mysterious and irresponsible—viz., his own untaught sentiment. The process in these cases is precisely the same; it is the result only that is diverse. In both connexions the services of the understanding are accepted, until it has performed the one act required from it; but having conducted the inquirer to the infallible oracle, with becoming gratitude, it is then doomed to have its eyes put out, and to be useless for ever after! In proof of all this, what do we see in Mr. Newman's book but a laborious gathering of reasons *for* confiding to the utmost in the guidance of natural sentiment, and *against* confiding at all in any other guide; the great drift of his argument being, in effect, that you may consult your reason to any extent you please, so long as your sole object in so doing is to get rid of the reasonable, and to end in another kind of authority. We think, accordingly, that whatever may be said concerning

the state of logic in the time of Paul, it is not too much to say, that the logic of our author, as here exhibited, falls considerably below perfection.

2. We have said that Mr. Newman argues, that the evidence of *miracles*, to prove anything, must be such as to supersede all other proof. He writes of Butler and his followers thus :

‘They deduce that a really overpowering miraculous proof would have destroyed the moral character of faith, yet they do not see that the argument *supersedes* the authoritative force of outward miracles *entirely*. It had always appeared to me very strange in these divines to insist on the convincing and stupendous character of the Christian miracles, and then, in reply to the objection that they were *not* quite convincing, to say that the defect was purposely left ‘to try people’s faith.’ Faith in what? Not surely in the miracle, but in the truth as discernible in the heart *without aid of miracle*.’—P. 154.

In dealing with this form of argument, if argument it may be called, it has been our manner to interrogate ourselves somewhat thus: We readily admit the truth that God is good, as being one of the truths ‘discernible by the heart without the aid of miracle.’ But, supposing ‘the Divine Being to have become incarnate to perform some special act of goodness, could our heart ever have brought us to a knowledge of that *fact*? However readily the heart may sympathize with such a mode of *manifesting* goodness, supposing it to *be* a fact, would it not be necessary to the heart’s *belief* in it as such, that a proceeding so special should be attested by special evidence? Further, is it not possible, that a fact in the Divine government, embodying a moral quality, may be so much beyond the ordinary range of facts, in the vastness of its relations, that good men, while disposed to regard it as a verity, and to wish that it may be a verity, might naturally feel so much hesitancy concerning it, as greatly to need the superadded evidence of miracle as the means of raising their sense of the desirable, or the probable, much nearer to a sense of certainty? A man may believe in goodness from the discernment of the heart, ‘without the aid of miracle,’ but he could hardly have believed in such a manifestation of goodness as is exhibited in the incarnation without such aid; and that he should believe in that fact may, nevertheless, be of great moment in his moral destiny.

Then, as to the degree of evidence to be expected in favour of moral truth, if we believe in some truths because the evidence is irresistible, do we not believe in a far greater number on the ground of much lower evidence? Who shall say, then, that the truths which come before us in the stupendous facts which blend the economy of this world with the condition of worlds beyond

us—that is, the truths which come before us in the doctrines of the Gospel—may not be of the number thus dimly apprehended, and of the number, accordingly, to which the peculiar attestation of miracle would be especially appropriate? To assume that everything of a moral nature that should be an object of our faith must come before us in a light of its own so powerful as to preclude all further testimony as superfluous, would not this be to require a moral clearness in the facts constituting the doctrines of the gospel, which we know it would be in vain to exact from the great facts of nature and providence with which we are nevertheless compelled to associate the presence and influence of the Divine perfections? Beside which, does not the common sense of mankind, as before us in history, protest against the conclusion that a miracle to be of any value must become so overwhelming as to deprive faith of all virtue, by reducing it to an act of necessity? Is not the doctrine as to the cumulative force of evidence in general fatal to such a notion? If faith be a moral act, the expression, so to speak, of man's moral nature, is it not the expression of that nature as acted upon by moral means; and may not these means embrace equally, the evidence from the miracle, and the evidence from the goodness of the doctrine attested by it? Have we not a right to affirm, therefore, that we do not argue in a circle, as is sometimes alleged, when we say that we believe in the truth of the doctrine *all the more* because of the evidence from the miracle; and in the evidence from the miracle *all the more* because of the truth of the doctrine? While either kind of evidence may bring a powerful aid to faith, is it not clear that the two kinds must supply a double motive to the same end? Mr. Newman censures the gospel of John because it inculcates faith, now on the one of these grounds, and now on the other, but to our mind this has always been an indication of its inspired wisdom. To both lights are we responsible, and by both shall we be judged.

3. But in the face of all reasoning to this effect, which we can remember as having done much to render our own troubled path somewhat less difficult, Mr. Newman holds, after the true German fashion, that evidence in favour of miracles which should be truly convincing, did it exist, would be, in its moral influence, highly mischievous, rather than beneficial; and, in consistency with this dogma, he maintains, that in judging of the contents of revelation, our appeal lies *solely to our own sense of moral fitness*; and that to the uneducated especially, there *can* be no other test of truth.

But Mr. Newman's argument on this point consists wholly in hypothesis, and in hypothesis which can never become a reality.

It assumes as a possibility, that there may be a meeting of proofs, strictly opposite in their tendencies, and alike irresistible—of a miracle so clear that no man can doubt its reality, and of a doctrine so bad, that, though attested by miracle, no man can doubt of its badness. But, we think, we scarcely need say, that whatever Mr. Newman may imagine on this subject, such a case never has happened—never can happen.

Nor can we allow our author to assume that while the evidence from miracles is *not*, in his view, irresistible, the evidence from sentiment *is* of that nature. We must argue, that while either of these forms of proof may be strong, neither of them can be presumed to be absolutely insuperable. In fact, the whole of Mr. Newman's reasoning on this subject proceeds on a misconception as to the nature of moral evidence. In exact science, there is evidence which is never a matter of degree, and always irresistible; in moral science, evidence is always a matter of degree, and rarely, if ever, irresistible. It belongs to moral evidence, in consequence, to become strong, not—as we have before stated—by the irresistibility of any one of its parts, so much as by the cumulative power of the whole. This principle once admitted, all kinds of evidence, internal and external, moral and physical, and all degrees of such evidence, may become available to moral ends. We trust to no one source of evidence as exclusive and complete, but to all sources as relative and tributary. Only as the evidence from moral sentiment shall have become subject to limitation after this manner, in obedience to the force of evidence of other kinds, can revelation become possible.

It will be seen that we admit the existence of a sense of moral fitness in the soul; and that we admit the propriety of its exercise, within certain limits, in respect to the contents of a supposed revelation. Our objection is to the plea of infallibility which is either directly or virtually set up in favour of this power. If this plea be valid, there can be no necessity for the existence of a revelation; and, what is very material here, *the moral history of the world must be such as to give clear proof to that effect.* If this inner guidance be *not* infallible, and that it is not, the history of humanity abundantly demonstrates, then the ground of argument is changed, and the question comes to be one of comparison between the evidence to be derived from this source, and the evidence to be derived from other sources. To say,—we admit that this rule is not infallible, but we feel that, liable to failure as it may be, it is nevertheless the best, is to say very little. Admitting it to be the best, this very term 'best' supposes that there is a good and a better beside, and the

claims of these have now to be determined. Admitting, moreover, that this rule may be our safest in respect to some truths of a more immediate and elementary description, are we sure it must be our safest in respect to truths which are less obvious in their significance, and which may come before us under novel manifestations, and in very wide relations? In a word, may there not be facts in the government of the universe, the consistency of which with the divine perfections, it may be necessary we should receive, not simply on the ground of our own perception of their fitness, but in great part, if not altogether, on the ground of authority? To assert that there are no such facts, that there can be no such facts, is very easy; but to give the semblance of reason to such an assertion is difficult—to give to it the certainty of truth is impossible.

It must be admitted, as supposed by Mr. Newman, that cases may arise in which many a guileless Nathanael may be so perplexed by appearances which seem to partake of the supernatural, as to feel obliged to fall back upon his own moral consciousness, as his only means of escape from admitting as truths, the abominable falsehoods which such appearances have often been adduced to establish. But to allege that appearances of this nature can never be truthful, because they may be sometimes deceptive; that they can be of no value to intelligence in any grade, because they do not happen to be of all-sufficient value to the intelligence of our well-meaning friend Nathanael; and that no testimony on the side of miracles from other men, can be any proper source of conviction to Nathanael, if his own personal scrutiny has not sufficed to place the reality of the alleged miracles beyond all reasonable doubt—this method of reasoning, we must be allowed to say, does not appear to us remarkable for clearness or logical consistency. We are very sorry that Nathanael, good soul as he is, should be troubled about this matter, or any other, but troubles of many kinds will be sure to attend him; and, in this connexion, it is to be remembered, that no more hardship falls to the lot of Nathanael than falls to the lot of Gamaliel. The trial of faith may differ in the learned and the unlearned, but it is as real in the one case as in the other, and the burden is much more equally divided than some men imagine. Very few thoughtful men, we feel assured, have found it possible to rest in the sufficiency of moral sentiment, as the world's best guide to truth, with a quietude like that which appears to be attained by Mr. Newman. For our own part, with appearances before us in the world so much the reverse of those which our *à priori* notions as to what it might be most fitting the Deity to do, or not to do, we feel bound to move with caution in testing facts

by such a standard, the moral bearings of which have to do with other worlds even more than with this world. On this ground, we are not ashamed to confess that we can believe it to have been quite consistent with the character of the Supreme Being that he should have commanded what has so deeply offended Mr. Newman—viz., the sacrifice of Isaac, and the destruction of the Canaanites. Certain it is, that he is ever doing things by his ordinary means of operation, quite as little consonant with our ideas as to what it would be most fitting in him to do, as were the things he then did by means beyond the ordinary. Nor can we feel the force of the objection which assumes, that it must have been as difficult in the case of Abraham and Moses to have believed in a miraculous mandate in those instances, as it would be for us so to do, supposing such a mandate to be addressed to us. The natural sentiment of mankind may be always the same, not so the probabilities of the miraculous.

4. But our author waxes bold as he proceeds, and in the remainder of this section aims to divest Christianity of the few claims on the gratitude of mankind, which some of its bitterest enemies have been constrained to cede to it. *The corruptness of general society*, since the birth of Christianity, is laid mainly to its charge as being so much evil which it ought to have removed, if it had really been, as it professes to be, of a divine origin; while the good existing by the side, or in defiance of this corruptness, is ascribed, not at all to the Christian religion, but wholly to the *benign influence of 'Free Learning.'*

That the influence between society and Christianity has ever been that of action and reaction, all wise men have been ready to admit. But it remained for Mr. Newman to insinuate that society has received little beside evil from Christianity, while Christianity has received nearly all its good from society. This grave conclusion, moreover, is introduced and settled in two or three paragraphs, and our author manifestly expects that his bare statement of the case, as being to this effect, will be sufficient. The brevity, ease, and complacency with which such matters are settled in these pages would be somewhat amusing were the subject of a nature to admit of merriment.

Our counter-statement, had we space to set it forth, would consist of four points—first, we should admit that Christianity has not shown itself wholly proof against the corruptness of the states of society through which it has passed; secondly, we should affirm that Christianity gives nothing but good to the communities which come under its influence, and that it has received no good from them which it was not itself prepared to bestow; thirdly, we should insist that whatever of evil has come

to society, through Christianity, has so come from the depravity of human nature, and would have come to it, in the absence of Christianity, through some other medium, with greater force; and, fourthly, we should assert, that if the Bible external to man is to be discarded, because it has not made all men saints, then, assuredly, the Bible said to be within man should be discarded, as having failed, still more conspicuously, as regards making all men virtuous. To our author, we feel we have a right to say—*your* means of human renovation, consisting in man's consciousness and an external world, have been ever accessible; and why is the work which this natural spiritualism is said to be powerful enough to do, yet undone—in truth, pretty well as far as ever from being done? Mr. Newman has elevated views of the light of nature—are these views a lie because men in general have corrupted or rejected them? It should be so, if the measure meted to other men's religion is to be meted to his own.

5. In a like spirit Mr. Newman assures us there is nothing in the *diffusion* of Christianity, anywhere, or at any time, to bespeak its divine origin. On this subject, it is deemed enough to say that the sword of the magistrate has gone along with the voice of the preacher, so as to leave the success of Christianity little distinguishable from the success of Mohamedanism; and if the overthrow of the idolatry of the Roman Empire be adverted to, a flood of light is supposed to be cast on this difficulty by two lines, which, that they may at once settle the question, are made conspicuous by italics. 'In fact,' says Mr. Newman, '*it was the Christian soldiers in Constantine's army who conquered the empire to Christianity.*' Mr. Newman is a good historian, considerably at home sometimes in the philosophy of history: strange that it should not have occurred to him to ask himself—how did the army of Constantine come to be sufficiently Christian to be capable of doing this thing? Does not this preponderance of Christianity in the army imply its preponderance in the community, from whose midst that army had been taken? Is not the probability in this case strengthened by the fact that the early Christians were, very many of them, so opposed to war that nothing could induce them to become soldiers? We may ask, too, was Constantine a prince to profess himself a Christian against his political interest, and what could have made it politic in him so to do, had not Christianity, in some form or other, become an object of preference, if not with the most numerous, certainly with the most influential portion of his subjects? Until this time, at least, the Christian preacher had no sword of the magistrate to help him—nevertheless, here is the Roman empire so leavened with Christianity that it becomes the policy of a worldly-

minded sovereign to profess himself a Christian. In the face of these facts, however, Mr. Newman thinks it enough to give us his two lines in italics—*'the Christian soldiers in Constantine's army conquered the empire to Christianity!'* To affirm that Christianity possesses no claim in this respect that may not be paralleled from the history of Mohamedanism is to write so as to betray gross ignorance, or a moral bias which we must not trust ourselves to characterize.

6. Much has been said, by writers who have engaged in the defence of Christianity, about its favourable influence on the condition of *Woman*. Mr. Newman classes this notion with popular delusions. He maintains that the estimate of woman among the ancient Germans was higher and purer than anything taught on the same subject in the New Testament. The maxims of Paul in relation to marriage—maxims but too wise as adapted to an age of persecution, he interprets as if meant to be of permanent application, that so the Gospel may be accused of encouraging asceticism, celibacy, and low ideas of married life. On the other hand, the descriptions of Tacitus, in which that severe censor endeavours to shame the voluptuous Romans into decency, by holding up to them pictures of a chivalrous sentiment towards woman, even among barbarians, are all taken as veritable history. The worst possible construction is put on the language of Paul, and the best possible construction is put on that of Tacitus, that, as the result, even Teutonic paganism may be made to appear preferable to Christianity. Nor is this all—the many noble things said by this same apostle in honour of woman are wholly overlooked by our author, in his eagerness to seize on passages open to a different construction; and while even the symbolic references to the female character, which might be made in any way to serve his purpose, are thrust into prominence, the references of this nature which suggest the purest and highest conceptions of the sex are all quietly ignored. The Gospel, in condemning polygamy; in condemning divorce, except on its one specified ground; in imposing such a detail of duties on the husband, and securing such a detail of rights to the wife, would certainly seem to have done so much in favour of woman, as to place it beyond the reach of censure on that point. Such, however, is the ground that Mr. Newman has taken, and such is the manner in which he has made his way to it. But we feel that a system which requires that husbands should love their wives 'as Christ loved the church,' and much more to the same effect, may be safely left to be put in comparison, as regards the place which it assigns to woman, with any other system of religion or irreligion the world has hitherto seen.

7. Another unexpected charge against Christianity is, that it has not spoken out as it might against *Slavery*; and an attempt is made to show that it has not been entitled to the praise commonly bestowed upon it in this respect. Now it is quite true, the Gospel does not teach, directly and explicitly, 'all that it might have taught upon this subject, any more than upon some others. But we have been accustomed to regard this as one fact among many bespeaking the wisdom of the writers of the New Testament. The *omissions* of the inspired writers, no less than their announcements, often evince their extraordinary—their supernatural discernment. In that age, when slavery, in some or other of its gradations, was the state in which the great majority of the species were found, to have denounced that evil as one no longer to be tolerated, would have been to proclaim a servile war in every nation, and to obscure the spirit and mission of the Gospel, by presenting it to the eyes of men as the great antagonist of the existing relations of society. We feel that we may speak of the teaching of the New Testament on this topic, and on some others, very much as Sir James Mackintosh has spoken of the provisions of our Magna Charta. 'It is observable,' says the historian, 'that the language of the great charter is simple, 'brief, general without being abstract, and expressed in terms of 'authority, not of argument, yet commonly so reasonable as to 'carry with it the intrinsic evidence of its own fitness. It was 'understood by the simplest of the unlettered age for whom it was 'intended. It was remembered by them; and though they did 'not perceive the extensive consequences which might be derived 'from it, their feelings were, however unconsciously, exalted by 'its generality and grandeur. It was a peculiar advantage that 'the consequences of its principles were, if we may so speak, 'only discovered gradually and slowly. It gave out on each 'occasion only so much of the spirit of liberty and reformation 'as the circumstances of succeeding generations required, and as 'their character would safely bear. For almost five centuries it 'was appealed to as the decisive authority on behalf of the 'people, though commonly so far only as the necessities of each 'case demanded. Its effect in these contests was not altogether 'unlike the grand process by which nature employs snows and 'frosts to cover her delicate germs, and to hinder them from 'rising above the earth till the atmosphere has acquired the mild 'and equal temperature which ensures them against blights. 'To have produced it, to have preserved it, to have matured it, 'constitute the immortal claim of England on the esteem of mankind.'—*History of England*, vol. i. pp. 221, 222.

Precisely thus is it with the language of the New Testament

in relation to slavery, and to much beside. It so inculcates the general rights of humanity as to create a humane temper, a temper governed by maxims so elevated and noble, that when the utmost conceivable social progress shall have been realized, it will be found that both the spirit and precepts of the Gospel have only been somewhat more nearly attained, in no respect equalled, still less in any respect surpassed. So firm a believer in the doctrine of social progress as Mr. Newman, should have been among the first to discern and applaud this striking peculiarity in the Christian scriptures. The principles lodged in these records are given in anticipation of all time, and embrace, not only the extinction of slavery, but social amelioration a hundred-fold beyond that.

Of this nature, then, is the material we find in the section of Mr. Newman's book, intitled, 'Faith at Second-hand found to be Vain.' Faith deduced from the Bible is accounted 'second-hand' faith, and for such reasons as we have examined, this faith is pronounced 'vain.' How far reasons of this texture furnish warrant for so grave a conclusion we must leave our readers to judge. It must suffice to say, that in our own history, while some of Mr. Newman's difficulties have been felt at times by us as real difficulties, by far the greater number of them have been with us light as air, never causing us an uneasy hour, and the whole of them have weighed little in our judgment when opposed to the mass of proofs which lie on the other side.

VI. The title of Mr. Newman's sixth section is, 'History is not Religion'—a title which does not express the meaning intended, or meaning of any kind: By 'religion' we understand the response of man's soul towards a religious object, and every one knows that feeling must be a matter of personal consciousness, and cannot be a matter lying off in the fields of 'history.' But Mr. Newman's meaning is, that inasmuch as the uneducated can never verify a creed from history, religion itself must be a matter independent of history; and that inasmuch as a creed so derived even in the case of the educated would tend to cramp or pervert, rather than to stimulate the moral sentiment, it is not to be supposed that an authority, adapted from its very nature to do us more harm than good, can have a real existence. But here Mr. Newman confounds things that differ—the susceptibilities of the religious sentiment, and the authority which should regulate that susceptibility. The aim of the evangelical believer is not to make 'religion' a 'problem of literature.' The sole question with him is, whether literature may not be a vehicle of the kind of truth to man adapted to call forth in him the feeling we

intend by the term 'religion.' Mr. Newman denies that literature can ever become the vehicle of authority on this subject; and proceeding to give us proof of the much better guidance he has found within himself, he subjects the character of Jesus to 'criticism,' and assures us, as the result, that 'his alleged *perfection* is wholly imaginary.'

VII. We now reach Mr. Newman's last chapter, under the title 'Bigotry and Progress.' The first half of this section presents a summary of what has gone before, the remainder gives us the issue to which the whole argument is said to conduct us—viz., a choice between authorities—between the authority of a Church on the one hand, and the authority of a man's Individual Spiritualism on the other. We are not displeased to find things brought at last distinctly to this issue. Mr. Newman says, 'the law of God's moral universe, as known to us, is that of Progress.' It has been so hitherto, and so it must continue to be. The great point with our author, accordingly, is, to fix upon the principle, or the authority, which, in our case, may be found competent to render the future an advance upon the past. The case is thus stated:—

'No difficulty is encountered so long as the *inward* and the *outward* rule of religion agree—by whatever names men call them—the Spirit and the Word, or Reason and the Church, or Conscience and Authority. None need settle which of the two rules is the greater, so long as the results coincide; in fact, there is no controversy, no struggle, and also probably no progress. A child cannot guess whether father or mother has the higher authority until discordant commands are given; but then commences the painful necessity of disobeying one in order to obey the other. So also, the great and fundamental controversies of religion arise only when a discrepancy is detected between the inward and the outward rule; and then there are only two possible solutions. If the Spirit within us, and the Bible (or Church) without us, are at variance, *we must either follow the inward and disregard the outward law, else we must renounce the inward law and obey the outward.*'

Here it is assumed, not only that we must possess an authority of this nature, but that this authority must be a unity. In principle, says Mr. Newman, 'there are only two possible religions—the Personal and the Corporate; the Spiritual and the 'External.' Between these, it is said, there can be no consistent partnership; and the one of them adapted to the future is the Personal and Spiritual, to the total exclusion of the Corporate and External. Bewildered by this dilemma, 'John Henry Newman, Priest of the Oratory of St. Phillip Neri,' has found his guiding star in Romanism; while 'Francis William Newman, formerly

Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford,' finds his in Spiritualism. We scarcely need say, that we are not ourselves believers in the necessity of this alternative, or in the doctrine embraced in either point of it. In our eyes, the authoritative unity supposed to exist in these cases, is in both instances a fiction, and a fiction which can never become a reality. It will not be expected we should attempt to show the fallacy of the pretended unity of Romanism; and not less clear is it that Mr. Newman's Personal Spiritualism, in place of being a centre of rest, must be, in the general experience of mankind, and from his own showing, a perpetual battle-field, between the claims of feeling and the claims of the understanding. 'Whether Christians like it or not,' says our author, 'we must needs look to historians, to linguists, to physiologists, to philosophers, and generally to men of cultivated understanding, to gain help in all those subjects which are preposterously called *theology*.' We know you must, and therefore it is that your religious authority from within can never be a simple thing—never be a unity. You must call in the aids of the understanding to put down false authority, taking counsel, by its means, to that end, from historians, linguists, physiologists, and philosophers; but this ally being once admitted, and admitted as master over so wide a space of territory, who will be competent to say—Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further? Thus, in the very citadel, we find the 'Corporate' under the name of the 'Personal,' and landmarks to be determined as between separate powers of the mind, which are quite as difficult to adjust as are the disputes which have risen elsewhere, between the Individual Reason and External Authority. Every man, from the necessary condition of the essential properties of his mind, carries these elements of disunion in his own breast; and as these essential properties differ endlessly, in their comparative force and comparative apportionments, in different men—partly from nature, partly as the effect of circumstances—the result to have been expected has followed—viz., endless diversities in religious opinions, presenting, for the most part, only so many diversities of error.

It has always appeared to us, that our more sanguine speculators, who image to themselves the blessed state of things which the future might be made to exhibit, if certain conventional hindrances of the present could be put out of the way, overlook a very material fact, the due consideration of which is strictly necessary to the safety of their calculations. According to Mr. Newman's theory, whatever of a moral nature we find in the world, must have proceeded simply from man, man being its sole moral agent. The moral posture of the world, as it has hitherto

been, is the faithful picture of man as he has hitherto been. Neither God nor devil have, in reality, at any time meddled with him. His will, his tendencies, his pleasures, have all been allowed their free course, so that by his fruits we might know him, and history gives us the result. All the falsehoods, accordingly, that have covered the world under the name of religion, have come from him, and from him purely because of his being what he is. Now, if we are to regard the past, as we are sometimes told we should do, as possessing no relativeness to us, no value for us, let us for a moment suppose it to have been wholly swept away, with all its religions and social conventionalisms, and the human mind to be reduced once more to a *tabula rasa*—this done, by what possible magic could you summon a new moral order of things into existence, having only the same moral elements, and the same condition of those elements, to work with? Supposing the causes to remain precisely as they were, would not the effects soon come to be, as to their real nature, precisely as they were? These very impediments, in the shape of religious systems and usages, over which our philosophers mourn so grievously, have all been created by man—annihilate them to-day, and leave man subject to all his old impulses, and what can be more certain than that he would fill up the vacuum with things very like them to-morrow? The only conclusion here is, that without the aid of some power external to man, the idea of human progress, in this connexion, must be a delusion.

But to escape from this difficulty, it will perhaps be said, we do not discard the past in the absolute sense sometimes imputed to us; on the contrary, we believe that the impetus proper to the future always comes, more or less, from the past. No doubt this is believed, and sometimes said—but about as often unsaid, and by the same persons. If our views of what some men really believe on this point should seem at times to be a little unsteady, the fault, we have a right to say, does not rest wholly, or even mainly, with ourselves. Be it settled, however, now, that the past is not to be ignored, considered as a *starting-point*, but only when viewed as a *halting-place*. One consequence from this doctrine, even as thus modified, is, that as the past was dim, imperfect, full of error, as compared with the present; so must it be with the present compared to the future; and thus it becomes our lot to end our days, not with the feeling of men who are conscious that they have found the truth, but rather with the distrust of men who are sensible that, at best, they cannot have found it more than in part. Thus the best fruit to be yielded by this doctrine, is before us in a life passed, not so much in faith as in scepticism!

Further—taking this doctrine as our guide, we are thrown back on the progress of the past as our only rule from which to judge as to the probable progress of the future. On this wide field, we scarcely need say, we cannot now enter. Were we to do so, we should first endeavour to distinguish between the progress natural to physical truth and easy to it, and that to be expected in the widely different departments of moral and religious truth; we should then endeavour to distinguish between the advances in moral and religious truth which man may be said to have realized from himself, and that which he has derived from the direct or indirect influence of revelation—and here our line would be drawn at a point very different from that chosen by Mr. Newman; and, finally, we should then look to the present condition of the unaided mind of man with regard to religion, in comparison with the past, and should be able, we think, to demonstrate, that the man who can turn from such a retrospect, and become sanguine on the subject of the religious progress of the race without the aid of some external authority and power, must be so far capable of ‘hoping against hope,’ as to have learnt to look for effects without causes.

But we have followed Mr. Newman as fully and as far as our limits will allow. His object is to show, that with the evidence before him, his ultimate creed could not be other than it is: and our own aim has been to make it clear that the evidence adduced does not by any means embrace the evidence proper to the whole case; that as evidence, it is at best partial and one-sided, and, for the greater part, worthless, even worse than worthless—delusive. Scarcely a difficulty has crossed his path that has not crossed our own; and so far as our memory can recal the past, we have enabled our readers to judge from the course of our argument as to the manner in which we met these difficulties as they rose, point after point, and from time to time, in our history. The difference in the result has followed not unnaturally, as we think, from the difference in the process—we retain the substance of our original creed—retain that substance only the more firmly, from having consented to modify some of its subordinate parts, while of Mr. Newman’s first faith scarcely a vestige is left to him. From the attention we have given to what Mr. Newman has written, we have our distinct impression with regard to the causes which have diverted his steps into a course so erratic and so pregnant with mischief.

1. It is evident that Mr. Newman soon learned to regard the Christianity professed by the different religious bodies around him in a light so unfavourable, as not only to reject it, for the most part, but to regard it with the kind of hatred which a

virtuous man deems himself justified in manifesting towards a *vicious personal antagonist*. Mr. Newman began his career in a circle where the weakness of religious discernment, and the strength of religious prejudice, existed in about equal proportions. With a want of judgment about as observable as anything to be found among his religious 'friends,' he began to broach in their hearing notions which they would be sure to account most dangerous and heretical, and then, with an amusing simplicity, our author expresses himself amazed and grieved at the result. The consequence is, a strong revulsion in his whole habit of thought. The virtues of the unconverted become in his view more natural, trustworthy, and beautiful, than the supposed graces of the converted. Your regenerated man sinks in his estimation into a man denaturalized, if we may so speak—into a man dwarfed, cramped, and degraded, as the consequence of submitting to an artificial standard from without, in place of obeying the more natural guidance from within. In the intolerance of orthodoxy he sees the proof of its falsehood, especially while felt as bearing such bitter fruits. Religion, when assuming this severe tone, became in his thoughts a libel upon God, and a curse to man. Thus, both piety and benevolence seemed to dictate hostility. Religion in this form had robbed him of his best friends, how natural that he should regard it as his great enemy, and demean himself toward it as such. He did not stop to inquire whether a zeal for religious principle which becomes somewhat excessive, may not be at least as wholesome a feeling as the indifference about them which allows them to sink into insignificance, and, it may be, to become extinct. Nor did he stop to ask whether a man who resolves that for the future no one 'not cast out as a heretic' shall be numbered among his friends, has not himself resolved to act upon that very principle of sectarian exclusiveness which he so severely condemns. With Mr. Newman, considerations of this nature avail nothing. He has suffered from orthodoxy, and upon orthodoxy he must be avenged. In all this we see a good deal of temper, but not much either of logic or philosophy.

2. It is easy to see the course to which such a state of mind would dispose a man when dealing with *Christian Evidence* and *Biblical Interpretation*. The inspiration of the Scriptures, and the completeness of the authority attributed to them, formed the great resting-place of orthodoxy. Hence, to impair this authority would be seen as the work specially needed as the means of humbling this great antagonist of all free thought and religious equality. Our author does not at first see all that it is in his heart to do, but giving himself, under the bias thus originated, to a one-sided course of inquiry, his materials, as might be expected, thicken upon his hands, and he becomes more and

more confident of success, until his tendency to seek for the exceptionable, and to exclude everything of a contrary nature, stiffens into habit, and leaves his own spirit under the spell of that demon of scepticism, which, for a time, seemed only to do his bidding.

3. Another error, material in its influence on the later phases of Mr. Newman's faith, is obvious in the assumption that *his own idiosyncracies may be taken as a fair sample of the temperament of the race*. He has run the whole gamut of religious doctrine, from the most gloomy notes, which he is pleased to describe as those of Calvinism, up to the lightest and thinnest sounds imaginable, and he finds himself the same devout sentimental person, under influences so wonderfully different. The assumption here is, that what has been thus proved in the mind of our author, might be equally proved in the experience of all minds. Dogmas may be elevated into the place of truths, but religion proper is dependent on none of them. It has so been in the experience of Mr. Newman, and, for this reason, it may so be with the experience of humanity. But it should have occurred to our author to ask himself—If mere Deism be equal to the production and to the nurturing of a religious feeling like my own, how comes it to pass that so few, so very few, mere deists have been in this respect the counterpart of myself? And again—If error has been so potent, as I clearly see it to have been, in corrupting and degrading men, must there not be a natural fitness in truth to purify and elevate them? But it has not been the manner of Mr. Newman to perplex himself with such questions. He has shaken off all Christian authority; he flatters himself that, even while so doing, he has succeeded in retaining the Christian spirit; and he has learned to persuade himself that society—human beings everywhere, from the highest to the lowest—might pass through the same mental change, and be as little hurt by it as himself, either morally or religiously. So easy is it for men who believe almost nothing in one direction, to become believers in almost anything in another.

4. Our last attempt toward explaining the phenomenon presented in the history of Mr. Newman's creed has respect to the *nature of his religion from the first*. May we regard him as having been, at any time, in the scriptural sense, a Christian? Dr. Chalmers has distinguished between the ethics of theology and its doctrines; and has so done for the purpose of showing, that it is the same moral motive which prompts us to yield that affection to parents, which we designate virtue, and to yield that affection to the Supreme Being, which we designate religion. The feeling in both cases is the same in its nature, its greater

elevation in the one case than the other, being the natural effect of the greater elevation of its object. So in *Æsthetics*. There are the *æsthetics* of taste and fitness in all things—in the artificial, the natural, the moral, and the religious. In men of refined sensibility, there is a sense of harmony and beauty which rises through all these gradations. Now filial piety—obedience to parents—may be favourable to the cultivation of a feeling which shall seem to partake of a much higher kind of piety; and, in like manner, that sensibility to the morally great and beautiful, which is often so perceptible in men of taste, may prepare such men for the cultivation of feelings having some reference to the Supremely Great and the Supremely Beautiful—and all this may be a mere religiousness, without being, in our sense, religion—a state of feeling somewhat affected by Christianity, without being Christianity. Very much of this order, we suspect, was the religion of Julian during the period when that memorable personage professed himself a Christian. His feeling was real, and in a sense Christian, but it resembled the seed cast along the wayside, which sprang up only the more rapidly on that account, and perished only the more surely. We see too much reason to fear that, as it was with Julian in this respect, so has it been with Mr. Newman. In both, beyond doubt, we see a strong feeling of religiousness; but it is the religiousness of the mere moralist or of the man of taste, somewhat refined as brought under Christian influences, but not so affected by influences of that nature as to embrace any adequate conviction with regard to the spiritual ruin of our nature, or any adequate aspiration towards that high restoration of humanity which the Gospel sets forth as its great object. There is a something so equable, so superficial, and so limited, in all Mr. Newman's feelings and modes of thought on these subjects, as to oblige us to think, that even in his best state he came 'near' to the kingdom, but no further. We learn from himself that he never attributed 'to man any great essential depravity,' and at no period, in consequence, does he seem to feel more than a very imperfect dependence on the remedial nature of the Gospel. The ease with which he allows this aspect of divine truth 'to fade away' from his 'spiritual vision,' is intelligible to us only as we can suppose him to have been insensible to the depth and power of that sinfulness in man, of which the Bible speaks so strongly, and to which the consciousness of Christians has borne such faithful witness. Mr. Newman may assure us, as Julian assured his contemporaries, that he has been a gainer in spirituality by ceasing to profess himself a Christian; and it may appear to him, in consequence, to be the best possible use to

which his influence and talent may be applied, to endeavour to draw off our speculative youth from the right path, by sending philosophy among them in a garb, and with a dialect, stolen from the Gospel; but there is the old power still left to deal with this old, and very honourable method of warfare, and the issue, we doubt not, will be the old one over again.

Mr. Newman, then, has written a book which we do not hesitate to describe as being, in our judgment, one of the most dishonest in the English language—how it has come to pass that such a book should have proceeded from a man whom few will charge with a deliberate purpose to mislead, is a point which will be to many a perplexity, and if our observations have not sufficed wholly to remove this mystery, we trust they have gone some way towards it. Other causes may have been at work, but such as it does not belong to us to discuss or to know.

- ART. II. (1.) *Eldorado; or, Adventures in the Path of Empire.* By BAYARD TAYLOR. London: Richard Bentley. 1850.
 (2.) *Personal Adventures in Upper and Lower California, in 1848-9.* By W. R. RYAN. London: William Shoberl. 1850.

BLOWING bubbles is a remarkably pleasant pastime. We were all engrossed with it here a few years ago; and sundry indisputable arguments were used for the purpose of showing why ours should be exempt from the fate of bubbles in general—that of bursting. Facts, however—and so much the worse for them—have contradicted this ingenious theory. Our bubbles have burst; our rockets have come down sticks. It remains to be seen whether the more dazzling ones that have attracted so many longing looks to the other side of the world, are to prove equally unsubstantial. Opinions differ widely about this; and to ascertain the precise value of Upper California to its present owners, and the world at large, would, at this stage of its progress, be no easy matter. Men's views and representations are influenced by their interests and prejudices at all times. But more especially are these apt to lead them astray in times of such extraordinary excitement as have been consequent on the recent appearance of this region in an entirely new character, that of a gold-producing country. Astonished, bewildered, elated, with the prospect of gold for the having, it cannot be wondered at if many, with the best intentions in the world to be cool in their judgment and correct in their estimate, have begun by seeing double at the least. And we must say that your sanguine people, who make no allowance for friction, are about as great

mischievous-makers as can be. While, if the honest and right-minded may be thus misled, and frequently are so, it must be borne in mind that there is always another class prepared to take advantage of this state of mind; and, knowingly, to foster extravagance of expectation, from any probable source of gain, in order to serve their own selfish ends. We have seen enough of this at home, and our "slang" has been enriched with terms to describe such men. It is unpleasant to recognise their existence; but there they are. What is worse, we are not always in a position to discriminate between these two classes; nor indeed to say whether the extravagant anticipations may, or may not, be the correct ones. We had a notable illustration of this a short time ago, during our own railway delirium; in the evil consequences of which both the innocent and the guilty are now alike involved. And more particularly in connexion with an individual—"O breathe not his name!"—who carried, not only confidence, but apparent success, wherever he went; every property with which he connected himself immediately rising in value. That success was subsequently found to be delusive; but for a considerable time there existed absolutely no data upon which any judgment as to its reality, or otherwise, could be founded. Particular facts were then apparently against those who, judging from general principles only, deemed that this sudden increase of wealth was unreal, and must therefore sink under the general law of unsound speculation.

We have, as we have said, widely differing opinions and statements tendered to us. One voice from the West assures us that the reduction of the attenuated, yet brilliant fabric, to that little disappointing *spit* of soap and water which every bubble-blower must remember falling on his up-turned face, as the glittering sphere dissolved in mid-air, is just on the point of taking place. Another does not see why it ever should. A third, Mr. Taylor, holds a middle course, and thinks two or three years may pass before the collapse, inevitable on such over-inflated speculation as has been indulged in, in connexion with Californian matters, shall ensue; and that then it will not be so complete as some people fear.

Had an idea which was talked about some fifteen years ago, that of making over California to Great Britain in payment of the Mexican debt, ever been carried out, we should not have been able to take these conflicting statements so coolly as we now permit ourselves to do, being simply lookers on. We do not, however, regret that the Americans have got the gold region, instead of ourselves. We feel not the slightest emotions of envy stirring within us, as we read their glowing anticipations of the wealth

that is to accrue to them from the development of its capabilities: of its inexhaustible mines of gold and other metals, its widely-spread commerce, its rich wines, its beeves innumerable, that are to be fed to fatness on its fertile plains, which grow grass and oats for nothing. For, as it is discreetly remarked in an official report upon the subject, cattle that have walked into California from the Western States, will *not* be fit for eating immediately upon their arrival thither. Of all this we read unmoved, save to wish, as was the wont of Goldsmith's immortal Vicar, that our cousins in the States may be "the better" for their new acquisition, not exactly "this day three months," but rather when the excessive speculation to which it has given rise, together with its long train of subsequent and inevitable evils, shall have passed away, leaving the country to a legitimate development of its natural resources.

We trust that no hasty person will hereupon assert that we have called California a bubble; because in that case we shall be under the disagreeable necessity of telling him that he has run away with only half an idea. We do say that there has been bubble-blowing in connexion with it; and this, in its results, is as injurious to the morals of a community as it possibly can be to its pecuniary interests. It is a thing not to be tolerated.

The volumes before us are, we imagine, the first literary results of the extraordinary events that have been taking place on the shores of the Pacific, within the last two years; and a very entertaining and interesting view do they give of them. Both publications are derived from personal acquaintance with the scenes depicted. Mr. Taylor is an American. By the way, why does no one devise a more discriminating name for one born in the United States? We might as well call a Frenchman, simply a European. *Statesman* would be the correct term, but it is pre-occupied. However, American let it be, till something less vague is found out. And he tells us that he did not visit California with the intention of writing a book; though one naturally arose out of his engagements there, and all his observations were made with that purpose in view. We presume that he went out as "our own correspondent" to the *New York Tribune*, in which paper the germ of these volumes appeared in the form of letters; for he neither traded, nor speculated, nor dug gold, save one day, when by way of experiment, taking a "butcher-knife," he went into one of the forsaken holes, in the diggings, and lying on his back, as he had seen others do, attempted, in vain, to pick out some grains from the crevices of the rock. His visit was later than Mr. Ryan's: indeed, his arrival at San Francisco would about coincide with the departure of the latter from that city; so

that his narrative brings us nearer to the present date, by four months, the time of his stay in the country. His volumes do him credit as a spirited, intelligent, good-humoured writer, and traveller; with just such a determined looking at the bright side of things as might be expected from one so constituted, and especially from an American, who is delighted with the bargain 'Uncle Sam' has got, in the acquisition of the gold regions.

Mr. Ryan is, we presume, a naturalized subject of the States, English, or Irish by birth; who proceeded to California as a volunteer during that war with Mexico which ended in the cession of the upper province to the Americans, in May, 1848, one month before the important discovery of her metallic treasures! When peace was concluded, his corps was disbanded, and he, not particularly pleased with either the pay or treatment which he had received from his adopted country, tried gold-hunting on a small scale, unsuccessfully; then house-painting to rather better purpose; and, finally, not being of robust constitution, left the country, debilitated with hardships and climate, after a residence in the upper province, which is all we are now concerned with, of six months.

The two works are tinged by the characters and circumstances of their writers. Mr. Taylor could afford to take a cheerful view of men and things. Mr. Ryan has, occasionally, perhaps somewhat of the tone of the disappointed, frame-shaken man. And yet we have the impression that his has been, and will be a true type of the experience of hundreds who have flocked to the land of promise, under the delusion, that in that lottery there were no blanks.

For about ten years before the accidental discovery, (on the south fork of the American River, forty-five miles from Sacramento City,) that gold was one of its products, the tide of emigration had been tending to California from the States. Bands of emigrants had, from time to time, crossed the Rocky Mountains, and the Salt Plains, enduring hardships innumerable, and even horrors unmentionable, in that slow pilgrimage of two thousand miles to the 'far west;' a point towards which, the American, more especially if he be but an out-lyer on the borders of civilization, seems irresistibly drawn. At the close of the war with Mexico, it was supposed there were from ten to fifteen thousand Americans and Californians in the province, exclusive of the converted Indians, formerly living under the protection of the Romish missions planted there; but which were dispersed, in 1836, in consequence of one of those attacks of revolutionary fever to which Mexico is constitutionally liable.

How everybody rushed thither, when gold was first talked of,

is too well known to require comment. How soldiers and sailors deserted, when they got within the charmed circle, and how parties sent to apprehend the deserters, only ran after them to the mines, to begin business on their own account; and how even the governor himself, tempted beyond endurance, at last joined the chase through the abandoned fields, and deserted towns, is fresh in every one's remembrance. In 1849, the influx of Americans alone was eighty thousand, forming an addition to the population of one hundred thousand, within a twelvemonth.

The immediate advent of a golden age was looked for. Hints were thrown out, even here, in all seriousness, as to the probable depreciation of our currency in consequence of the anticipated influx of gold. Our cash, like fairy-money, was to turn to slate-stones in our pockets: and, for once in their lives, even the 'holders' of sovereigns thought that shares were 'looking down.' We must own that we never felt inclined to treat ours any less respectfully on this account.

Two years have now elapsed: and the official estimate of the amount of gold obtained from the mines in 1848 and 1849, is 40,000,000 dollars, about 8,000,000*l.*; one half of which, in the general scramble, is supposed to have fallen to the share of foreigners. This has for some time been a grievance; but is now to be amended. Mr. Butler King, in his official report on Californian affairs, addressed to the home government, (U. S.) in March, this year, among other regulations which he suggests for adoption in the new states, proposes that of excluding foreigners from the privilege of purchasing permission to work the mines, on the ground that they 'belong to, and in his judgment should be preserved for the use and benefit of the American people'—meaning, 'all citizens, native and adopted.' In 1849, also, General Smith made an attempt to expel foreigners; but his prohibition was not much heeded.

In giving us an estimate of the gold sent *from* California, Mr. King might perhaps have contributed to the furnishing us with the means of forming a more accurate judgment of the present value of the province, if he could have stated how much had been sent *to* it. 'The progress of' San Francisco, says Mr. Ryan, 'might be said to be, in some degree, paid for by foreign capital actually brought into the country.'

That part of California known as the gold region, is a tract four or five hundred miles long, and from forty to fifty broad, following the course of the Snowy Mountains, between which and the low coast range it lies. This comprehends the valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin; the one flowing north, the other south of the Bay of San Francisco, into which they empty themselves. It was in the northern portion of this tract, which

is also considered to afford the greatest amount of fertile land, so far as the country has been yet explored, that the first discoveries were made. Subsequent ones, however, have very greatly extended the sphere of mining operations, both north and south; till the modest limits originally assigned to it, a square of about seventy miles, have expanded to those we have just given. The central land is desert-like: the only signs of human visitation in the Great Desert, west of the Colorado, are 'the bones of animals and men scattered along the trails that cross it.'

San Francisco, the 'great commercial metropolis on the Pacific coast,' with its fine bay, seems naturally to claim our first attention. Mr. Ryan gives us a good sketch of the bay, which he entered in April, 1849. Its entrance is through a strait three or four miles in width.

'This opening, as seen from the ocean, presents the complete appearance of a mountain pass—abruptly cutting in two the continuous line of the coast range—and is the only water-communication hence to the interior country. The coast itself is of the boldest character, and of singular beauty in respect of distinctness of outline. The mountains bounding it on the south, extend in the form of a narrow range of broken hills, terminating in a precipitous headland, against which the surges break angrily, casting up millions of briny spangles, which glisten in the sunbeams with all the colours of the rainbow. To the north these mountains rear their huge crests, like so many granitic Titans, in a succession of varying altitudes, until, at the distance of a few miles, they attain an elevation of from two to three thousand feet, the seaward point presenting a bold promontory, between which and the lower headland lies the strait I have already mentioned, and which, although appearing so narrow, on account of the immense bulk of mountain forming its shoulders, is nevertheless one mile broad in the narrowest part.'

'Having passed through this gap, or I might more properly call it a gate,' (it is named the Golden Gate,) 'we found the strait extend about five miles from the sea to the bay itself, which then opens right and left, extending in each direction about thirty-six miles, its total length being more than seventy miles, with a coast line of about 275. The land on each side of the strait is irregular and picturesque, resembling, on account of its continuity, an immense bank, which forms an admirable natural protection against the fierce winds that frequently sweep the coast with unmitigated fury.'

'Proceeding up the strait, we found the real or second entrance to the bay barred by an enormous rock, which offers a capital site for a fort.'

Here lay a flag-ship, with other vessels, anchored at this inconvenient distance from the town, which is six miles off, in order to prevent the men deserting: no easy matter. On one

occasion, eighteen from one vessel seized a boat, and went ashore to make their fortunes, under fire from every vessel in the harbour! It is said, that on the 1st of January, this year, two hundred and fifty ships were lying in the bay, all deserted by their crews.

The rock, rising sheer out of the water, to a considerable height, being past, the bay itself was gained:—

‘Its first aspect is that of a long lake, lying embosomed between parallel ranges of mountains, in the midst of a country of alpine character; but the eye soon perceives that the monotony of its glassy surface is broken, and varied, and rendered eminently picturesque, by the several islands with which it is studded, and which rise to the height of 300 to 400 feet; preserving, in the main, the bold and rugged character of their parent shores, some being mere masses of rock, while others are luxuriantly clad with a mantle of the very richest verdure, bespotted with flowers of the gaudiest hues.

‘Immediately opposite the entrance to the bay, and forming a background of unsurpassed majesty of appearance, rises, at a few miles’ distance from the shore, a chain of mountains, which shoot aloft to an elevation of two thousand feet above the level of the water, and whose summits are crowned by a splendid forest-growth of ancient cypress, distinctly visible from the Pacific, and presenting a conspicuous landmark for vessels entering the bay. Towering behind these again, like the master-sentinel of the golden regions which it overlooks, is the rugged peak of Mount Diablo,’ (O what a name!) ‘rearing its antediluvian granite head, hoar with unmelted snows, to the height of 3770 feet above the level of the sea.’

The immediate shores of the Bay present—

‘A front of broken and rugged hills, rolling and undulating lands, and rich alluvial shores, having in their rear fertile and wooded ranges, admirably adapted as a site for towns, villages, and farms; with which latter they were already dotted. The foot of the mountains around the southern arm of the bay is a low alluvial bottom-land, extending several miles in breadth, being interspersed with and relieved by occasional open woods of oak, and terminating, on a breadth of twenty miles, in the fertile valley of San Joaquin.’

To the town of this name the seat of government is now transferred. The military governor of the province resides at San Francisco. The Bay is ‘a little Mediterranean in itself,’ with an average breadth of, at least, from ten to fifteen, some say twenty miles. Its head is nearly forty miles from the sea; and at this point it is connected with the valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin. Its waters are of a depth to admit the largest vessels.

The town stands at the south side of the entrance to the Bay,

in a 'sort of irregular valley,' surrounded by the lofty hills already mentioned.

It was in the streets of San Francisco that Mr. Taylor had his first view of what is now the staple business of the country—gold hunting :—

'Walking through the town, I was amazed to find a dozen persons busily employed in the street before the United States Hotel digging up the earth with knives, and crumbling it in their hands. They were actually gold hunters, who obtained in this way about five dollars a day. After blowing the fine dirt carefully in their hands, a few specks of gold were left, which they placed in a piece of white paper. A number of children were engaged in the same business, picking out the fine grains by applying to them the head of a pin moistened in the mouth. I was told of a small boy having taken home fourteen dollars as the result of one day's labour.'

He considers this was chiefly produced by leakings from the miners' bags, and the sweepings of stores.

Seeing these two gentlemen have done us the honour of coming to England to find a publisher for their books, we wish they had paid us the further compliment of expressing money-value in terms more familiar to the generality of English readers than are American ones. Sums computed by dollars really convey a very indefinite idea at first sight. Thus, among various instances of the fabulous prices that have been current in this wonderful region, that of washing—laundress's washing, not gold-washing—being from eight to twelve dollars the dozen, bad as it sounds, does not sound half so bad as if 'done into English;' some 2*l.* 12*s.* the dozen : or, as Mr. Ryan phrases it, by way of making it more startlingly apparent, 'six shillings for a shirt.' The consequence of cleanliness being thus converted into so expensive a virtue was, that large quantities of clothing were sent to China and the Sandwich Islands for the necessary 'purification.'

Towards the end of August in this same year, 1849, San Francisco had a population of about six thousand souls, lodged in tents and canvass houses, with a few frame buildings. Three weeks later, Mr. Taylor says :—

'The town had not only greatly extended its limits, but seemed actually to have doubled its number of dwellings since I left. High up on the hills, where I had seen only sand and chapparal, stood clusters of houses; streets which had merely been laid out, were hemmed in with buildings and thronged with people; new warehouses had sprung up on the water-side, and new piers were creeping out towards the shipping; the forests of masts had greatly thickened; and the noise, motion, and bustle of business and labour on all sides were

incessant. Verily, the place was in itself a marvel. To say that it was daily enlarged by from twenty to thirty houses may not sound very remarkable after all the stories that have been told; yet this, for a country that imported both lumber and houses, and where labour was then ten dollars a day, is an extraordinary growth. The rapidity with which a ready-made house is put up and inhabited in San Francisco, strikes the stranger as little short of magic. He walks over an open lot in his before-breakfast stroll; the next morning a house complete, with a family inside, blocks up his way. He goes down to the bay and looks out on the shipping; two or three days afterwards a row of storehouses, staring him in the face, intercepts his view.'

Six weeks later, about the beginning of November, the population was 15,000.

'A year before it was about five hundred,' says Mr. Taylor. 'The increase since that time had been made in the face of the greatest disadvantages under which a city ever laboured; an uncultivated country, an ungenial climate, exorbitant rates of labour, want of building materials, imperfect civil organization—lacking everything, in short, but gold-dust and enterprise. The same expense on the Atlantic coast would have established a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants.'

Its great want was society.

'Think of a city of thirty thousand inhabitants, peopled by men alone. The like of this was never seen before. Every man was his own housekeeper, doing, in many instances, his own sweeping, cooking, washing, and mending. Many home arts, learned rather by observation than experience, came conveniently into play. He who cannot make a bed, cook a beefsteak, or sew up his own rips and rents, is unfit to be a citizen of California.'

On this visit he found rents had risen 'rather than fallen.' On his arrival he had paid twenty-five dollars the week for a wretched garret with two cots in it. One of the hotels, a frame-house of sixty feet front, was rented at one hundred and ten thousand dollars yearly; of which sixty thousand—12,000/!—was paid by gamblers, who had the second story; while a cellar, twelve feet square and six deep, was offered, for an office, at two hundred and fifty dollars a month.

The wages of labour had fallen a little. Money, (currency, from a variety of causes, has been very scarce) was fourteen per cent. *monthly*. The climate he found vastly improved. 'The temperature was more equable and genial, and the daily hurricanes of the summer had almost entirely ceased.'

During that season a high, cold wind from the sea blows constantly, from noon to midnight; and this, together with the fogs, renders San Francisco, Mr. King says, 'probably more uncom-

‘fortable, to those not accustomed to it, in summer than in winter, ‘when the atmosphere is tolerably mild.’ To add to the annoyance of these sweeping blasts, the dust there is something almost preternatural. In the valley of San Joaquin, Mr. Taylor, having some mules in his charge, could only see whether they were in order, as they trotted in file before him, by ‘counting the tails that occasionally whisked through the cloud.’ Mr. Ryan’s experience was worse. In a *café* at San Francisco, he tells us—

‘There was dust on the counter, on the shelves, on the seats, on the decanters, and in them, on the tables, in the salt, on my beef-steak, and in my coffee. There was dust on my polite landlord’s cheeks, and in his amiable wife’s eyes, which she was wiping with the corner of a dusty apron. I hurried my meal, and was paying my score, when I caught a sight of my own face in a dusty-looking and dust-covered glass near the bar, and saw that I, too, had become covered with it, my entire person being literally encrusted with a coat of powder, from which I experienced considerable difficulty in cleansing myself.’

In the rainy season, which lasts from the middle of November to that of May, all this dust, of course, undergoes a conversion; and then the lower parts of the town ‘stand in a huge basin of mud.’

At the time of Mr. Taylor’s departure, the town had increased greatly, both in size and in the substantiality of its buildings. Four months previously,

‘The gold-seeking sojourner lodged in muslin rooms and canvas garrets with a philosophic lack of furniture, and ate his simple, though substantial’ (he might have added, extravagantly dear,) ‘fare from pine boards. Now lofty hotels were met with in all quarters, furnished with home luxury, and aristocratic restaurants presented daily their long bills of fare, rich with the choicest technicalities of the Parisian *cuisine*.’

At one of these hotels, board and lodging were a hundred and fifty dollars a month: considered unusually cheap. At another of them, a room alone was two hundred and fifty dollars the month. But, he observes, ‘the greatest gains were still made by ‘the gambling-tables and eating-houses. Every device that art ‘could suggest was used to swell the custom of the former.’

Gambling, indeed, and drinking—not drunkenness, Mr. Taylor saw little of that—are the two leading vices of the country. In Stockton, the halting-place to the southern, as Sacramento is to the northern mines, Mr. Ryan found ‘every other hut either a groggery or a gambling-place.’ And Mr. Taylor’s more recent account is full of allusions to this former propensity. The

native inhabitants were addicted to it; but the present peculiar circumstances of the country have given great impetus as well as scope to the spirit of gambling. 'Wherever there is gold, there are gamblers.' The steamer which carried Mr. Taylor from Panama to San Francisco had on board 'a choice gang of blacklegs from the States,' going thither on a professional visit. And such gather in large harvests.

Mr. Ryan, we have said, was a practical gold-hunter, and made nothing of it. Gold is not altogether to be had for the picking-up, even in California. Mr. Taylor, the looker-on, gives us a very entertaining view both of the process, and scene, of operations, in his visit to the 'diggings' which had been discovered about two months previously, on the Mokelumne River, in the southern district. After a ride through some country, of which he speaks in terms of the highest admiration for its richness and beauty, though the heat was intense,—in the glens and *canadas*, 110°,—he arrived at the little town, three weeks old, which had 'sprung up' for the accommodation of the miners, and which already boasted at least a dozen gaming-tables. The 'hotel' was 'an open space under a branch roof; the appliances were two tables 'of rough plank, one for meals, and one for *monte*,' (the universal gambling game,) 'with logs resting on forked limbs, as seats, 'and a bar of similar materials, behind which was ranged a goodly 'stock of liquors and preserved provisions.' Their expenses at this 'hotel,' it should be named, were eleven dollars a day, for man and mule, exclusive of lodgings. They are, oddly enough, divided into four dollars for the man, and seven for the mule! barley being a dollar the quart, and grass a dollar the handful.

'Our first move was for the river bottom, where a number of Americans, Sonorians, and Kanakas,' (Sandwich islanders,) 'were at work in the hot sun. The bar, as it was called, was nothing more nor less than a level space at the junction of the river with a dry *arroyo*, or 'gulch,' which winds for about eight miles among the hills.'

The 'gulch' denotes a mountain ravine of a very abrupt character.

'It was hard and rocky, with no loose sand except such as had lodged between the large masses of stone, which must of course be thrown aside to get at the gold. The whole space, containing about four acres, appeared to have been turned over with great labour, and all the holes slanting down between the broken strata of slate to have been explored to the bottom. No spot could appear more unpromising to the inexperienced gold-hunter. Yet the Sonorians, washing out the loose dust, or dirt, which they scraped up among the rocks, obtained from ten dollars to two ounces daily. The first party we saw had just succeeded in cutting a new channel for the shrunken waters of the Mokelumne, and were commencing operations on about twenty

yards of the river bed, which they had laid bare. They were ten in number; and their only implements were shovels, a rude cradle for the top layer of earth, and flat wooden bowls for washing out the sands. Baptiste took one of the bowls, which was full of sand, and in five minutes showed us a dozen grains of bright gold. The company had made in the forenoon about three pounds; we watched them at their work till the evening, when three pounds more were produced, making an average of seven ounces for each man. The gold was of the purest quality and most beautiful colour. When I first saw the men carrying heavy stones in the sun, standing nearly waist-deep in water, and grubbing with their hands in the gravel and clay, there seemed to me little virtue in resisting the temptation to gold-digging; but when the shining particles were poured out lavishly from a tin basin, I confess there was a sudden itching in my fingers to seize the heaviest crowbar and the biggest shovel.

A company of thirty, further down the river, had cleared a hundred yards of its bed, and begun washing very successfully. But they quarrelled, 'as most companies do;' and finally arranged with two of their number, to have all the work done at their expense, taking half the gold obtained for their remuneration. Many of the Americans employed Indians and others to work for them, giving them half the produce of their labour, in addition to finding them provisions, which would cost about a dollar a day. Rather poorly kept, either in quantity or quality, we should suppose they would be at this price, provisions of all kinds being 'enormously dear.' On their journey to the place, a little more than a bushel of wheat, for the mules, had cost them five dollars. Mr. Taylor and his friends were hospitably entertained by the miners; and were not a little surprised at the 'table in the wilderness,' spread for them in the airy hotel we have mentioned. Jerked beef, (they had, *en route*, bought about *six yards*, for half a dollar) and bread, was the best they had expected: and, oh, omnipotent power of gold! they saw on the table 'green corn, 'green peas, and beans, fresh oysters, roast turkey, Goshen 'butter, and excellent coffee. I will not pretend,' he adds, 'to say what they cost, but I began to think the fable of Aladdin 'was nothing very remarkable after all. The genie will come—'but the rubbing of the lamp! There is nothing so hard on the 'hands.'

He slept that night soundly on the 'dining table;' and next morning found the party at work, in the sunshine, with two hours' hard labour at bailing out the water before they could begin to wash. Again:—

'The prospect looked uninviting, but when I went there again, towards noon, one of them was scraping up the sand from the bed with

his knife, and throwing it into a basin, the bottom of which glittered with gold. Every knife-ful brought out a quantity of grains and scales, some of which were as large as the finger-nail. At last a two-ounce lump fell plump into the pan. Their forenoon's work amounted to nearly six pounds. It is only by such operations as these, through associated labour, that great profits are to be made in those districts which have been visited by the first eager horde of gold-hunters. The deposits most easily reached are soon exhausted by the crowd, and the labour required to carry on further work successfully deters single individuals from attempting it. Those who, retaining their health, return home disappointed, say they have been humbugged about the gold, when in fact they have humbugged themselves about the work. If any one expects to dig treasures out of the earth in California without severe labour, he is woefully mistaken. Of all classes of men, those who pave streets and quarry limestone are best adapted for gold-diggers.'

People's notions of what are hardships differ. On this same journey, a disheartened, returning emigrant strongly advised Mr. Taylor to turn back; telling him 'you'll have to sleep on the ground every night, and take care of your own animals, and you may think yourself lucky if you get your regular meals.'

This was certainly one of the 'slow' men, for which, together with the cautious and desponding ones, our sensible traveller remarks, 'California is no place. The grumbler and idler had better stay at home.' Where, we are sure, they are not wanted.

From 11 A.M., to 4 P.M., the mercury here 'ranged between 98° and 110°.'

The discovery of this *gulch* was accidental. Dr. Gillette, in company with a friend, was 'prospecting' for gold; and as he rested one day under a tree, struck his pick carelessly into the ground, and presently threw out a lump of about two pounds weight. They at once set to work:—

'Labouring all that day and the next, and even using part of the night to quarry out the heavy pieces of rock. At the end of the second day they went to the village on the Upper Bar, and weighed their profits, which amounted to fourteen pounds.'

The largest piece found here was said to weigh eleven pounds. Mr. Taylor says he makes 'due allowance for the size which gold lumps attain the farther they roll;' but of this he was told on the spot.

'Climbing up the rocky bottom of the gulch, as by a staircase, for four miles,' the 'dry-diggings' were visited.

'Deep holes sunk between the solid strata, or into the precipitous sides of the mountains, showed where veins of the metal had been struck, and followed as long as they yielded lumps large enough to pay for the labour. The loose earth which they had excavated was full of

fine gold, and only needed washing out. A number of Sonorians were engaged in dry washing this refuse sand—a work which requires no little skill, and would soon kill any other men than these lank and skinny Arabs of the west. Their mode of work is as follows:—Gathering the loose dry sand in bowls, they raise it to their heads, and slowly pour it upon a blanket spread at their feet. Repeating this several times, and throwing out the worthless pieces of rock, they reduce the dust to about half its bulk; then balancing the bowl in one hand, by a quick dexterous motion of the other they cause it to revolve, at the same time throwing its contents into the air, and catching them as they fall. In this manner, everything is finally winnowed away, except the heavier grains of sand mixed with gold, which is carefully separated by the breath. It is a laborious occupation, and one which, fortunately, the American diggers have not attempted. This breathing the fine dust from day to day, under a more than torrid sun, would soon impair the strongest lungs.

Killing a few Sonorians is, we suppose, of comparatively little consequence.

The tools used here were the crowbar, pick, and knife, the miners being sometimes obliged to use them, 'lying flat on their backs, in cramped and narrow holes'—like our coal miners!

And here Mr. Taylor says, 'There is more gold in California than ever was said or imagined: ages will not exhaust the supply.' The calm official, Mr. King—all officials are supposed to be calm—expresses a similar opinion.

The labour, however, is admitted to be excessive; and from a variety of causes—one of them, the want of a mint, is to be removed—the miners, *as a rule*, are not the gainers. 'Those who purchase and ship gold to the Atlantic States make large profits; *but those who dig, lose what others make.*' High prices and gambling will, to a great extent, account for this. 'Only traders, speculators, and gamblers make large fortunes,' says also the more desponding Mr. Ryan.

It is, however, not easy to ascertain the amount of the miners' gains. Like people at home, they are apt to complain when doing very well: and are unwilling to confess disappointment.

The use of chemical agents, instead of mere mechanical means, in separating the metal, will lessen both the labour and expense of the process, as well as add greatly to its remunerative returns. On revisiting this mine, Mr. Taylor found that the use of quicksilver had been introduced with great success:—

'The black sand which was formerly rejected, was washed in a bowl containing a little quicksilver in the bottom, and the amalgam formed by the gold yielded four dollars to every pound of sand. Mr. James, who had washed out a great deal of this sand, evaporated the quick-

silver in a retort, and produced a cake of fine gold worth nearly five hundred dollars. . . . A heap of refuse earth, left by the common rocker, after ten thousand dollars had been washed, yielded another thousand to the new machine,' with quicksilver.

Its scarcity and high price have hitherto interfered with its more extended employment. But mines of it are found in California; and Mr. King proposes to depart from his exclusive policy with respect to them, in order to encourage their more extensive working.

The character of the gold deposits does not vary materially. In dust, flakes, grains, and pieces, weighing from one grain to several pounds, it is found in the bars and shoals of rivers, in ravines, and places where quartz containing gold has cropped out and been disintegrated.

We have already given an account of a mine and its diggings; still in writing of California, to omit all notice of the Sacramento, and its city, would be very like playing Hamlet with the part of the Prince left out.

The city, a hundred and thirty miles by water from San Francisco, stands at the junction of what is called the American Fork, and the 'beautiful stream' whence it takes its name, and which is not navigable beyond it.

'The aspect of the place on landing was decidedly more novel and picturesque than that of any other town in the country.' 'Boughs and spars were mingled together in striking contrast; the cables were fastened to the trunks and sinewy roots; sign-boards and figure-heads were set up on shore; and galleys and deck-cabins were turned out 'to grass,' leased as shops, or occupied as dwellings.'—*Taylor*.

It forms a square of one mile and a half—the streets laid out at right angles; those running east and west named alphabetically, and those north and south, arithmetically.

'The original forest trees, standing in all parts of the town, give it a very picturesque appearance. Many of the streets are lined with oaks and sycamores, six feet in diameter, and spreading ample boughs on every side. The emigrants have ruined the finest of them by kindling camp-fires at their bases, which in some instances have burned completely through, leaving a charred and blackened arch for the superb tree to rest upon.'—*Taylor*.

This has brought about the destruction of several of them; a thing the more to be regretted, as in summer, when the mercury stands at 120°, shade is a thing to be desired.

Land, rents, living, were much on the same scale as at San Francisco. 'The value of all the houses in the city could not have been less than two million dollars.'

But, 'in summer the place is a furnace, in winter little better than a swamp, and the influx of emigrants and discouraged miners generally exceeds the demand for labour.' Further, three-fourths of those who settle there are visited by agues and other debilitating complaints.

'The city,' Mr. Taylor continues, 'was one place by day and another by night; and of the two its night side was the most peculiar. As the day went down dull and cloudy, a thin fog gathered in the humid atmosphere, through which the canvas houses, lighted from within, shone with a broad obscure gleam, that confused the eye, and made the streets most familiar by daylight look strangely different. . . The town, regular as it was, became a bewildering labyrinth of half-light and deep darkness, and the perils of traversing it were greatly increased by the mire and frequent pools left by the rain.

'To one, venturing out after dark for the first time, these perils were by no means imaginary. Each man wore boots reaching to the knees—or higher, if he could get them—with the pantaloons tucked inside; but there were pitfalls, into which, had he fallen, even these would have availed little. In the more frequented streets, where drinking and gambling had full swing, there was a partial light streaming out through doors and crimson window-curtains to guide his steps. Sometimes a platform of plank received his feet; sometimes he slipped from one loose barrel-stave to another, laid with the convex side upward; and sometimes, deceived by a scanty piece of scantling, he walked off its further end into a puddle of liquid mud. Now floundering in the stiff mire of the mid-street, he plunged down into a gully, and was 'brought up' by a pool of water; now venturing near the houses, a scaffold-pole, or stray beam, lent him an unexpected blow. If he wandered into the outskirts of the town, where the tent-city of the emigrants was built, his case was still worse. The briery thickets of the original forest had not been cleared away, and the stumps, trunks, and branches of felled trees were distributed over the soil with delightful uncertainty. If he escaped these, the lariats of picketed mules spread their toils for his feet, threatening him with entanglement, and a kick from one of the vicious animals; tent-ropes and pins took him across the shins, and the horned heads of cattle, left where they were slaughtered, lay ready to gore him at every step.'

'Ah me! what perils do environ
The man who'—

goes to seek his fortune in California!

At the time of Mr. Taylor's visit, the city was thronged with overland emigrants, who bore striking traces of the hardships to be endured in that six or even seven months' journey over the salt deserts of the Great Basin, the rugged passes of the Sierra Nevada, and the arid plains of California. Their very beasts

'had an expression of patient experience which plainly showed that no roads yet to be travelled would astonish them in the least.' To the credit of the sisterhood we must record that the women who had accomplished this terrible transit were not 'half so loud as the men in their complaints.'

Mr. Taylor gives us a pretty view of Sacramento, in a very pleasing style; sketched in with neutral tint, and a wash of warm colour passed over the lights, the higher ones being taken out. Views of the Bay of San Francisco, in November, 1848 and 1849, to indicate the changes that had taken place within that period, are also given in the same manner. Mr. Ryan's 'illustrations' are very queer things indeed,—'Pilgrim's Progress' sort of cuts.

In Mr. Taylor's ride to Sacramento, we have the following description of scenery. Save for the 'burnt-up grass,' which is never an improvement to the landscape, it is a very agreeable one.

'Our road now led over broad plains, through occasional belts of timber. The grass was almost entirely burnt up, and dry, gravelly *arroyos*, in and out of which we went with a plunge, marked the courses of the winter streams. The air was as warm and sultry as May' (why not, seeing it was only the beginning of September?) 'and fragrant with the aroma of a species of *gnaphalium*, which made it delicious to inhale. Not a cloud was to be seen in the sky, and the high, sparsely-wooded mountains on either hand, showed softened and indistinct through a blue haze. The character of the scenery was entirely new to me. The splendid valley, untenanted except by a few solitary rancheros living many miles apart, seemed to be some deserted location of ancient civilization and culture. The wooded slopes of the mountains are lawns planted by Nature, with a taste to which art could add no charm. The trees have nothing of the wild growth of our forests; they are compact, picturesque, and grouped in every variety of graceful outline. The hills were covered to the summits with fields of wild oats, colouring them, as far as the eye could reach, with tawny gold, against which the dark glossy green of the oak and cypress showed with peculiar effect. As we advanced further, these natural harvests extended over the plain, mixed with vast beds of wild mustard, eight feet in height, under which a thick crop of grass had sprung up, furnishing sustenance to the thousands of cattle roaming everywhere unheeded. Far on our left, the bay made a faint, glimmering line, like a rod of light, cutting off the hardly-seen hills beyond it from the world.'

Wood and water are the two great deficiencies in California.

Monterey, formerly the seat of government, a distinction that it has now lost by the transference of the legislature to San José, appeared rather a dull place, after the overwhelming business and bustle of San Francisco, whence it is distant a hundred and

fifty miles southwards. This impression, however, speedily gave way to a most favourable one of its climate, scenery, society, and situation. The town stands about two miles from the southern extremity of the bay. The northern point, twenty miles distant, runs out so far to sea, that the Pacific is not visible from any part of the town. Here, as elsewhere, the speculation in land has been excessive. Its trade is increasing, and is likely to be much promoted by the discovery of gold, in streams which, having their rise in the Sierra Nevada, discharge their waters into the Tularé Lakes. Monterey, as a port, is much more advantageously situated for the population which will be thus attracted to that vicinity, than San Francisco, which is a hundred and twenty miles further from the lakes.

One quiet afternoon, while remaining here, Mr. Taylor walked out along the sands, past the anchorage, till the open sea came into view; the 'slow regular swells of the great Pacific.'

'The surface of the bay was comparatively calm; but within a few hundred yards of the shore it upheaved with a slow, majestic movement, forming a single line more than a mile in length, which, as it advanced, presented a perpendicular front of clear, green water, twelve feet in height. There was a gradual curving-in of this emerald wall—a moment's waver—and the whole mass fell forward with a thundering crash, hurling the shattered spray thirty feet into the air. A second rebound followed; and the boiling, seething waters raced far up the sand, with a sharp, trampling, metallic sound, like the jangling of a thousand bars of iron. I sat down on a pine-log, above the highest wave-mark, and watched this sublime phenomenon for a long time. The sand-hills behind me confined and redoubled the sound, prolonging it from crash to crash, so that the ear was constantly filled with it. Once a tremendous swell came in close on the heels of one that had just broken, and the two uniting made one wave, which shot far beyond the water-line, and buried me above the knee. As far as I could see, the shore was white with the subsiding deluge. It was a fine illustration of the magnificent language of Scripture: 'He maketh the deep to boil like a pot; he maketh the sea like a pot of ointment; one would think the deep to be hoary.'

It was at Monterey that the sittings of the Convention, summoned to form a constitution for the 'infant state,' were held. Of this we have an entertaining and somewhat enthusiastic account from Mr. Taylor, who is proud of the ability for governing which he conceives that his countrymen possess, the result, as we understand him, of their republican education. We are willing to grant them all the credit they deserve in this particular instance; but we really cannot, either to his government or countrymen, universally, ascribe 'a steady integrity, and inborn capacity for creating and upholding law.'

He gives us some rather amusing election anecdotes. The candidates for state offices were almost all unknown to the electors, in consequence of which, some strange rules for selecting one, rather than the other, were adopted. A Mr. Fair got many votes, on account of his promising name. Another gentleman lost about twenty, owing to his having been seen wearing a high-crowned silk hat, with a narrow brim. One enlightened elector thus justified his voting for those whom he did not know:—

‘ When I left home, I was determined to *go it blind*. I went it blind in coming to California, and I am not going to stop now. I voted for the constitution, and I’ve never seen the constitution. I voted for all the candidates, and I don’t know one of them. I’m going it blind all through, I am.’

A fair specimen, we doubt not, of hundreds, to whom, in other countries than this new one, the grave responsibility, for such it is, of contributing to form the character of the legislature is committed; though few would be found thus honestly to confess their own incompetence for such onerous duties.

At this Convention, it will be borne in mind, it was decided, unanimously, that slavery should not be one of the ‘domestic institutions’ of California. The southern members of the Union are not, of course, so well pleased with such an enactment as are we in England, who, ‘at a great price, have obtained this freedom.’ But, with our ideas on the subject, it is very amusing to find Mr. King, in his report to the home government, which we have already alluded to, defending himself at some length, and most strenuously, against even the suspicion of having had any hand in the matter. American liberty and equality, however, still suggested a prohibition of the entrance of free people of colour into the State. This, too, was rejected by a large majority; and all attempts to introduce any modification of it failed signally. The provisions of the constitution thus formed, ‘combined, with few exceptions, the most enlightened features of the constitutions of the older States.’ Those peculiar to itself, the boundary question, suffrage, the details of government, and even the difficult question of the Great Seal, for which some ludicrous designs were presented, were all in turn satisfactorily disposed of. The proposition for the payment of the officers, and members of the Convention, met with some opposition from the Californians and a few of the Americans, but they were overruled; and as, in this golden land, the available funds were chiefly in silver, the recipients were to be seen carrying their

wages home tied up in handkerchiefs, or slung in bags over their shoulders.

The business of the Convention was conducted, we are told, 'in a perfectly parliamentary and decorous manner.'

And is it come to this, that both Washington and Westminster must travel to the extreme West to receive a lesson in good manners! It is some consolation to our wounded vanity to find that even in this model assemblage they, like our own senators, love to hear themselves speak, and, with a like inconvenience attendant upon it, to that which we have experienced: business is hindered by over-much talking. We should have been ashamed had we been the sole sufferers from this lingual infirmity.

At the close of their legislative labours, the members recreated themselves with a ball, to which the citizens were invited. 'White kids could not be had in Monterey for love or money;' but a pair of patent leather boots attended, at a price of fifty dollars; and our pleasant traveller, in borrowed garments (accommodated to his smaller size by a liberal use of pins) and worsted gaiters, with very square toes, was, we dare say, not the worst dressed of the party.

During his stay in Monterey, some interesting documents were placed in his hands, relative to the missions established in Upper California, by a Franciscan friar, subsequently to the Jesuits being driven from the lower province, in 1786. The society, it will be remembered, was suppressed by Pope Ganganelli, in 1773. Romish missions do not generally command much sympathy from Protestants; nevertheless, it were unjust to doubt that the originators of these were actuated by the purest and most self-denying motives in undertaking an enterprise attended by so many dangers and difficulties. 'The consolation,' writes one of them, in 1772, 'is, that troubles, or no troubles, there are various souls in heaven from Monterey, S. Antonio, and S. Diego.' And Mr. Taylor, while far from lamenting their downfall, yet acknowledges that they have 'nobly fulfilled the purposes of their creation.'

We are not told to what extent provision is now made for any other worship than that of Mammon, among the thousands upon thousands so suddenly placed upon these shores. To the credit of the Convention it should, however, be told, that an invitation was given to the clergy of Monterey to open their daily session with prayer, which was thenceforth done accordingly.

The setting in of the rainy season impeded the traveller's movements, before he had accomplished all that he had marked out for himself. Yet with all the disagreeablenesses of climate,

and there are plenty of them, neither the light-hearted journalist nor disappointed miner condemn it unqualifiedly. The former applies to it, at times, such terms as 'balmy,' Italian,' and so on; the latter, referring to the well known ameliorating influence of civilization and cultivation in this particular, says, 'Independently considered, it may justly be pronounced as the healthiest climate in the world; for it presents every variety of atmosphere, within a great extent of latitude.' So that those whose object is simply to suit themselves, may do so. The large mortality, and great amount of disease among the miners, have, he asserts, been caused by their neglect of proper precautions in their exposure to its sudden extremes of heat and cold, during the prosecution of their severe and unhealthy labours. Mr. King's remarks on this subject are worthy of attention. One of them struck us as being exceedingly apposite:—

'If a native of California were to go to New England in winter, and see the ground frozen and covered with snow, the streams with ice, and find himself in a temperature many degrees colder than he had ever felt before, he would probably be as much surprised that people could or would live in so inhospitable a region, as any immigrant ever has been at what he has seen or felt in California.'

Among this strange population, representatives of almost every nation under heaven, so strangely brought together, and at a time when, owing to the hasty transfer of the province from Mexican rule to that of the States, there was no proper provision for the maintenance of order and law, many sad disorders and crimes could not but arise; and we cannot be surprised to hear, that at one time 'revolvers' were 'good ventures.' Still, from the very beginning there appears to have been a greater amount of security, both for life and property, than could possibly have been expected, in such very peculiar circumstances. One reason for this may have been, the excessive severity with which the adventurers punished all offenders, by means of officers appointed among themselves; and who were generally obeyed. They were obliged to take the law into their own hands; and it is noticeable, that whenever the people do this, they execute it upon each other with tenfold more severity than do their rulers, under almost any circumstances. These self-appointed officers were an especial 'terror to evil-doers.' While the fact that many of the miners, though outwardly indistinguishable from the rough, unshorn labourers, handling the pick and wash-bowl at their side, were yet men of education and superior station in life, may also be assigned as, in some degree, explanatory of this state of things.

Of the habits of luxury induced by the sudden and fitful

accession of wealth, we have some strange instances. Ice-creams, for the refreshment of over-heated miners, were in vogue so early as July, in last year. While more recently, it was no unusual thing to see a company of them drinking champagne at ten dollars the bottle, and warming in the camp-kettle their canisters of turtle-soup, and lobster-salad! This last is to us an entirely new idea, and seems analogous to taking an ice with the chill off. One coarse fellow regularly regaled himself with the 'finest hams, 'at a dollar and a half the pound; preserved oysters, corn, and 'peas, at six dollars a canister; onions and potatoes, whenever 'such articles made their appearance; Chinese sweetmeats, and 'dried fruits, with the addition of a diurnal bottle of champagne 'at dinner-time.' This man was said to have dug between thirty and forty thousand dollars, all of which he had spent in the gratification of his palate.

The route to California has long been a subject of interesting discussion. Six months round Cape Horn is intolerable: over-land, infinitely worse, and scarcely thought of on our side the Atlantic. That by Panama sometimes takes three months, when people are unfortunate enough to get a sailing, instead of a steam-vessel, from the other side of the isthmus. Indeed, vessels have been considerably more than that time in only sailing thence to San Francisco. Mr. Taylor, with steam on both sides, accomplished it in fifty-one days: but then, there is the crossing from Chagres to Panama, by canoe and mules, at which poor Mr. Ryan, who returned that way, grumbles dreadfully. And, indeed, it is not pleasant. In 1835 some steps were taken, under General Jackson's auspices, to ascertain whether communication with the Pacific might not be practicable by the San Juan, and Lake of Nicaragua, issuing on the Pacific at San Juan del Sur, where the intervening land is under twenty miles across; a route that offers a considerable saving of distance on that by Panama. This Nicaraguan route has again been referred to; and having just been made the principal subject of a treaty between the States and the English government, must be considered to be the more desirable one of the two. It was at one time supposed, that the rapids on the San Juan would necessitate the cutting of a canal the whole distance between the Lake and the Caribbean Sea, at least sixty miles; but more recent investigation has concluded that a very short side canal would suffice to carry vessels past that portion of the river where its navigation is thus impeded. The termination of the canal connecting the lake with the Pacific is, according to the present plan, to be considerably to the north of that formerly proposed — at Realajo; the whole length of the lake being thus traversed, instead of its south-western portion only,

as in that of 1835. A communication of this kind between the two oceans, if practicable, is infinitely to be preferred to any other. But it must not be forgotten, that works of this description will, in that region, be attended by difficulties other than mere engineering ones. It is an undertaking, the accomplishment of which is much to be *desired*.

With regard to the future of this interesting country, interesting, not only for the treasures of its soil, but for the vast aggregation of humanity whose interests are now bound up with those of this hitherto all but unknown portion of God's earth, judging, as we have before said, on general principles, we cannot express ourselves better than in the words of Mr. Ryan:—

‘The only true and inexhaustible sources of a nation's wealth are, in my opinion, its agricultural and commercial capabilities; and where these natural means are so utterly neglected as in the country of which I am writing, its prosperity can be based on no permanent or enduring foundation.’

A hard saying for the gold-hunters; but one to which the history of the past nevertheless gives utterance. Mr. King says, that the gold discovery will most probably postpone for an indefinite time all efforts to improve the soil. While for those to whom its present glitter is yet irresistibly fascinating, we will extract just two more sentences from the same volume:—

‘It is unquestionable that in no other part of the world can money be more easily acquired; but when we take into account the sufferings endured in its acquisition, and the relatively high prices paid for all the necessaries of life, it is very much to be doubted whether the same amount of industry and self-denial would not obtain equal results in more civilized countries.’

‘According to my belief, and looking at the men as they wrought, no amount of success they might hope for could ever sufficiently compensate them—accustomed as the majority had been to the comforts and even refinements of civilized society—for the privations and hardships they were compelled to endure; for the disruption of those social ties which bind men together; for the estrangement of the affections of their kith and kin; for the mental abnegations they must practise; for physical suffering and prostration; for the constant apprehension they dwelt in of dying a lingering death by fever and ague; and for the disorganization of habits which such a mode of life was calculated to induce even amongst the best-regulated minds.’

Man is *not* a mere money-getting animal, though, with voluntary humility, he too often appears willing to rate himself no higher. There are yet more excellent things to which he is destined than the acquisition of even the richest stores of earth

or seas. Let him not, then, thus proceed on his appointed course with constant downward gaze: but '*vultus ad sidera*,'—erect, with heavenward aspect, bearing always in mind that the ardently coveted good things of this world, 'very good' in themselves, as issuing from the creating hand of One, infinitely good, are so to him only as they subserve his higher interests as a spiritual being.

ART. III. (1.) *Ancient Egypt. A Series of Chapters on Early Egyptian History, Archæology, and other subjects connected with Hieroglyphical Literature.* By GEORGE R. GLIDDON, Member of the 'Egyptian Society' of Cairo, and formerly United States' Consul for Cairo. New York. 1843.

(2) *Otia Egyptiaca. Discourses on Egyptian Archæology and Hieroglyphical Discoveries.* By GEORGE R. GLIDDON. London: Madden. 1849. 8vo, pp. 148.

'If I were to have the choice of a fairy gift, it should be like 'none of the many things I fixed upon in my childhood, in readiness for such an occasion. It should be for a great winnowing-fan, such as would, without injury to human eyes and lungs, 'blow away the sand which buries the monuments of Egypt.* Symbols, however, as well as sand, have concealed the rich treasures of Egypt from successive generations. Herodotus and Plato beheld the gigantic temples, lofty obelisks, and marvellous colossi of the valley of the Nile, with mingled feelings of admiration and awe. The ample records of early history, 'graven with an iron pen in the rock,' confronted them, but conveyed no information. Greece and Rome are humbled at the discovery of their inability to read the language of the Nile. They possessed not and could not find the key that would unlock the casket. It was alike hidden from their Gothic successors. To these is bequeathed a rich legacy—knowledge, both secular and sacred; law, civil and criminal; literature, philosophic, poetic, and historic; and a heaven-born religion to civilize and save them, but not the solution of the Egyptian problem. Modern Europe continued to look with dim eyes upon the old archives profusely chiselled and painted on the wondrous monuments of the Nile. Scholars, stored with learning, and possessed of untiring perseverance and great acumen, confessed themselves baffled in the attempt to decipher. No application of science availed, and every cunning conjecture was stultified by the obstinate refusal of these quaint signs to signify their meaning. There

* Martineau's '*Eastern Life*,' vol. i. p. 60.

they still stood, promising much and giving nothing. Egypt thus became a synonyme for darkness and mystery. To the minds of many, it remains the land of dreams, the abode of marvels. Never can it lose the deep interest and surpassing sublimity which are connected with its mystery. The lifting of this veil by the hand of modern philology has only exposed fresh wonders to our view.

Egypt is a name rich with associations of deepest interest. Religion and philosophy are closely connected with her history. The Christian and the scholar have the strongest reasons for searching her records. To the former, Palestine alone surpasses Egypt in interest and importance. From primeval times, the two countries have sustained relations to each other that have necessitated the study of their common history in order to comprehend the career of either. Both lands were peopled originally from the same section of the human family. Two streams of colonists descended from the mountains of Armenia, the one taking a left-hand course, founding the empires of Babylon and Nineveh, and the other diverging to the right, and establishing at an early period wealthy and civilized communities in Palestine. Ere long, these streams—separated at the commencement of their course by the desert—unite in Egypt. The Mesopotamian colony sends some of its members southward, who, planting on their way the kingdoms of Havilah and Sheba, convey their traditional religion and social culture into Upper Egypt. Here they came in contact with the inhabitants of Lower Egypt, who were an offshoot of the Palestine colony. This ethnical affinity is strengthened by the Hebrews, a hardy, nomadic tribe proceeding from the sources of the Euphrates and pitching their tents in Palestine. Hebrew history is, henceforth, an episode in that of Egypt, although treated as the main topic in Scripture, in harmony with the great object of revelation. Abraham's visit to the valley of the Nile, Joseph's imprisonment and subsequent elevation to the viceroyalty of Lower Egypt, and Moses' deliverance of the oppressed Israelites, are among our earliest lessons from the Bible. The Hebrews, in the nomadic and settled periods of their history, are the link that unites the neighbouring territories. Their ancient books are translated at Alexandria, and the world is enlightened by the labours of 'the Seventy.' Ancient prophecy had uttered the dark saying, 'out of Egypt have I called my son,' to be fulfilled in the departure that followed 'the flight' of the Holy Family. Origen founds an Alexandrian school of divinity, which obtains a wide-spread renown for its union of a spurious philosophy with Christianity. In after times, the Crescent and the Cross contended here for the mastery. The

expiring enthusiasm of the crusader, though fostered by the zeal of St. Louis, was extinguished on the banks of the Nile. Hebrew history, the infancy of Christ, the corruption of His teaching, and the struggle of Christendom, are all interwoven with the career of the Egyptians.

To the philosopher, Egypt is a mine of the richest ore, amply rewarding the labour of extracting the pure metal. Out of the darkness of Egypt he looks for light to illumine many mysterious questions. Greece and Rome are mere stepping-stones towards this more distant province of the territory of Time. Homer and Herodotus—the fathers of poetry and history—are moderns by the side of Egyptian sages. Instead of assigning the fall of the Roman Empire as the close of ancient, and the commencement of modern history, we are almost induced to push back the barrier between these great epochs to the infancy of Greece and the decay of Egypt. If the division were arbitrary, this change might be justified. But the appearance of new races on the world's stage at the decline of the Roman power, marks the end of one act and the beginning of another in the great drama of history. Still the ancient part of ancient history is to be sought in the valley of the Nile. From the earth's strata the geologist may gather up the figures that record the age of man's abode, but the monuments of Egypt must declare the antiquity of man himself. Mythological researches also compel the inquirer to examine this prolific source indicated even by his classic guides. The myths of Greece are discovered to be exotics transplanted from the richer soil of Egypt. Speculative philosophy points to the banks of the Nile as its home. Amid the puerilities by which it is degraded, are nevertheless visible, lofty thoughts and shrewd surmises, that manifest the possession of intellectual power. The soul's nature and immortality, future rewards and punishments, the spirituality of the Supreme Being, were topics familiar to the priestly order. To such an extent was this the case, that a modern popular writer has not hesitated to trace the contents of the Pentateuch to an Egyptian source, unmindful of the existence of primeval traditions inherited by the common posterity of Adam.

The early development and sudden stagnation of the Egyptian mind are a curious topic of investigation to the inquirer. Civil institutions, learning, and the arts, appear in the same condition in the days of Cambyses as they were in those of Moses. Although the artist early attained to skill in the mechanical element of design, he never aspired after the ease and elegance of the Greeks. In the writings of the Egyptians, however, are most strikingly seen both progression and cessation. The dress

with which their thoughts are clothed, retained nearly the same shape and pattern that it received in a remote age; and in some instances to a ludicrous extent; for manly ideas appear clad in the clothes of infancy. They stopped short at the most important step in literary culture—a practical alphabet. Not that the Egyptians were peculiar in *mummifying* customs, institutions, and arts, and bequeathing them to posterity to preserve, not to improve; for the Chinese and other nations have done the same. All Europe stood still for centuries on the verge of the great discovery of printing with moveable type. But in the Egyptians, the disposition, after a certain advancement in culture, to become stationary within reach of noble conquests, appears in the most organic and systematic form.

In this hasty glance at the 'treasures in Egypt,' enough, we trust, has been seen to excite in the reader a laudable covetousness of further knowledge. This knowledge, happily, is not altogether unattainable, for ancient scribes and modern decipherers have been models of untiring diligence. Temples, tombs, statues, paintings, and almost every tangible object, are covered with strange characters, designed as much to conceal as to preserve facts. The voyager on the Nile is amazed at the profusion of hieroglyphics scattered over every work of art that he visits. With not less assiduity have the scholars of our time sought out the meaning of these singular records. Long did they till an unproductive soil, but now a harvest more plentiful than could have been anticipated has both rewarded and stimulated their labours: with some of these results it is the object of this article to make the reader acquainted.

Rosellini has said 'the people who invented painting and sculpture were impelled towards these arts by the desire of 'writing.' And picture-writing was undoubtedly the most natural mode of expressing ideas. We need scarcely pause to point out the obvious difference between spoken and written language. The former is regarded by most scholars as the necessary and spontaneous product of the human mind—the mind being so constituted, as immediately and without culture to give rise to speech. Written language, on the contrary, is an invention, passing through various stages between a rude beginning and a refined completion. The written and spoken tongue mutually influence each other, while both are expressive of mental tendencies. Language can thus give an insight into the structure of the mind, and in its changes record the corresponding changes of the latter.

The first steps towards converting spoken into written language are of great interest to the philologist. The combination

of lines and curves, which we call letters, exhibit no resemblance to the sounds of which they are the conventional signs. Neither do the words *house*, *tree*, *sun*, bear any likeness to the objects of which they are the names. So great is the gulf between an alphabetic and a spoken tongue, that we cannot conceive of a sudden transition from one to the other. We naturally seek after the early attempts to cross this gulf, that we may gather up the links that bind together the word and the idea. Egypt, as a mighty magician, proffers its help to explain the spell by which they are bound. Its sacred sculptures teem with information on this interesting point, confirming the conjecture that letters and words originated in pictures. In the child may be seen the process through which written language has passed. Pictures of visible objects first interest him, and are the medium of 'teaching him his letters.' The pictorial alphabet facilitates his tuition by connecting a visible object with an arbitrary sign. The letter A and the picture of an apple are associated in his mind so as greatly to aid the memory. This, however, is an advance upon the mere depicting of an external object, for here the picture is suggestive of its initial letter. The untutored mind expects a resemblance between the sign and the thing signified. John Williams has graphically told the South Sea islander's surprise at the absence of all likeness between his written request for a carpenter's tool and the tool itself.*

How expressive is the progress of language of the mental culture of man! His world is at first purely material, and his thoughts of 'things seen.' His animal senses are developed at the expense of his intellectual faculties. External objects are *daguerreotyped* on his mind, until it becomes a gallery of pictures. No reasonings, no speculations, disturb the repose within. All is quiet and passive, for matter has vanquished mind, and the body is the sepulchre of the soul. Visible things are invested with undue dignity, and intelligent man worships inanimate matter. His materialism is manifest not only in religion, but in all the early endeavours to express his ideas. The locality in which he lives is the school in which he is educated. Surrounding objects are his teachers, from whom his ideas receive their form and complexion. This needs specially to be remembered in judging of the merits and demerits of Egyptian works of art. Stiff outlines, sharp angles, and an eccentric quaintness seem to belong to them. But these works produce a different impression according as they are beheld in a museum or surrounded by the scenery of the Nile. Basaltic rocks, yellow sands, doum palme,

* Williams' 'Missionary Enterprises,' p. 101.

gorgeous sunsets, and impressive associations with the past, lessen the stiffness and destroy the quaintness of these works. Harmony between nature and art is of necessity felt, where the one was copied from the other. The gigantic dimensions of many of these antiquities are seen to accord with the length of the river and the extent of the desert. Such objects are seen at great disadvantage in the halls and galleries in which they are usually deposited, apart from the attendant circumstances which alone can account for their peculiarities, and change their apparent deformity into actual beauty. That much might, however, be done towards producing this effect, is evident from the admirable arrangements in the Egyptian department of the Royal Museum at Berlin. Temples and tombs whose walls are covered with hieroglyphics have been erected as the appropriate receptacles of these antiquities. Passages and lobbies are adorned with frescoes of Nile scenery, the pyramids, sphinx, and other well-known objects of interest. The mummy is not in a glass-case, nor the tablet framed in mahogany and mounted on a pedestal, as in our national repository. In the Berlin Museum, the visitor is carried to Egypt; but in the British, he is in a large warehouse filled with 'Egyptian goods.' This want of taste in the disposition of our valuable collection—much more valuable than that of Prussia—is deeply to be regretted. For neither the scholar nor the ordinary spectator derives the full amount of gratification, or even of instruction, from our mode of exhibiting these relics of bygone ages.

To return from this digression to the more immediate subject of this article. Decoration seems to have been no unimportant end in early writing. At Philæ and elsewhere, compartments containing inscriptions are separated by ornamental borders, which are also emblematic. Even in our day, the rooms in a Chinese dwelling are adorned with pictorial characters that convey moral precepts and wise sayings. The functions of the scribe, painter, and engraver were fulfilled by one and the same person, and his work addressed itself alike to the imagination and the reason. Nor must we forget the ascendancy of the imagination at an early period of mental development and its abnormal growth in warm climates. The figurative language of the Indian chief and the Arab sheikh, abounding in metaphor and simile, is—if we may coin a word—*picture-speech*. Poems and ballads are the first pages in the literary history of every country. Not that we advocate the opinion that the imagination is the natural ally of ignorance, and is expelled from the mind as an intrusive spirit by riper knowledge and more solid wisdom. Yet its preponderance over the other faculties in the

infancy of a nation is a proof of its being the pioneer of their development. And even when civilization has advanced, imagination may continue to take precedence of other mental powers. Climate does not confine its influence to the physical frame of man; the mind does homage to its authority. Poetry is almost the natural product of the South and philosophy of the North. Judgment is commended for its coolness, and feeling for its warmth, probably not without some original allusion to the climatic character of the localities in which these qualities most abound.

In Egypt, then, we may reasonably expect to meet with many manifestations of the imaginative faculty. On the earliest monuments the simplest picture-writing is found, becoming more complicated as mental culture advanced; but not disappearing even in the zenith of her wisdom. Mere pictures must soon have proved inadequate to express thought and feeling. The sun's disk now denoted not only the orb of day, but the divisions of solar time, light, and to illumine. Here is the transition from the visible to the ideal, from definite and individual to universal and generic ideas. This mode of employing the pictures opened up a fertile field for the expression of ideas which did not admit of direct representation. Knowledge refused to be confined by the narrow limits of a pictorial medium, and demanded a wider channel for its copious stream. It were as easy to measure thought and to weigh feeling as to deposit the results of reflection in the Lilliputian receptacles prepared by the first writers. An *ounce* of anger and an *inch* of judgment are as inconceivable as pictures of goodness and wisdom. Terms applicable to matter cannot easily be used in relation to mind; a *red* thought and a *tall* feeling are altogether unheard of. The world without might be painted and sculptured; but the world within refused to sit for its likeness. Old Anchises flitted not from the grasp of Æneas more completely than thought from the scribe who attempted to clothe it. Symbols came to his assistance and partially succeeded in accomplishing the object. Nature herself has been viewed as one vast symbol, embodying and teaching great truths; and man, the appointed interpreter. Thus he stands in the midst of a hieroglyphical world, to gather up by painful processes the fragments of wisdom. These are disguised by various vestments, or almost buried beneath their emblems. Geology presents her great picture-book, full of historical notices of the birth and infancy of our planet. Strata are perused as pages, recording in marvellous characters the phenomena of the pre-adamite earth. Life has been lodged in the plant, the animal, and in man, who severally manifest its different degrees,

and make known some of its qualities. Seasons as they revolve speak of change and suggest comparison with the corresponding phases of human existence. Even abstruse and supernatural subjects seem to be glanced at, in some of Nature's doings. 'The fall of the leaf,' its decay and absorption, followed by its re-appearance with all the freshness of youth in the spring, illustrate the doctrine of the resurrection—a doctrine yet more beautifully illustrated by insect transformation. Creation is an accredited prophet of God, displaying to the wondering eyes of mankind a brilliantly illuminated manuscript, attesting His existence and partially disclosing His divine character. Revelation consecrates the employment of symbols, and the Deity condescends to signify His presence with His chosen people in their wanderings by 'a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night.' The Shechinah, Urim and Thummim, seven-branched candlestick, priestly robes, bleeding and burning sacrifices, solemn fasts and feasts, and the whole Mosaic ritual, were pictorial delineations of moral and religious truth. In these latter days, the unseen and the future are made known by the medium of symbols. The Apocalypse ushers its readers into a gorgeous temple, whose walls are profusely decorated with wondrous imagery, and whose interior is filled with symbolical figures. Nature and Revelation are but the outer and inner courts of the holy shrine to which they lead. Through their spacious and instructive halls the pilgrim passes, deciphering and learning, until he arrives at the realities, divested of their material clothing.

In converting a picture into a symbol, the Egyptians met the necessity of the case by applying the teachings of Nature. It has been conjectured, that alphabetic writing preceded symbols, and that the latter were employed by their priesthood to mystify religion, and to conceal from the vulgar eye the recorded statements. That the mass of the people could not read hieroglyphics, and that they formed a chief branch of study in Egyptian seats of learning, is admitted. Neither do we doubt the continuance of picture-writing during the reigns of Persian and Greek rulers, for the works of the Ptolemies are thus adorned. The employment of pictures after the invention of letters, and in conjunction with them, is unquestionably a curious fact; for we should have thought, that the obvious advantages of an alphabet and the cumbrous nature of symbols would soon have led to the discontinuance of the latter. Plato's anecdote does not satisfactorily solve this problem. He relates that, during the reign of king *Thamus*, his secretary, *Thoth*, came to lay before him the discoveries he had made, amongst which was the invention of the

alphabet; and he consulted the king whether it might be expedient to make it public. His majesty, who saw the full value of the discovery, was particularly opposed to the plan of recommending it to general use, and, like a true politician, concealed the real cause, while he assigned one more remote and secondary, why he wished that it should be kept secret. He therefore told his ingenious minister, that if the new mode of writing should be divulged, the people would no longer pay any attention to hieroglyphics; and as these would consequently be soon forgotten, the invention would, in its effects, prove one of the greatest obstacles to the progress of knowledge! There may have been among the priests similar notions of sanctity respecting the mode of writing certain words, as those which characterized the Jews in relation to the name of the Divine Being. But the real reason, we believe, was the imaginative tendency of the people, which thus appropriately expressed itself. In harmony with this explanation, not only are the ancient chronicles written in verse, but to a late period the custom was continued of celebrating in lyric measure the praises of their gods and heroes. The question of precedence between symbols and letters is decided in favour of the former by *à priori* and *à posteriori* arguments. Probability places pictures first in order of time, and the earliest monuments prove such to have been the fact. Not that phonetics are absent from the most ancient inscriptions, but are comparatively few in number. Deeming it unnecessary to discuss this point at greater length, we proceed to the *literal* use of symbols.

The quaint pictures of the early scribe were discovered to be capable of conveying more than pictorial and symbolical meanings. Scanty and meagre as their original signification was, they now become replete with knowledge. They adapt themselves to the advanced mental condition of the people, and 'keep pace with the times.' They are not despised and discarded as antiquated relics of a semi-civilized age. The old servants are continued in their employ, but with additional work to perform. It is discovered that the same picture will serve the threefold purpose of a likeness, a symbol, and a letter; or, in technical terms, it may be an ideograph, a determinative, and a phonetic. Signs of sounds are now added to signs of ideas and likenesses of material things. This is a momentous discovery, enabling the scribe to express in writing thoughts that were previously confined to speech. Written now treads upon the heels of spoken language; the chasm between them is filled up. Ideas springing up in the mind had allotted to them previously visible representatives; but sounds had been framed by the vocal organs, and had issued from the mouth, without any record of their exist-

ence. The perfection of speech stood in striking contrast to the imperfection of writing. The invented art slowly toils on in the track of the endowed faculty; not overtaking it until fitting receptacles have been provided for the vocal breath of man. A pictorial alphabet was thus framed; the pictures expressing the initial letter of the name of the object whose likeness it delineated. Thus the image of a hand, *Tot*, represented the letter T; that of a hatchet, *Kelebin*, was the sign of the consonant K; that of a lion or lioness, *Labo*, the sign of the consonant L; that of a flute, *Sebiandjo*, the sign of the consonant S; and that of a mouth, *Rô*, the sign of the consonant R. Many, however, are the words beginning with the same letter, and, consequently, the images significant of the same sound. From these the scribe could select the elements of his composition; having, in some instances, the opportunity of choosing from fifteen or twenty-five representatives of one letter. These HOMOPHONES—as they are termed—were a rich collection of synonymes, with the advantage of appending a symbolical to their literal meaning. The selection of a symbol had reference to the relation of the ideas to the object which it expressed; the letter L, in Ptolemy, was denoted by the figure of a lion (*Labo*, being the Coptic word), which referred to the royal dignity and qualities of the sovereign. Thus delicate flattery could be associated with the name of the person, or description could be combined with the name of a country. This advantage may justly be regarded as a reason for the continuance of pictorial letters, even after the discovery of more convenient modes of writing.

Pure, plain, and linear hieroglyphics gradually prepared the way for a more expeditious mode of writing. The use of the papyrus also necessitated a less elaborate and formal style than the monumental. Decorations could be easily dispensed with in a book, which gave a finish, and supplied ornaments to buildings. Hence the hieratic was derived from the hieroglyphic character, and a running-hand was the result. The difference between these two styles bears some similarity to the difference of characters employed by us in printing and writing. German, in its old English type and cursive form, illustrates this difference more strikingly. The transition to hieratic seems to have taken place at a very remote period. ‘It is found’ (says Bunsen) ‘on certain fragments of linen, which appear to be part of the external linen wrapper of the body of king Nantef—portions of which still adhere to the gum or varnish lining of the wooden sarcophagus of this king in the British Museum. Some of these fragments having been detached, well-formed hieratic characters, apparently part of the ritual, were discovered upon them.’

‘ Nantef is the head of the eighth dynasty. The inner part of the sarcophagus of Mentuhept (the fourth king of that dynasty), copied by Wilkinson, was also covered with a hieratic ritual.’*

About 700 B.C. a third kind of writing became common, called either Demotic, Euchorial, or Epistolographic. This was supposed to be a corruption of the hieratic, but has been proved to be quite distinct. Neither is it purely alphabetical, as was conjectured, but of a mixed character. It is this same language which afterwards, from the period of the Christian era, when it began to be written with an alphabet composed for the most part of Greek characters, was called Coptic. All the transactions of commercial life, private and domestic affairs, are found recorded in this; as may be seen in documents of the time of the Psammatici. Many forms of declension, as well as individual words, distinguish the demotic from the hieratic. The latter was the priestly medium for communicating religion, science, and literature; and the former, the dialect of the people. As in Europe, Latin was for centuries the language of the learned, and the native tongue the heirloom of the illiterate, so the hieratic was the priestly, and the demotic the popular dialect.

Numerous as the signs of sounds had now become, the original Egyptian alphabet consisted of only fifteen letters. And it is curious that the Cadmæan, Phœnician, and primitive Hebrew alphabets had at first severally but fifteen or sixteen letters. Tradition and philology point to the phonetic hieroglyphics of Egypt as the prolific source of alphabets to many nations. Cadmus is extolled in the myths of Greece, for having conveyed the precious cargo of sixteen letters from the Egyptian coast across the Mediterranean; and the early forms of Greek characters countenance the myth. Aleph, Beth, Gimel, which in the common Hebrew language denoted an ox, a house, a camel, were at first rude likenesses of a dwelling, and of the two animals just named. The Hebrew L (Lamed) is represented by a character which is a corruption of a figure of a recumbent lion, signifying the initial letter of its name—Labi.

A wider question than the Egyptian origin of any alphabet is that of the common source of all alphabets. Do they resemble each other in their origin? And if so, to what fountain-head may we trace all these streams? Their community of nature and object, and the identity of mental constitution of the whole family of man, assign an affirmative reply to the first question. All letters are representatives of sounds, framed by the same organs of speech, and giving expression to ideas arising from

similarly constituted minds. These phonetics are designed in all cases to be the medium of conveying, by visible signs, the audible utterances of man, and by their combination to make known his thoughts. It is, then, highly probable, that every nation possessed of an alphabet has passed through similar processes of invention and improvement to those of the Egyptian, prior to the attainment of its object. Many, doubtless, are the instances in which the boon has been bestowed by the inventor upon the destitute. One nation has slowly and laboriously worked its way up to phonetic writing, and has sent its Cadmuses as missionaries to other lands to teach it. The Aleph, Beth of the Jew, the Olaph, Beth of the Syrian, the Alif, Ba of the Arab, the Alpha, Beta of the Greek, and the generic term *alphabet*, proclaim a mutual connexion. But our question refers to nations that retain in their written tongue some traces of a pictorial origin of letters. Passing from our hemisphere to the other, we still meet with picture-writing. Mexico has her hieroglyphic monuments, which speak of a remote age, and of a people that had made some progress in the arts of life. The arrival of the Spaniards on the shores of America was announced to the natives in the interior by rude drawings of men, arms, and ships. Chinese has been previously referred to, as furnishing decorations for the dwellings of the people. Its ornamental appearance results from its retaining much of its original pictorial character; for it can be proved that their present system of writing was at first figurative. Amid all the eccentricities of Chinese, the remains of a symbolic language are discoverable in their syllabic tongue. Humboldt has justly commented upon the curious fact, that, while other languages have an etymology and a syntax, the Chinese possesses only a syntax; and this may be comprised under two rules—that the determinative precedes the word determined, and the object follows the word on which it depends. What other languages effect by affixes or inflexions, the Chinese indicates by means quite distinct from the formation of the word; that is, by the arrangement of words, and by a musical change in the pronunciation. Thus, by the variation of the accent four hundred and fifty syllable-words become twelve hundred and three.

Recent researches in the Cuneiform inscriptions transmitted to this country by Layard, are illustrative of this subject. At the commencement of this year, Major Rawlinson thus expressed himself in a paper on 'Babylonian and Assyrian inscriptions,' read before the Royal Asiatic Society:—'The Assyrian alphabet is partly ideographic and partly phonetic; and the phonetic portion is partly syllabic and partly literal. Non-phonetic signs

'are used as determinatives in the same manner, though not to the same extent, as in Egyptian.' He also noticed the extensive employment of homophones, and suggested that the Assyrian system of writing was borrowed from that of Egypt. This suggestion of the learned Major is only one of two modes of explaining the similarity between the Assyrian and Egyptian writing. It may have resulted from similarity of circumstances and necessities, quite apart from borrowing on either side.

The different stages in the invention of letters are thus preserved in the different languages of the earth. It was hardly to be expected that the writing of any individual nation would record, in its own structure, all the processes through which it had passed on its way to perfection. The language of the Nile, though leading us back through thousands of years, brings us not to the period of pure pictures, for phonetics have been discovered within the pyramids. We know not therefore the time when the Egyptians became acquainted with the alphabetic principle, and must leave it in the obscurity of the ante-historical period. Yet we may collect from different countries the fragments that belong to the invention of writing, so as to construct a complete edifice, consisting of the various materials of which we have spoken. Mexico supplies pictures, Egypt symbols, China syllabic signs, and whole classes of languages phonetic characters, or letters significant of sounds. Numerous are the traces of the gradual development of written speech, although in many instances the final form has grown over and concealed the earlier. Unlike as modern alphabets may seem to ancient pictures, they are the legitimate posterity of the latter. In these were contained the germ of future letters, the principle of representing the unseen by the seen. A combination of favourable circumstances were needed to develop a medium of registering events and conveying instruction. Among all human inventions there is not one that surpasses in ingenuity and utility the invention of alphabetic language. How mysterious is the link that binds together a thought and a word, and makes the one the exponent of the other! That a few lines and curves should be capable of forming an almost endless variety of words, and these words become the vehicle of the subtlest thoughts and finest feelings of the human soul, suffice to elevate the art of writing above all other arts. It is not only the sign of civilization, but the source of further progress. The mother of invention—Necessity—gave it birth, and will nourish and perfect it. By its means knowledge can flow in copious streams from the wise to the ignorant, and the generous sympathies and noble sentiments of the good be infused into the hearts of the ill-disposed.

Before we proceed to indicate the results that have rewarded the labours of Egyptologists, a hasty glance must be given at the *history* of those labours. This history is a lesson to the desponding in all ages, from its affording a most striking illustration of the success consequent upon industry and perseverance. Apparently insurmountable difficulties discouraged the pioneers; and their conjectures, though gilded with hope, often led into deeper darkness. More perplexing were the windings and intricacies along which they endeavoured to thread their way, while they groped about to find the clue for the labyrinth. The seeming spring in this arid and barren desert lured on the wayfarer only to mock him with the deceptions of the mirage. A faint ray of light breaking through the clouds that enveloped this subject served only 'to make darkness visible,' and yet more oppressive as it withdrew, and the clouds once more closed over the scene. From the proud position now occupied, the modern scholar looks back with wonder and gratitude—with wonder at difficulties surmounted, and with gratitude to the heroic men who have taught mankind by their success never to despair of the result of any grand conception.

It is somewhat singular that the name of Napoleon is associated with the history of hieroglyphical discovery. His expedition into Egypt displayed in its details, as well as in the greatness of its design, the qualities of a master-mind. The general, statesman, and scholar, were alike represented by the French leader. Military renown was coveted by him and his countrymen; but his far-seeing eye looked beyond the battle-field and victory to the advantages derivable from additional conquests. France sent forth her *savans* to profit by the golden opportunity of studying the monuments of Egypt. By their labours the learned world was enriched with fac-similes of inscriptions, the great funeral Papyrus and the Rosetta stone. These valuable materials for research diminished the disappointment of failure in colonizing Egypt with Europeans—a project originally proposed by Leibnitz to Louis XIV., and strongly recommended by Bossuet in his 'Universal History.' Ere these stores had been collected, Zoega, a Dane, had made some progress in hieroglyphical pursuits. By the aid of Greek tradition and the Coptic tongue, he arrived at some preliminary and important results. He first indicated the distinction between pictorial and symbolic signs, and the probability of the existence of phonetics. Barthélemy's conjecture that the rings contained royal names was regarded by him as exceedingly plausible. Zoega had found the right road, and remaining difficulties might be expected soon to disappear. This good beginning was destined for a time to be most unproductive.

The editors of the splendid French work on Egypt were bewildered with the mass of materials that had been obtained from the valley of the Nile. Despair of success extinguished the hope that had been kindled by the lucid views of Zœga and Barthélemy, and even by the industry of the French scholars.

In this extremity, hope was rekindled by the discovery of the Rosetta stone, or, more correctly speaking, by the circulation of engraved copies of its record. This stone—a slab of black syenitic basalt—was discovered in August, 1799, by a French artillery officer at Rosetta. Upon it is a triple inscription; the first in hieroglyphics, the second in the demotic character, and the third in Greek. The English having gained possession of Alexandria, obtained this stone, which was to have enriched the Louvre, and deposited it in the British Museum. Expectation rose high at this discovery, and the more sanguine almost realized the decipherment of those provoking papyri which had so recently put to flight all hope. It seemed now not unlikely that the dark clouds would roll away, and primeval history be published to the world. Heyne and Porson mended and translated the Greek inscription; other scholars sought to do the same for the remaining inscriptions, but were baffled chiefly by their own preconceived notions. It was assumed that the hieroglyphic character was purely symbolic, and the demotic purely alphabetic, thus retracing the steps previously taken by Zœga; both kinds of writing are now known to be of a mixed nature. For this knowledge we are indebted to Dr. Thomas Young, who first discovered the existence of symbolic signs in the demotic, and phonetic signs in the hieroglyphic character. De Sacy and Akerblad had previously made some progress; but to Young belongs the honour of demonstrating the above-named facts. He maintained that all Egyptian writing originated in the hieroglyphics and must therefore necessarily contain symbols, and not only the alphabetic elements which Akerblad had discovered in the demotic character. Upon this latter style of writing, unfortunately, Young was induced to expend much time and labour, which would have been better employed upon the hieroglyphics. It is remarkable that even now the demotic and hieratic forms are less known to us than the picture-writing, which seems at first to present the greatest difficulty. De Saulcy and Ampère are the latest and most eminent investigators of these hitherto unproductive characters.

Young has the merit of having directed special attention to the hieroglyphics enclosed in an oval, or cartouche, or ring. The conjecture that this enclosure was emblematic of dignity, and that the signs enclosed were expressive of the name of a sove-

reign, was proved to be well-founded. Young, who had begun with guessing, ended with identifying two out of twenty rings; these two contained the names of Ptolemy and Berenice. Even now, little had been accomplished, for Young had caught only a partial glimpse of the truth, and was altogether uncertain as to the direction in which future research should be prosecuted. The Egyptian alphabet remained still in great obscurity, although Young had let in more light upon this dark subject than any previous inquirer. Champollion le Jeune followed, and soon outstripped Young in this investigation, though at first greatly hindered by his belief in the exclusively symbolic nature of the hieroglyphic and hieratic characters. He soon, however, formed a correct opinion of the latter, and was drawn by it to the former, as the true point from whence the inquiry should have commenced. Hieroglyphics were now regarded by him as both the source and the key of Egyptian writing, while the royal rings were perceived to contain the clue to the comprehension of the alphabet. The European collections, and the great Egyptian work furnished him with materials for comparison, and thus facilitated his arrival at certain conclusions. Homophone signs (that is, different figures representing one and the same sound) were discovered by his examination of the rings of Ptolemy, and his sister, Cleopatra, on the small obelisk of Philæ, and by applying the knowledge thus obtained to the decipherment of the royal rings of the Egyptian work. By a series of publications, his researches and their results were made known to the world. His Egyptian hieroglyphic alphabet announced the great discovery, and was followed three years afterwards by a manual of hieroglyphics, which chiefly consisted in an extension of the former book. Some years subsequent to his premature death, the entire results of his researches were embodied in a work on Egyptian grammar, published in 1836—1841.

In Champollion's dictionary, a list of deciphered hieroglyphics was given; the author estimating the entire number at eight hundred. He was the first to affirm that the faces of the Pharaohs sculptured on the temples were likenesses, thus carrying back the art of portrait-sculpture and painting into the night of time. The portrait of Shishak, or Pharaoh-Shishonk, the conqueror of Rehoboam, and the portraits of Cleopatra and her son Cæsarion, at Dendera, are well known. It does not, however, appear that the portraits of prisoners, such as Rehoboam himself, were either painted or sculptured; their faces being merely characteristic of national peculiarities. In Rosellini's valuable work, is a lengthened series of portraits of Pharaohs, extending back to Amunoph I., who is said to have reigned between the sixteenth and eighteenth century before Christ.

Rosellini and Salvolini, both pupils and disciples of Champollion, aided their master by illustrating and confirming his views. To Salvolini, we owe the first public demonstration of the principles of the phonetic alphabet, and the first philological interpretation of an Egyptian text. His memory, however, is not respected, even to the extent of his merits, on account of his dishonourable employment of some of Champollion's papers. Latterly, no scholar has done more towards facilitating the study of the Egyptian language than Dr. Lepsius, of Berlin. He has succeeded in removing the excrescences of Champollion's system, and of greatly simplifying the arrangement of the signs. All these are distributed by him into two great classes—ideographics and phonetics, or signs of objects and of sounds. Of the latter, Champollion had given a list of two hundred—a most unwieldy alphabet. This high number arose from an indiscriminate heaping together of all the signs that might be used with a phonetic signification. By rejecting such of these as are either only used phonetically in certain words, or for peculiar combinations of sounds, there remained thirty-four purely alphabetic signs, which Lepsius identified as corresponding with the old Egyptian letters. The rejected signs are arranged under the two divisions of syllabics and mixed hieroglyphics. As during the Greek and Roman rule over Egypt, many pictures received for the first time a phonetic sense, these have been separated from the more ancient letters. Order has at length been brought out of chaos, light out of darkness, and grammars, vocabularies, and dictionaries aid the student of the Egyptian tongue in his endeavours to translate that which a few years since was untranslatable. Comparatively few are the inscriptions that now perplex the Egyptologist; and even of these he is able to declare what they do *not* say. The relative ages of the monuments, the deeds they record, or the divinities to whom they are dedicated, are now revealed to the decipherer. Referring, then, those readers who are desirous of a more minute history of hieroglyphical discovery to Moritz Schwartze's great work on the subject, we shall occupy our remaining space with a brief account of the interesting facts now made known by the translation of the ancient language of the Nile.

The Biblical student naturally anticipates much valuable and interesting information corroborative of Scripture records, respecting the intercourse between the Israelites and Egyptians. Inscriptions are expected to speak of Abraham's visit, of Joseph's preservation of the people from famine, of the bondage of Israel, of the history of Moses, his miraculous deeds, and deliverance of his countrymen. Much harm, however, has often resulted from an over-anxiety to obtain confirmation of pre-

viously received facts, and disappointment has not only been felt more keenly, but has sometimes unduly affected our faith. Pre-conceived notions and expectations invariably injure the cause of truth, by warping the mind, and nullifying inquiry. That the wish is father to the belief has too frequently been illustrated to need much comment. In antiquarian researches, however, this has at times been so glaring, as to be deemed an archæological idiosyncrasy,* and therefore almost destructive of public confidence. The vague and confused ideas which many entertain respecting events that occurred ages ago, lead both to credulity and incredulity. Partial and imperfect knowledge induces the suspicious to reject, and the simple to receive the statements of antiquity. It must be confessed, that ill-furnished and rash inquirers have, by their hasty and unsound conclusions, weakened the faith of some in such investigations. The well-known group of figures of Darius Hystaspes, and ten fettered captives, on the sculptured rock at Bisutun, were metamorphosed by Ctesias, into Semiramis with her guard; by Porter, into Tiglath-pileser and the captive Israelites; and by Keppel, into Ahasuerus, with Esther and her suppliant countrymen! Rawlinson, by deciphering the superscription, has substituted certainty for mere conjecture; and the 'Great King,' as a conqueror, stands before the world. The interview between Joseph and his brethren, so touchingly told in Holy Writ, was supposed to have been found painted in one of the caves of Bence Hasan; but the hieroglyphics declare the principal figure to be Nefothph, the governor of the district, and owner of the tomb, and the procession to consist of 'thirty-seven captives.'*

These instances teach caution and also yield encouragement, for though sculptures and paintings may mislead the imaginative spectator, the certain records inscribed on them will correct the error. Let it not, however, be supposed that there are no traces of the old relations between Egypt and Judæa, since it is not the absence, but the paucity of testimony of which we complain. Nor let it be imagined that scripture statements are inherently weak, and need propping up with foreign supports. Their confirmation—when obtainable from profane history—is to be valued, but not deemed necessary to the establishment of their truth. Too often is Biblical history treated as inferior in veracity

* Both these cases are inaccurately stated in the Art. 'Dress,' in Dr. Kitto's 'Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature.' The writer was evidently unacquainted with Rawlinson's discovery of the significance of the Bisutun sculpture, and inclines to the (now untenable) opinion that the arrival of Joseph's brethren is depicted at Bence Hasan. These errors were scarcely to be expected in so recent and generally excellent a work.

to the works of classical historians. It is denied the importance which rightfully belongs to the archives of any country written and preserved by its own people. Apart from their inspiration, they bear upon their front the seal of truthfulness, and are sustained by the accumulated testimony of successive generations of Jews, who cherished them as their national history, and still commemorate by solemn fasts and feasts some of the more striking events therein recorded. No doubt of their truth, or distrust of any of their statements is implied by our questioning the monuments of the Nile concerning the bondage and exodus of the Israelites. The divine book of the Jew, and the human sculpture of the Egyptian, may, by their comparison, afford mutual light. The pastoral dweller in Palestine has neither pyramids nor obelisks illustrative of architectural skill and commemorative of the life of his nation, but he is compensated for the absence of these by the wondrous compositions of successive authors. A written record, and a monumental history, invite the investigation of the scholar, with the prospect of rewarding his labours.

In ascending from later to earlier times, the royal rings of Pharaoh Hophra are first met with—the Pharaoh who was vanquished in 588 B.C. by Nebuchadnezzar. This latter prince was the most conspicuous personage that had yet appeared on the theatre of the world, having not only founded the Babylonian monarchy, but in three successive years having conquered Jerusalem, Tyre and Egypt, and appended these to his already extensive dominions. God's purpose respecting the Egyptian ruler is thus stated: 'Behold, I will give Pharaoh Hophra, king of Egypt, into the hand of his enemies, and into the hand of them that seek his life,' (Jeremiah, xlv. 30;) and its accomplishment is alluded to on his monumental cartouche. During his prosperity, the hieroglyphics employed by the scribe give not only the name when read phonetically, but symbolically the character, 'Sun, who in his heart rejoiceth.' After the loss of his throne and life by rashness, other symbols are selected by the hierogrammatist, which signify 'the abominable Pharaoh.' The cartouches of Pharaoh Neko and of Pharaoh So confirm the records of these rulers contained severally in 2 Kings, xxiii. and xvii. 4. The Sheshonk of the hieroglyphics has been already referred to as the Shishak of Scripture, whose victory over Rehoboam is stated in 1 Kings, xiv. 25, and sculptured on the walls of Karnak, which exhibit in turreted ovals the names of the captive cities of Judah, Mahanaim, Bethhoron, Megiddo, &c. Champollion had discovered the name of Sheshonk in a cartouche published in the 'Description de

'Egypte,' but had no opportunity of verifying it for some years. On his passage toward Nubia, he landed for an hour or two about sunset to snatch a hasty view of the vast halls of Karnak, and at once pointed out in the third line of the row of sixty-three prisoners (each typical of a nation, city, or tribe), the oval containing the words, 'King of the country of Judah.'

Here we are compelled to pause, for present discoveries carry the synchronism of the Bible and the monuments no higher than 971 B.C.—the date of Shishak's victory. This is, no doubt, partly owing to the omission of the proper names of the Egyptian monarchs in the earlier portions of Scripture history, which precludes the possibility of identifying them with individual Pharaohs. As Cæsar among the Romans and Pharaoh among the Egyptians, merely denoted royal rank, these words are insufficient to designate any particular sovereign. Chronology, when it has arrived at more exactitude than it can now lay claim to, will lessen the difficulty by revealing a correspondence of dates. In the case of Abraham, we could scarcely expect a record of his visit to Egypt. The holy and venerable patriarch was but the chief of a petty tribe, and therefore politically insignificant when compared with a king whose sway extended over fifteen hundred miles of territory. Such an event was rather of a private than public nature, and was connected with no circumstances of a general or enduring interest. Many, in all probability, were the guests of similar social position who visited at different periods the palace of the Egyptian prince. Such occurrences are narrated with more propriety in memoirs and diaries than in national archives. Had the court of Memphis resembled the court of St. James, the visit of Abraham would have been faithfully chronicled by its Lord Hervey or Madame D'Arblay. The patriarch's dress, even to the shape of his sandals and the twist of his turban, the habits of himself and suite, his conversations with his royal host, would have been minutely detailed. But no papyrus Court Journal has yet been found, and the subject was not sufficiently grave for the sculptor's chisel. A similar explanation will not suffice to account for the silence of the monuments about the policy of Joseph during a grievous famine, the settlement of his countrymen in Goshen, their slavery, and triumphant deliverance. The elevation of a Hebrew to the viceregal throne and the benefits conferred by him upon the nation, were worthy the notice of the historian. The education of a Hebrew foundling as an Egyptian prince, his heroism in identifying himself with an oppressed people, to the utter ruin of his worldly prospects, his miracles in the presence of Pharaoh, and guidance of an enslaved people

'out of the house of bondage,' are unmentioned on the monuments of the Nile. And yet it is said, 'the man Moses was very great in the land of Egypt, in the sight of Pharaoh's servants, and in the sight of the people.' Few nations have been candid enough to record their defeats, or to preserve the memory of impolitic and unjust measures. The arsenals of different countries are decorated with the flags of vanquished foes and filled with the trophies of successful warfare. Marine painters have adorned the Hall of Greenwich with pictures commemorative of Britain's naval victories and of her proud supremacy on the sea. The Gallery of the Louvre is rich with storied canvas, speaking to the eye of every spectator of the military renown of *la belle France*. This is natural, and we could not, therefore, reasonably expect that an Egyptian annalist would carefully record the humiliation of a proud Pharaoh and his final overthrow by a race of serfs that defied his power and escaped from his thralldom. Although any reference to the discreditable portion of the history would be omitted, some notice of the presence of a foreign tribe in Egypt and of their exodus may be looked for. From Joseph to Moses the Hebrews were involved in the internal polity and social condition of the Egyptians, to an extent that warrants the expectation of some traces of their mutual relations. Such traces may be discovered in the modified character and customs of each people; especially is the impress of the stronger discernible on the weaker.

But mere inference is a poor substitute for plain and distinct statement. No such statement, however, has yet been found, and Egypt is silent as the grave respecting Israel, from its patriarchal progenitor to the reign of Rehoboam. The eventful period of Hebrew history that preceded the millennium before Christ, seems to have passed over Egypt so lightly as to leave no sign of its existence. How is this silence to be accounted for—this absence of all record to be explained? Numerous tombs narrate in their interior the genealogy, private life, and every-day duties of priests and priestesses, the wealthy and noble of the land. We become so intimately acquainted with their mummified tenants that our imagination is but slightly taxed to realize them moving in the social circle, mingling in the crowd, and worshipping in the temple. So minute are the particulars depicted by the artist, that the toilette of the Egyptian belle and the wardrobe of the fashionable beau are disclosed to us after the lapse of many ages. How surprising then is it that great national events should fail to move the chisel of the workman, and remain unrecorded. We cannot suppose that among Egyptian peculiarities is to be numbered a preference of bio-

graphy to history, of personal to national affairs, as the subject of elaborate and expensive memorials. The minutiae of family mausolea and private tombs are cast into the shade by the royal tablets of temples and the pyramidal sepulchres of sovereigns. Collective takes precedence of individual history in Egypt as in every other country. Regal monuments abound, which recount the deeds of the monarch as a public personage, not as a private man. Exclusive and peculiar as the ancient Egyptians were, their singularity did not extend to a faithful portraiture of private life and the omission of a national history.

Modern scholars account for the non-existence of Hebrew annals in the valley of the Nile, by the subjection of Egypt during this period to foreign rulers. Asiatic hordes inundated and covered the land with the resistless force of its native Nile, subverting the throne and enslaving the people. These unwelcome visitors are known by the name of Hyksos—a word signifying, according to Rossellini, ‘strangers and wanderers.’ Who they were and whence they came, are questions that still receive a variety of answers. Canaanites, Arabs, Phœnicians, Scythians, and even Israelites, have been severally and by different scholars supposed to be the shepherd kings that invaded and subdued Egypt. Mrs. Hamilton Gray has justly said:—‘In investigating the early history of the world, the Hyksos cross our path as a mighty shadow, advancing from native seats, to which it baffled the geography of antiquity to assign a fixed position, covering for a season the shores of the Mediterranean and the banks of the Nile with the terror of their arms and the renown of their conquests, and at length vanishing with a mystery equal to that of their first appearance.’—(*Hist. of Etruria*, part i. 26.) Our safest course is not to pretend to an accuracy which facts do not justify, but merely to speak of the Hyksos as Western Asiatics. Neither can we be more definite as to the time of their invasion and dominion. Their tide of conquest was rolled back from Upper and confined to Lower Egypt, giving rise to two contemporaneous monarchies—the shepherd-king holding his court at Memphis, and the descendant of the Pharaohs at Thebes. The limits of this foreign rule, as regards its duration, are discernible from the altered mode of royal burial, and from the inscriptions in the ancestral chamber of Karnak. Pyramids had been erected in the Memphite district, as fitting receptacles of the remains of deceased sovereigns, until the pollution of these colossal tombs by the sacrilegious Hyksos. The indignities to which the dead Pharaohs had been subjected induced their successors at Thebes to originate less conspicuous sepulchres. This change of cemetery and of sepulchre

marks the commencement of the Hyksos' dominion. Its continuance is indicated by the cartouches of thirty kings, in the right division of the chamber of Karnak, who reigned in Upper while the Asiatic conquerors reigned in Lower Egypt. In the latter territory and in the vicinity of its capital dwelt the Hebrews during this rule of the usurping shepherds. No monuments were erected, no events recorded, during the dominion of the Hyksos. A chronological blank between the pyramidal period and the restoration of the native princes baffles the student in Egyptian history, and he is left without the means of ascertaining its precise length and the events included by it.

The Pentateuch contains allusions to this foreign rule and to the ultimate restoration of the rightful sovereigns. In Genesis, xli. 31—34, is related Joseph's advice to his brethren to declare their pastoral occupation to the king, as likely to induce him to permit their settlement in Goshen; 'for (adds Joseph) every shepherd is an abomination unto the Egyptians!' On the supposition that the monarch was a native ruler and cherished the Egyptian hatred of shepherds, could Joseph have counselled his brethren more unwisely? He requires them to appear in the royal presence in the most offensive character, soliciting, by their avowal of pastoral pursuits, summary and severe punishment, or instant banishment, from a people that scorned the shepherd race. Yet Pharaoh complacently listens to the statement of Joseph's brethren, 'thy servants are shepherds,' and grants to them 'the best of the land' to dwell in; further saying to Joseph, 'if thou knowest any men of activity among them, then make them rulers over my cattle.' Can it be more evident that shepherds were *not* 'an abomination' to this monarch? He assigns to them a fertile district adjoining the metropolis, and requests their aid in superintending the care of his own flocks. His sympathy with them and their occupations is precisely what we should expect from a shepherd-king, while it proved the wisdom of Joseph's advice.

In confirmation of this view we read of the increase and prosperity of the Hebrews until 'there arose up a new king over Egypt, who knew not Joseph.' Tyrannical oppression and galling slavery are now substituted for the freedom and favour which they had hitherto experienced. How easily is this sad reverse explained by the restoration of the ancient Egyptian rulers, and consequently of their deep-rooted dislike to shepherd tribes. The Hyksos had at last been expelled from the land which they had conquered; but the Hebrews whom they had welcomed, remained to remind the Egyptians of their past humiliation and long-continued banishment from their native

country. An entirely different policy was to be expected from the true Pharaoh to that pursued by the chiefs who had arrogated to themselves his proud title. The peculiar condition of Egypt during the sojourn of the Jews is deemed by many scholars a satisfactory explanation of the absence of all record of this important fact. Instead of building monuments, the Hyksos defaced several that attested the enterprise and architectural skill of their conquered foes. The arts of civilization which had flourished under the fostering hand of successive Pharaohs, were blighted by the advent of these rude foreigners. As an army of locusts they stripped the land of the rich fruit and plentiful crops that had resulted from a prolonged cultivation of the field of knowledge. Their character and conduct liken them to the countless multitudes of barbarians who poured forth from the north under the guidance of Alaric, Attila, and other chiefs, overwhelming the sunny plains of Italy with a deluge of sensuality and ignorance, almost destructive of Roman taste and refinement. The semi-civilized rulers of Lower Egypt were not then likely to write the annals of Joseph's administration, or to record the arrival and settlement of the Hebrews. History is the sign and product of a higher state of national development than that at which the Hyksos had arrived.

Satisfactory as this explanation may seem to be, honesty compels us to notice some points that awaken a suspicion of its correctness. Our knowledge of the Hyksos' invasion is derived from comparatively modern sources; Manetho, the cotemporary of 'the Seventy,' being the earliest historian of their dominion and expulsion. Lepsius has shown the absence of all allusion to the shepherd-kings on the Tablet of Abydos; the chronicler having ignored their existence by inserting no hiatus between cartouches thirty-nine and forty. Herodotus makes no reference whatever to the subject, notwithstanding his garrulity about the affairs of the Egyptians. Were it not for the fragment of Manetho, preserved in Josephus, we should be destitute of an authentic account of this African conquest. Mr. Gliddon has even said, 'As a mere matter of argument, it would be indifferent to me to sustain that the Hyksos once occupied Lower Egypt, or that they were never there at all, as others besides myself have suspected.'—*Otia Ægyptiaca*, p. 44.

In this sentiment we do not concur, for Bunsen has plainly proved that the deficiency of the Tablet of Abydos is supplied by the accuracy of the Tablet of Karnak. On this are painted the Pharaohs of the Hyksos' period with their appropriate cartouches. The doubt is, not respecting the fact of the Hyksos' victory and rule, but of the synchronism of that dominion with

the sojourn of the Hebrews in Egypt. It must be acknowledged that it is only probable that these events were cotemporaneous. And even if this be established, why are not the career of Moses, the serfdom of Israel, and their exodus during the reign of a lawful prince, noticed on the monuments? We hastily assume ourselves to be in possession of all the materials of information on these points. This is evidently not the case, for the obelisk of Heliopolis is significant in its solitude of worthy associates that once adorned that city, and may even now be slumbering beneath the mounds that mark the site of this ancient seat of learning. When another Layard shall have excavated these and similar hills on the banks of the Nile, we shall be in a better condition for discussing the domestic and foreign policy of the Egyptians.

Not more interesting than abundant are the particulars of the past life of Egypt, preserved by the remains of its bygone ages. This is, in fact, the only history of the old world which admits of any authentic investigation. Great as the mystery is that conceals the origin of most nations, the language and mythology of the Nile carry us back to Asia as the cradle of the Egyptian race, while probability points to the Isthmus of Suez as the road traversed by the first colonists of the Delta. Along the same isthmus now travel the natives of a country that was either not inhabited, or had not emerged from the depths of barbarism in those early times, to visit their princely possessions in the far East! The perpetual crossing and re-crossing of that neck of land so common in our day, and significant of commercial and political transactions, were unknown to the pioneer of the 'overland route.' They had crossed it once and for all, when as a band of emigrants they settled in the valley of the Nile. A Chinese exclusiveness henceforth marks their career. The visits of strangers and any disposition of their countrymen to foreign travel are discountenanced. Military glory and imperial dominion never tempt them from their prescribed course. Internal progress, the development of their own powers, and the advancement of their social state, occupied their undivided attention. Unity of character, custom, and polity, was thus secured and preserved during thousands of years. Nationality marvellously distinct and complete separates this people from the inhabitants of every other part of the world. It was this singularity that impressed the mind of Herodotus on his visit to Egypt. Climate, soil, customs, and institutions are specified in his account as remarkable in comparison with those with which he—the greatest traveller in his day—was acquainted. Temples of massive grandeur, approached through avenues of sphinxes, and

consisting of huge blocks of stone, consecrated even in the quarry; a priesthood intelligent, apparently devout, and of unbounded influence, assiduously performing the ceremonies of an imposing ritual; and a people at whose very banquets the Judge of the dead was invoked to admonish the guests of their mortality, induced the observing Ionian to describe the Egyptians as 'most religious.' Each district had its divinities, but the national altars were erected in honour of Osiris, Isis, and their son Horus. By aid of the monuments and 'Book of the Dead,' Bunsen has attempted to restore the 'Three Orders' of Herodotus, and reduce them to their oldest demonstrable form, and thus to illumine the dark ante-historical period. In this way he has established the fact that 'during the epochs of 'primeval history, mythological strata are as clearly discernible 'as those of language.'—*Egypt's Place in the World's History*, vol. i. p. 364.

Knowledge, like religion, partook of the peculiarities of the soil that gave it birth. Many went to Egypt to obtain wisdom, but none of her sons sought it in other lands. The heathen might as well send missionaries to England as Greece presume to educate Egypt. She claimed, and was entitled to be regarded as the world's university; for Byzantium and Bagdad, in the East; and Paris and Prague, in the West, did not in mediæval times occupy so proud a position. Her library of sacred books at Thebes was deposited in the Ramsessium, over whose entrance Hecataeus (who visited it in the 59th Olympiad) read the inscription,—'The remedy for the soul.' The mouldering doorway that once led from the hall to this storehouse of literature is still ornamented with the heads of 'Thoth' and 'Safk,' the male and female deities of learning; above whom Champollion read the hieroglyphic titles—'Lady of Letters,' and 'President of the Library.' So remote is the period of their intellectual infancy, that modern research, with all its rapidity, has failed to reach it. With writing and books they were familiar before the time of Abraham, for the symbol of the scribe's palette, reed-pen and ink-bottle, and the sign of a papyrus or scroll, are among the earliest pictures. Even our Arabic numerals are traceable to Egypt as their inventor, before the pyramids were reared. The first three signs used in the notation of the days of the month still correspond with our 1, 2, 3. The resemblance between the Egyptian numerical system and that which belongs to the Indo-Germanic and Semitic languages is so striking, that Lepsius thinks it highly probable that these figures were transported from Egypt to India, and thence being carried into Arabia by early commercial intercourse, were by the Arabs transmitted to us,—and as such,

are by us termed Arabic; although by the Arabs still called Hindoo or Indian. ('Ueber den Ursprung und die Verwandtschaft der *Zahlwoerter*,' &c.) We are thus indebted to the same people for two of the most important inventions that could be employed in the service of learning: an alphabet and a regular scale of numbers suited to the profoundest investigations of science.

Upon the massive architecture of Egypt we can bestow only a word. Obelisks excite our surprise almost as much as pyramids, from the twofold difficulty of quarrying and conveying them hundreds of miles from the rock out of which they were hewn. One remains to this day in an unfinished state at the quarries near the first cataract, two feet broad, and nearly one hundred and twenty feet in length; having about it marks that betoken preparations for removing this triumph of human art. Utility and ornament were combined in these graceful monoliths. Placed in pairs before a royal or religious building, they formed an elegant approach, while they recorded in imperishable inscriptions the munificence and piety of the Pharaohs who had erected or embellished these edifices. How the vast masses of stone obtained from the Libyan hills were raised, tier above tier, in the construction of a pyramid, has not yet been discovered. Its seemingly superhuman character led even Sir Thomas Brown to describe it as 'Satan's abode;' and the Moslem to attribute it to the powers of darkness! As a work of utility and skill the reservoir in the Fayoom (a district of Lower Egypt) for receiving and retaining the water of the Nile at its periodical overflow, surpasses the more imposing structures of the land. By means of this immense dam 370,000 acres between the Fayoom and Alexandria were completely irrigated. M. Linant, who discovered the site and remains of this great work, urged Moham-med Ali a few years since to repair it. Fields of flax were well watered, and the primitive loom of the peasantry supplied with the material for the clothing of the living and the ceremonies of the dead. The papyrus, now no longer seen, abounded in the marshy vicinity of the Nile, affording to the scribes of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, a fitting substance whereon to write. Sinai furnished the workers in metal with copper and iron, and Mesopotamia provided bitumen for the coverings of the mummies.

To conclude this part of our subject in the graphic words of Mr. Gliddon,—

'If we enter a tomb, we see the deceased surrounded by his family, who offer him their remembrances. . . . The scenes of ordinary life are painted on the walls. Study, gymnastics, feasts, banquets, wars, sacrifices, death, and funeral, are all faithfully delineated in these sepulchral illustrations of manners, which are often epic in their character. You have the song with which the Egyptian enlivened

his labour in the field; the anthem that, when living, he offered to his Creator, and the death-wail that accompanied his body to the grave. Every condition, every art, every trade, figures in this picturesque encyclopædia, from the monarch, priest, and warrior, to the artisan and herdsman. Then these tombs are real museums of antiquities—utensils, toilet-tables, inkstands, pens, books, the incense bearer, and smelling bottle, are found in them. The wheat which the Egyptian ate, the fruit that adorned his dessert-table, peas, beans, and barley—which still germinate when replanted—are also discovered. . . . All these evidences of his humanity, and a myriad more, exist in kind in the museums of Europe, to attest their former owner's declaration to us, modern occidentals, athwart the oceans of time and the Atlantic:—*Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.*—*Otia Ægyptiaca*, p. 8.

Mr. Gliddon, from one of whose works we have just quoted, is well-known in America as a popular lecturer and writer on Egypt. No one has hitherto succeeded so well in simplifying a complex subject, and in exciting the interest of the public in archæological matters, which are generally regarded as the peculiar province of the scholar. 'His audiences,' (we are informed in the Introduction to the '*Otia Ægyptiaca*,') 'ranged from two hundred to two thousand persons, averaging in the large cities five hundred of the élite of American society. Altogether his lectures have been listened to by more than a hundred thousand persons, and they have been delivered over a geographical circuit of five thousand miles.' The press lent its aid to give publicity to these lectures, and the first of the books named at the head of this article, containing one course, has met with a sale of 24,000 copies. So wide-spread and deep an interest is traceable, partly to the qualifications of the lecturer, and partly to the laudable curiosity of his countrymen. Cheerfully do we acknowledge Mr. Gliddon's superior talents and extensive information,—obtained during twenty-three years residence in Egypt, and from the most learned works of the Champollion school,—but we must enter our protest against his frequent practice of presenting science as the antagonist rather than the ally of Scripture. The facts so well narrated by him are not, and cannot, be opposed to revelation. Neither does he, in so many words, say that they are, but rather implies it by his mode of treating the subject, and by the general impression which he leaves on the mind. Not a few of his statements are uttered in a tone of indifference as to their agreement or disagreement with Holy Writ. An *under-current* of scepticism is too perceptible in his writings to induce us to give them our unqualified recommendation.

We must not, however, be deterred by the tone of such authors from calmly considering the results of Egyptian studies. Our

confidence in the statements of Scripture is best manifested by a readiness fairly and candidly to compare with them the discoveries of modern science. Archæology may alarm the timid, as Astronomy and Geology both did in their infancy; but we do not expect the infant to put forth the gigantic power that is requisite to demolish the fortress of revelation. No anxiety need, therefore, be awakened by the *chronological* conclusions that some Egyptologists have arrived at. Our remaining space will be devoted to a very brief reference to the materials that have been collected in Egypt, towards building the Temple of Time.

If chronology be the subject of revelation, the investigations of the scholar are not only superfluous, but sinful. Its scientific character is, however, as evident as that of every other branch of secular knowledge which ignorance has affixed to Scripture and wisdom has removed from it. Every careful student of this science must be aware of the obscurity that still envelopes the dates of the Deluge and Creation. Such uncertainty is immaterial, inasmuch as it does not modify, in the slightest degree, the facts that man was created, and the human race (with the exception of one family) destroyed. The precise time at which these great events occurred is, we believe, open to scientific research. Wise and good men, by the widely different dates which they have assigned, have fully confirmed this opinion. Few, if any, now question the great antiquity of this material globe, as an inference from geological data; and why should the conclusions of history respecting the age of man be rejected as incompatible with truth? Ascending from Solomon to Moses, and from Moses to Joseph, are two great periods of Jewish history of doubtful duration, that may become more definite by comparison with cotemporary annals. This illustrates the desirableness of chronological inquiry in every direction that may promise success. Egypt, from its monumental wealth, invites the antiquarian to this investigation. Previous to the decipherment of hieroglyphic writing, the chronological calculations of a former age were undoubtedly received, on the assumption that all the data necessary for such a computation were possessed by the scholar. But royal genealogies, a distinct system of numeration, stone chronicles, and numberless incidental confirmations, have been amassed by the industry of modern *savans*. Whether the inferences deduced by them be correct or not, may in some instances admit of doubt.* It is our present purpose not to

* The first part only of Lepsius' work on Egyptian Chronology is yet published, entitled, 'Die Chronologie der Ägypter, bearbeitet von Richard Lepsius. Einleitung und erster Theil. Kritik der Quellen. 4to. Berlin and London; 1849.' Its contents suffice to show how much uncertainty still remains connected with this subject. In some important points, Lepsius and Bunsen are quite at variance.

enter upon so arduous and extended an inquiry; but merely to refer to the *materials* which are now before the world for the more complete investigation of the primeval history of man.

Omitting all mention of the mediæval historian Abd-el-Lateef, the synchronisms of Eusebius, and of every chronological treatise since the time of 'the Seventy,' our first reference is to their cotemporary, Manetho. His work, entitled, 'Three Books of Egyptian History,' has been lost, and we possess only the fragments preserved by Josephus, Eusebius, Syncellus, and others. By the request and under the sanction of Ptolemy Soter, this priest of Sebennytus searched the archives of Egypt and composed in Greek its history. Most fortunately his 'Lists of Monarchs,' comprised under thirty dynasties, and including apparently 3555 years (from Menes to the death of the younger Nectanebo), have been correctly transmitted to us. So lengthened a royal series naturally gave rise to a suspicion that apparently successive reigns must, in some instances at least, have been cotemporary. Egyptologists are, however, unanimous in their opinion that no two dynasties from the eighteenth to the thirtieth were cotemporary. This period (of about 1300 years' duration) is assigned to the New Empire—Egyptian history consisting of three divisions, the Old, Middle, and New Empires. Happily, an older chronological work than that of Manetho, and to which he was most likely indebted, is still in existence, and is known by the name of 'the Royal Papyrus.' This document is a catalogue of dynasties with names and dates written in the hieratic text, comprising a copious list of sovereigns from Menes down to the epoch of its own execution under the nineteenth dynasty, about 1400 years before Christ. Seyffarth first, and more recently Lepsius, have examined and collated this manuscript of the Turin Museum with other records. It appears from its contents that the Egyptians really possessed in the beginning of the New Empire, registers of the royal families of its middle period; and that joint reigns occur in the Old Empire, especially in the twelfth dynasty. Lepsius' forthcoming volumes and his publication of the 'Royal Papyrus' will greatly aid the investigation of this obscure subject.

The Tablets of Abydos and Karnak are next in order as materials towards constructing a complete and consistent chronology. The first was found in Lower Egypt, and contains the royal ancestry of the Great Rameses, who ruled over the whole of Egypt; the second is from the Temple-palace at Thebes, and includes in its series from Tuthmosis III. (the renowned fifth ruler of the eighteenth dynasty) the names of sixty-one predecessors, not omitting the Theban kings who ruled in Upper

Egypt during the Hyksos' dominion in the Lower Province. The Tablet of Abydos enriches the collection of the British Museum; and that of Karnak adorns the Royal Library at Paris. The Turin Papyrus and these two tablets are the most valuable chronological records that the world possesses of its most ancient history. In addition to these, 'the Book of the Dead,' the Papyrus of Sallier, and other historical rolls, facilitate the labours of the scholar.

The conclusions of the inquirer are open to correction from the monuments and a great variety of incidental sources of information. The various opinions that have been entertained respecting the object of the Pyramids are set at rest, by the most unequivocal proofs of their sepulchral character. Not only are they royal tombs, but memorials of the duration of the rule of their august tenants. Lepsius, in 1843, ascertained the remarkable fact that the height of a pyramid is in direct proportion to the length of a monarch's reign, thus becoming a valuable chronological monument.* This curious circumstance is accounted for, by the Egyptian custom of commencing the royal mausoleum on the accession of a king, and increasing its dimensions by regular yearly additions. Owing to the industry of the Prussian Scientific Expedition lately in Egypt, the substructures of no less than thirty pyramids have been discovered since 1842; making a total of sixty-nine now known to us, and all within a line of fifty-six miles. These buildings were peculiar to the Old Empire; none having been erected after the Hyksos' invasion. The information conveyed by them is tested by that which may be derived from the countless tombs of statesmen, courtiers, and priests, which are grouped around the royal sepulchre as their centre. The above law of pyramidal construction has been strikingly confirmed in the case of the Great Pyramid, which, from its immense bulk might seem to present an objection. In accordance with the law, the monarch buried in this colossal tomb must have reigned an unusual number of years. The Royal Papyrus of Turin states his age to have been ninety-five; and Manetho affirms his reign to have lasted sixty-three years. A conjecture has been offered that the pyramidal period (or that of the Old Empire) was of 1500 years' duration, but the subject is not yet sufficiently developed to warrant even a conjecture.

Mummies, by their wrappings and the form and appearance of their coffins, are significant of certain epochs. An interesting essay on this topic by S. Birch, Esq., of the British Museum, is printed in Mr. Gliddon's '*Otia Egyptiaca.*' In the earlier

* 'Ueber den Bau der Pyramiden.'

periods, mummification was a simple process, which became more elaborate and expensive as the habits of the people increased in luxury. Mummies of a remote age are covered with matting and woollen cloth, and placed in a single coffin; those of succeeding ages are swathed with linen bandages of different qualities, or of stamped leather, and buried with portions of 'the Ritual,' in double coffins. The employment of bitumen and spices in embalming marks the period of foreign conquests and of intercourse with Palestine, Assyria, and India. Philology, however, furnishes the chief reasons for determining the relative epochs of mummies. Nomenclature is a safe guide, from the prevailing custom of naming a child after the reigning prince. So that Mr. Birch remarks 'the persons named Apep-Amenemha, Urtesen, Thothmes, Rameses, Psametik, must have been born in the reigns of monarchs having those names.' The appearance of certain *characters* in the funereal inscriptions make known the epoch by comparison with the monuments. Language and mythology present the only means of penetrating into the obscure ante-historical period. Bunsen has most ingeniously traced the development of the religion and speech of the Egyptians with the view of compensating for the absence of historical data.

Numerous are the checks on the deductions made from these chronological materials. Arabia, Rome, Greece, Persia, Assyria, and Judea furnish many facts that admit of comparison with the knowledge derived from Egypt. During the foreign relations of the latter country, its history lies open to the most searching and satisfactory inquiry. Eratosthenes, Manetho, and Herodotus, mark three distinct periods of such investigations, conducting the reader over an extensive tract of time. And even when we have passed beyond the reach of cotemporary annals and of professed historians, our ascent to the summit of the chronological hill is facilitated by the valuable aid which Egypt alone affords. The Papyri guide to the pyramids, and we find ourselves in the presence of 'the Books of Kings,' formed of stone and reared as enduring chronicles of primæval history.

- ART. IV. (1.) *Picturesque Sketches of Greece and Turkey.* By AUBREY DE VERE. London: Bentley. 1850.
- (2.) *Correspondence respecting the Demands made on the Greek Government, presented to both Houses, in February, 1850.*
- (3.) *Further Correspondence respecting the Demands made upon the Greek Government, presented to both Houses, on the 17 May.*

IN the midst of the blue waters of the Mediterranean, the navigator—whether professional, mercantile, or merely pleasureable—whether bent on the service of his country, allured by gain, or ploughing the deep in search of health, pleasure, or instruction—slackens his sail or blows off his steam in sight of a land of steep acclivities—of gigantic rocks dividing and intersecting the inland sea into numerous gulfs and bays, and groups of small islands, which appear in the distance so many white and blanched stones reposing on a bed of verdure. This land is Greece!—the mother of liberty and civilization—the country of Homer, of Eschines, of Isocrates—of Socrates and of Plato—of Thucydides, of Xenophon, and of Plutarch—of Euclid, of Eratosthenes, and of Archimedes. Though still bearing the impress of natural beauty, and of a land flowing with milk and honey, yet it is not the Greece of the days of other years before which the mariner so willingly tarries. Fifteen centuries of barbarism and slavery have defaced and debased, if not destroyed, its pristine character. It is no longer celebrated in arts, in sciences, in oratory, in poetry, in philosophy, or in war. But the memory of the past nevertheless survives, and hangs about this ruined land as the scent of roses about a broken vase. All men of liberal education and generous feelings are anxious to visit Greece; and now that rail and steam have made the country of Homer a link between Europe, Asia, and Africa, the appliances to gratify this generally felt desire are within the power, if not of the crowd, at least within the means of very many accomplished and instructed men, who would not have thought of such a journey if the obstacles to be surmounted were such as existed half a century ago.

Among these is Mr. Aubrey de Vere, an Irish gentleman, or at least a gentleman of Irish descent—connected with Lord Monteagle—an alumnus of one of the colleges of Cambridge, and already favourably known, by some poems and lyrical sketches, and more recently by some letters on Irish subjects, which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* about eighteen months

ago, and by a spirited pamphlet, intitled 'English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds,' published by Murray during the past season.

When Mr. De Vere undertook this journey, we have no direct means of knowing; for in the whole of his book of travels, from the beginning to the end, there is not a single date. This is a great defect, and materially detracts from the value of his sketches. To a diary or a book of travels a date is, in our mind, almost as necessary as to a letter, to a cheque on your banker, or to a bill of exchange. It is almost always necessary to know at what epoch, at what season of the year, or under what circumstances, a traveller visits a country. If he speaks of climate, temperature, productions, how different are his impressions likely to be if his sojourn be in November, December, or February, or if made in the heat of summer or the mellowness of autumn. Let us suppose the case of a visit made to our own shores in the months of April or May of the present year, by a Spaniard, an Italian, or a Greek, who had never been in England before. Travellers visiting us in that moment would not unnaturally conclude that our climate was execrable—that in the last month of spring it was cold and chilly—that rain constantly fell—and that easterly winds almost uniformly prevailed. That these would be unjust general conclusions we need not predicate; but that they would be justified by the experience of two very unseasonable months in the present summer may be admitted. It should also be stated that there is a reliableness about dates. When a traveller gives you dates, it affords presumptive proof that he is a person of careful and business-like, if not thoughtful habits—methodical, if not accurate, with a well-regulated, if not a well-stored mind. Your young gentleman, however, just escaped from Oxford or Cambridge, unless with rare exceptions, seldom knows the day of the week, and not often the day of the month.

We collect from internal evidence, and from no statement of his own, that Mr. De Vere made his way to Greece through Italy—that he was at Bologna in the winter of 1848 or the spring of 1849. He complains that at Bologna the cold was intense—that, even cloaked to the chin, he could hardly make his way from his hotel to the theatre; and that at Ancona the temperature was far from agreeable. Now, this may have well been the case any period from November to March. We have ourselves felt the cold very severely at Florence and Fiesole in all periods from November to the end of March; and at Ancona and Venice we have experienced disagreeable weather both in February and March. From an observation of Mr. De Vere as to the difference between January and June, it is reasonable to conclude that he left Ancona some time in January, 1849, for Corfu. Whether

he departed in a sailing vessel or in a steamer, is not stated. But it may be inferred that it was in a steamer, as he arrived at Corfu within fifty hours after leaving Ancona. On the second night on which he lay aboard, on deck, the breeze, instead of passing over the snows of the Apennines, came warm from the Ægean, and mingled the softness of a southern clime with the mild and exhilarating odours of the sea. The island of Corfu encircles the bay in which the town is situated, completely enclosing it on the north and south, while to the east the mountains of Epirus frame the picture, making the sea look like a great lake. From the margin of the sea the mountains rise to a height of from 3000 to 4000 feet. Immediately behind them stand the sunny ranges sung of by the Greek poets of old. The difference between the landscapes of the north and south is thus pointed out:—

‘Nothing can be more different in character than the landscapes of the north and of the south. The character of the former is grave, subdued, and tender, abounding in passages of pathos and mystery, though glorified not seldom by a golden haze. That of the south, on the other hand, is at once majestic and joyous, ample in its dimensions, but not abounding in a complex variety of detail; clearly defined, severe in structure, well brought out into the light; but at the same time unspiritual in its scope, appealing less to the heart than to the fancy, expressing everything to the understanding, and, consequently, reserving little for a slowly apprehensive imagination. An analogous distinction may, perhaps, be traced in the character of the northern and the southern races. In every country, indeed, there exists a certain analogy between the outward shapes of nature, and the mind it has nursed and helped to form.

‘The woodlands of Corfu consist chiefly of the olive. Many travellers complain of the monotonous colouring of the southern olive-woods; I think, however, that in this luminous region it would be too dazzling if the predominant colour were not a sober one, which, by its uniformity, as colour, permits the eye to appreciate the exquisite gradations of light and shade. The brilliancy of the clouds also requires the contrast of something more grave to relieve the eye as it falls from them, or glances aside from that most radiant of visual objects—an orange grove. The orange-trees grow to about the size apple-trees reach with us; and so dense is the mass of the dark and glittering leaves, that you would fancy the nightingale—nay, even the nightingale’s song—could hardly force its way through their ambush. They flash of themselves in the sun, though unmoved by a wind not often strong enough to disturb their phalanx.’

Mr. De Vere describes the Greeks in the following manner:—

‘I wish I could give as good an account of the Greeks as of the island abode. In outward bearing, at least, they are not unworthy of

being its inhabitants. In few parts of the world is there to be found so comely a race. They possess almost always fine features, invariably fine heads, and flashing eyes; and their forms and gestures have a noble grace about them, which in less-favoured climes is seldom to be met with, even among the higher ranks. A Greek never stands in an ungraceful position; indeed, his bearing often deserves to be called majestic; but his inward gifts seldom correspond, if the estimate commonly formed of him be not very incorrect, with his outward aspect. The root of the evil is now what it was in old times: for the Ionian Greeks are a false people. Seldom even by accident do they say the thing that is; and never are they ashamed to be detected in a lie. Such a character hardly contains the elements of moral amelioration. Experience is lost upon it. Those who are false to others, are false to themselves also; what they see will always be what they desire to see; from whatever is repulsive they will turn their eyes away; and neither time nor suffering can bring them a lesson which ingenuity and self-love are not able to evade. The Ionian Greeks are also greatly deficient in industry. They do not care to improve their condition. Their wants are few, and they will do little work beyond that of picking up the olives which fall from the tree. These the women carry home in their baskets, almost all the labour falling on them; while the men idle away their everlasting unhallowed holiday, telling stories, walking in procession, or showing as much diplomacy in some bargain about a capote as a Russian ambassador would display while settling the affairs of Europe with Lord Palmerston. Their dress is eminently picturesque. On their heads they wear sometimes a sort of turban, sometimes a red cap: round the waist they fasten a wide, white zone; and their trousers, which do not descend below the knee, are so large, that, fastened together at the mid-leg, they have all the effect of flowing drapery, their colour in general being crimson.'

The town of Corfu, Mr. De Vere found a strange medley, in which Greek and Italian character were oddly diversified by French and English associations. The house of the Lord Commissioner, now inhabited by Sir Henry Ward, is called the Palace. It is built of Maltese stone, and abounds in stately apartments. Soldiers stand in waiting along the corridors, and the ante-rooms and chambers are crowded by Albanian servants in jewelled vests and tightly-fitting buskins, doing the behests of the ex-Liberal M.P. for Sheffield, now the rather arbitrary Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands. 'We know what we are,' says Ophelia, 'but we know not what we may come to.'

There is at Corfu, it appears, a university, which Mr. De Vere visited. He conversed with the Greek professor, *apparently*, he says, a man of much learning. The professor, it appears, made himself merry with what he called Mr. De Vere's preposterous mode of pronouncing the Greek tongue; on which our young Cantab referred to the poets, and asked how the professor could

make harmony out of Homer's hexameters on metrical principles? Whereon, the professor affirmed that the English prosodial system was an arbitrary and fanciful device of our own, which pleased us because we were used to it and had invented it. There is, unquestionably, some truth in this. The prosodeans of Oxford and Cambridge, all the world over, are the greatest precisians and the most perfect masters of longs and shorts in the universe; but, though drilled into this at Winchester, Harrow, Eton, Rugby, Shrewsbury, and other grammar-schools, they lay far too much stress on such an accomplishment, and too often waste their energies and acumen in such niceties. With all their exactness in prosody, the English are less understood when they read or speak Latin or Greek, or read aloud either language than any nation in the world. True, every nation pronounces these dead languages after the genius of pronunciation of its mother-tongue; but the English pronunciation of A and E differs from every other, even from the Irish and Scotch, the natives of which countries are far better understood abroad, when speaking or reading Latin and Greek, than the English.

Mr. De Vere speaks of the sunsets of Corfu as exceeding those of Venice as far as the sunsets of the 'Rome of the Ocean' surpass a sunset of London. We do not say that these things should not be noted by the traveller who has an eye for the picturesque, but we must fairly confess that Mr. De Vere's book contains too much of descriptions of scenery. Thus, we have blue skies, orange groves, mellowed moonlight, golden hazes, and marble columns, shining lustrous white against the sun; but he gives us few or no sketches of Greek or Turkish manners or domestic economy; nor does he throw the least light, we regret to say, on the political, commercial, or social state of Greece or of Turkey.

Even in Corfu—fairest garden of the Adriatic—there is not always perpetual sunshine. The morning of Mr. De Vere's departure was unpromising. The sky was lowering, and the sea had changed from a deep blue to a turbid and gloomy green. That he set out in a skiff or sea craft of some kind or condition is certain, but we are not told the name or the nature of the vessel. All we know is, that the traveller first dropped anchor in the Bay of Paxos; that he reached the harbour of Santa Maura, the ancient Leucadia, in the evening; that before eight the next morning he had leaped on the shores of Cephalonia; that at Zante he passed a single night, that from Zante he sailed for Patras in an English steamer, and that from Patras he proceeded to Athens. The situation of Patras is beautiful, even to those who have seen Corfu. The associations of the place are of a composite character, combining Greek and Roman.

records. Patras was one of the most splendid cities of Greece, but it has retained little of its ill-gotten prey. Its temples and its statues have vanished. Of the scenery between Patras and Vostizza, Mr. De Vere gives a minute description. The ledges of grey pine—the arid rocks—the lonely glens—the bleating lambs—are described with the precision of a nurseryman, herbalist, or Arcadian shepherd, who knows every one of his flock by countenance. But '*toujours perdrix*' is as unbearable in description as on table. Dress the bird how you may, whether plainly roasted—in *salmi*, or *aux choux*—it is still partridge; and if you have it every day in the week, it tastes flavourless at last, and palls upon the sated appetite. So with these endless descriptions of scenery. They are all very fine scattered sparsely here and there, but repeated day by day, they fall listlessly on the ear, and become absolutely monotonous and wearisome in the end.

Between Patras and Corinth, Mr. De Vere took an Albanian guide. Obliging and good-humoured, he was never tired of singing songs and telling stories of his adventures. But, though amused by his vivacity, our Englishman was a little startled at the shamelessness with which he praised himself for his sense, his spirit, and his power of lying lustily. This creature was vain of his faults and vices, and, like one of Homer's heroes, if he had no victory to glory in, boasted that his swift feet had delivered him from black death and hateful Orcus.

The modern Corinth, Mr. De Vere tells us, should be called a village, and not a town. It is situated among ruins, and of all the magnificent buildings that once adorned the wealthiest of Grecian cities, the only memorial is now a temple, to what divinity dedicated no one knows. Five fluted columns alone remain standing. Around them lie fragments of the frieze and cornice, so vast in size, that one can hardly guess either how they were lifted to their station, or how, once lifted, they were ever thrown down.

Mr. De Vere thinks Corinth would have been the most suitable position for the capital of the modern kingdom. Had the metropolis been placed there, he says, the antiquities of Athens would have been left in their sacred seclusion, or might have become the ornaments of a grave University city, unvulgarized by the associations of a metropolis. The Acropolis of Corinth Mr. De Vere calls the most stately, majestic, and complete piece of native architecture which he has seen in any part of the world. It commands the widest view in Greece, except those which expand beneath the higher acclivities of Delphi. On one side lies the *Ægean*, with the bay of Salamis, Egina, and many a glistening island; on the other, the gulf of Lepanto, a lake eighty miles long; and that marvellous perspective composed of the ranges

of Parnassus, Helicon, and Citheron. On the summit of the Corinthian there still recline a few more white pillars belonging to two temples, one of them supposed to have been the Temple of Venus. They still look perfect, from what Mr. De Vere calls 'their faultless and satisfactory completeness of proportion, their unviolated beauty of tint—their beauty of texture and unblunted perfection of detail.' From Callimachi, a little port of the Savonic Gulf, Mr. De Vere hired a boat for Athens. The sea-gods, however, had not been propitiated. They sailed all night, and all the next day, and it was not till evening they approached the Pireus, late the rendezvous of Sir W. Parker's fleet, and the scene of those reprisals, concerning which there has been such debating in both Houses of Parliament. At length they reached Athens. But it was past nine o'clock, the latest hour at which travellers are allowed to land, so that they were not yet allowed to tread the soil.

Mr. De Vere's first visit was to the Acropolis, with whose treasures he resolved to make himself acquainted, before he explored the rest of Athens. Fortunately he fell in with no exploring party who had already spread their luncheon of cold meat, with Bass's ale or Guinness's porter at three shillings per bottle creaming up before his classic eyes. This would have destroyed the memories of the past that rise up from behind a prostrate pillar or a broken frieze.

The Acropolis is an oval hill, which ascends to the height of about two hundred feet; the summit being a thousand feet long by half that breadth. At two-thirds of the elevation, the green sod ceases, and in its place the rock rises perpendicularly like a rampart, until it blends with the walls of the fortress. The Propylea, or entrance to the fortress, was raised a little more than half a century after the battle of Marathon, and was intended by Pericles to serve as a defensive gate to the interior of the citadel. But the genius of its architect, Mnesicles, rendered it a structure hardly less remarkable than the Parthenon itself. The Propylea consists of a Doric portico sixty feet wide, the columns, which are six in number, being about thirty feet high. Behind them is a range of Ionic pillars. The portico is flanked by two buildings nearly square, projecting considerably in advance of it, and built likewise of Pentelican marble. These buildings were originally picture galleries, and the paintings of Polygnotus adorned their stoned walls. 'What would we not give,' says Mr. De Vere, in pardonable enthusiasm, 'to be able to restore but one of these pictures, and compare it with the specimens of ancient painting disinterred at Pompeii.'

A little to the right of the Propylea stands another temple,

that of the Wingless Victory. Pericles built this small but exquisite structure on the Acropolis, to intimate that the most wandering of the divinities had taken her permanent stand on that spot. Wheeler and Spon saw this temple in the seventeenth century. At the time of Stewart, it had so completely disappeared, that men doubted whether it had existed in modern times. The Archaeological Society succeeded in ascertaining the exact spot specified by Pausanias, and, removing the rubbish, found almost every part of the temple perfect. It had been thrown down to make way for a Turkish battery; but no injury had been done to the fragments, and after a careful study of the plan, no difficulty was experienced in restoring the building.

Of the Parthenon, Mr. De Vere tells us that the western front is nearly uninjured. The pillars are perfect, the architrave and cornice equally so, and a few of the sculptures between the triglyphs still remain. The pediment has sustained but little damage, and still retains possession of the two colossal statues which resisted all Lord Elgin's efforts to remove them. They formed a part of that great combination in which Phidias represented the contest of Minerva and Neptune for Athens; a contest, says our traveller, 'probably symbolical of a question which may once have divided Athenian statesmen—namely, whether the state which they moulded ought to seek her supremacy at sea or by land.'

The Acropolis hardly interested Mr. De Vere more than the views which extended thence from every part of its boundary. Below lay the city with its beautiful ruins. Beyond it spread some gracefully moulded hills, one only of which, Lycabettus, or the hill of light, reaches any considerable elevation.

These volumes afford ample proof that Mr. De Vere is an accomplished man, with a mind refined by education, and purified from the alloy of gross and worldly thoughts. There is a moral temperance and purity in his tone, well qualifying him to observe and enjoy the remains of the ever-glorious past. In going over the ruins of which he speaks, he commenced with his old books, and remembered the Greece of the poets, the sages, and the heroes of antiquity; but we wish he had told us more of the present, and given us a nearer insight into the actual condition of modern Greece than he has thought fit to do. He does indeed tell us that the modern Greeks are wholly indifferent to comfort, and that we should probably be so too—if we retained anything of their youthful elasticity and purity of bodily health; but this is by no means a satisfying or satisfactory theory. This indifference to comfort, we rather suspect, arises from their utter ignorance of its meaning—from their downright backwardness

and barbarism, and utter incivilization. We are very much of the opinion of the old Scotchman, whom Mr. De Vere met at a musical festival, that a people so harmless and volatile, are naturally indifferent to their own well-being; and it may, we think with the Scotchman, be very much doubted whether they can be safely trusted with the management of their own affairs.

On the ruins and ancient remains of Athens, Mr. De Vere dwells with lingering fondness and partiality. The Stoa of Adrian, the Gate of the Agora, the Monument of Philopappus, the Stadium, the Temple of Theseus, the Temple of the Winds, the Lantern of Demosthenes, the Pnyx, the Areopagus, are all described. But we are told nothing, positively nothing, of the politics and finances of modern Greece; he gives us no present, only the ruins of a past. We have as much contempt as Mr. De Vere for the class of travellers who scribble their names on the walls of temples—write witty criticisms in the strangers' book at inns—who are always complaining of paying too much—who are always raving about extortion—who depreciate everything that is not like what they are used to, and who generally return home with as much knowledge, and worse morals, than they took with them; but there is a medium between this manner of man and an accomplished traveller like Mr. De Vere, so wholly occupied with the past, that he is nearly regardless of the present. Mr. De Vere candidly tells us he did not go to Athens for the sake of gay society. We readily believe him. No sensible man—and no lover of gay society, whether sensible or otherwise—would go to Greece to find really gay or good society.

But we contend that a man may visit Greece with a feeling of admiration and reverence for the bygone, without being wholly neglectful of what is. The fault, we find with Mr. De Vere is, that, notwithstanding the opportunities he had, he tells us so little of Greece as it really is. The day after his arrival at Athens, he went to a ball at the palace. The king and the queen, he states, were very gracious; and the spectacle was a brilliant one, composed of a motley assemblage of persons from all parts of the world. There were splendid Greek dresses, thickly scattered among the modern habiliments, and Albanian dresses differing in shape and cut from the Greek. But Mr. De Vere gives us no actual insight into the character of the king, of his ministry, or of the foreign ambassadors. He tells us, indeed, that the Albanians had the air rather of mountain chieftains, of heads of clans, and of feudal warriors, than of courtiers. But this much has been long known. Their gestures not only abounded in that perfect grace which the slightest consciousness destroys, but in

dignity, says Mr. De Vere, they were actually imposing. Their features resembled those of a statue; but their black eyes, flashing with an uneasy light, and black hair waving falsely on their shoulders, were in strange contrast with the severity of ancient sculpture. To one of the native chiefs, six feet three inches in height, Mr. De Vere was introduced; but as the English traveller knew nothing of modern Greek, and the chief no other language, no conversation could take place between them. Some days previously, says Mr. De Vere, this chieftain met in society a lady remarkable for her beauty. He drew his sword, stated to her that the weapon had cut off the heads of five-and-thirty Turks, and then laid it at her feet.

The Turks who were present at this ball sat cross-legged, in silent gravity, seldom moving a fold of their robes, and merely stroking down their beards with a smoothing hand. A Philhellenist of the war of independence, who was present, expressed the highest respect for the memory of Lord Byron, and for the powers which he exhibited during this contest as a man of action and of business. Whenever a quarrel arose among the native chiefs—which we can well believe was not unfrequent, from the impetuous character of the people—the matter was referred to Byron as an arbitrator.

The plain of Marathon Mr. De Vere visited with a certain Mr. F., whose name is not given in full, but whom we believe to be none other than Mr. Finlay, who has been so defamed and vilified in certain discussions which recently took place both in Lords and Commons. Mr. De Vere describes this gentleman, and, we learn from other circumstances, describes him truly, as a man who has made Greek antiquities an especial study, and published a pamphlet of much learning on the topography of Marathon, as well as of other parts of Attica.

Though our author does not indulge us with any political views or vaticinations, yet we deem the following observations in reference to the Greek church and clergy worthy of recording here:—

‘The ecclesiastical relations of the country may, one day, react in a remarkable manner on the religious system of Europe. The Greek church is, perhaps, the only instance in Europe of a church, nominally at least, independent alike of Pope, of the State, and of popular interference. In that church, however, there are two parties. One of them, as it is supposed, in ecclesiastical matters to the obedience of the patriarch of Constantinople: and in political matters is not a little subject to Russian influence. This party consists, in a large measure, of the bishops, who, as the scandal goes, desire to be translated to the richer sees of the east. In the east, translations to the higher digni-

ties are seldom, I fear, the reward of eminent sanctity. As seldom are they connected with learning, if report is to be trusted: no one there wields the pastoral staff on account of the skill with which he has wielded the pen of the annotator; nor are bishoprics there among the rich fruits which grow from 'Hebrew roots.' The parochial clergy, and the majority of the laity are said to be much attached to the principle of ecclesiastical independence. If that independence should last, and should turn out conducive to spiritual good, it must surely have an effect by its example on the religious relations of Western Europe. The Greek may, however, discover, like the Gallican church of the last century, that 'liberties' are not always the way to liberty; that an extra-national centre is as often a support as a yoke; and that if Church and State sit by the same hearth, the latter will contrive to get his legs at both sides of the fire. The marriage of the clergy prevents them from exercising any formidable political influence, and they possess the confidence and affection of the people, who rightly attribute their continued existence as a people to the common bond of a uniform religious faith.

'The ignorance in which the clergy have remained during ages of slavery, continues to a great extent still, owing chiefly to their poverty. They are obliged to eke out their living as they may; and it happens frequently that the priest, who is a blacksmith or ploughman as well as a clergyman, has to leave his iron on the anvil, or the ox in his stall, while he celebrates divine service in the church hard by. As a necessary result, superstitions of all sorts have insinuated themselves into the popular belief. Far from withstanding, the clergy commonly partake of these. Their knowledge of religion is too often confined to an acquaintance with its ceremonial. That ceremonial, however, is not, therefore, to be deemed the cause of those superstitions; on the contrary, it may well be doubted whether, for whatever knowledge of Christian theology they retain, both clergy and laity are not almost exclusively indebted to that venerable ritual which has embalmed the most important doctrines and facts of Christianity.

'This ignorance is becoming, however, a more dangerous thing than it once was. The higher classes having seen a great deal of the world, in consequence of their recent political changes, and the number of foreigners who visit Athens, and having picked up a good deal of ill-digested knowledge, with a rapidity which is hardly consistent with that grave process—the crystallization of knowledge into wisdom, are growing impatient of ecclesiastical authority, especially when vested in the hands of an ignorant clergy. The young men, I fear, are somewhat infected with sceptical opinions—a circumstance which may, in some measure, be accounted for by the attention paid to French literature. The Greeks extend their political antipathies to the language of Germany: nor indeed do I think it likely that, with a temperament and intellectual structure so opposed to the Teutonic, they could, even if free from prejudice, have attached themselves to the German literature. They are accustomed to clear air; they dislike what gives

them trouble; and the whole cloud region of verse and prose they would willingly abandon to the Ixions of literature. They are jealous of the Italian language likewise, and have taken great pains, not without success, to eradicate from their own the many words of Italian origin which had crept into it. Few Italian or Turkish words now remain; but the former tongue had, in the Ionian islands, almost superseded the native; and the Greeks being proud of their language as of their country, so recent a yoke has of course left a disagreeable impression behind.

‘The consequence of these literary antipathies is, that the Greeks have been thrown upon French—a language with which nearly all of the wealthier classes in and about Athens are acquainted; and that French novels are the works which chiefly abound in the book-shops. Can one imagine a greater misfortune, especially to so young a nation?’

We may not follow our picturesque sketcher to the plain of Marathon, to the ruins of Eleusis, or through the many excursions he made during his sojourn at Athens. The result of the impressions of the Greek scenery on the mind of Mr. De Vere was, that you miss the bloom of the English landscape—you miss its countless associations, its social allusions, impressed by spire, manor-house, and cottage, the fair order of fields, the domesticity of guarded nooks—but you enjoy, in the place of these, amplitude and majesty. The characteristics of the Athenian landscape are clearness, vastness, and simplicity.

With a view to utilise this, the most recent traveller’s work, and to give to it a bearing in what is actually passing around us, we extract the following passages on the state of society at Athens, and on the political condition of the country:—

‘The state of society at Athens has in it much to interest those who are not exclusively dependent on social conventionalities. In its small compass you meet representatives of most countries in the east as well as the west: while the native population, in the midst of their unchangeable monuments, are obviously, both as to character and manners, in a state of transition as rapid as could have characterized a Greek colony in old times. How long the present order of things may last, no one can guess, nor whether it will be succeeded by a better or a worse. Hitherto, Greece has made small progress as a nation, compared with what was expected: how far those sanguine expectations were reasonable, is another question. That want of progress is attributed by one party to the early lack of popular privileges, and by another to a deficiency of executive vigour. In the meantime, it is certain that privileges are conducive to the public good, simply in proportion to the honesty and virtue which can be called in for their exercise: and equally certain, that a strong hand should be a steady and a just one. To a young country especially may be applied the

well-known adage, on the subject of forms of government, 'whichever is best administered, is best.' Whether the government originally instituted in modern Greece had been an absolute or a constitutional monarchy, or a republic, it would have equally amounted to the trial of an experiment without precedent in ancient Greek history—in which we read of no form of centralization, but of states politically independent, municipally self-governed, and united by a very slight bond of confederation, but by strong ties of race, religion, language, and manners.

'Whether it would have been possible to have again tried the experiment of antiquity, who can say? Who can tell whether the system of ancient Greece would have worked well of old, if, instead of having grown up spontaneously, it had been the result of an external arrangement made by foreign nations? Who indeed can guess whether, in any case, it could then have succeeded if Greece, instead of being girt around by comparative barbarians, and thus consolidated into a practical unity, had been surrounded by nations who had outstripped her in civilization, each of whom would have vied with the others in a policy of intermeddling, and the most aggressive of whom was the only one connected with her by a common religion?'

These are just and sensible observations, which a philosopher and a scholar may make in his study, or in those post-prandial disquisitions in which we English so greatly delight; but the statesman and the politician must look at Greece as an actual reality, and in those aspects that concern, and those relations that bind her to Europe. The great defect and besetting sin of Greece has been, that for now more than a century she has been prone to look to external influences. From the period of the reign of Peter the Great, the modern Greeks looked up to Russia as their natural protector, and as the power which could best deliver them from the oppression of the Ottoman yoke. Catherine II., in attempting to realize the projects of her predecessor, increased Russian influence in Greece. In 1768, when the Porte declared war against Russia, with a view to prevent her from executing her plans of aggrandizement in reference to Greece, the cabinet of St. Petersburg strenuously laboured to excite the Greeks to insurrection. An individual who was charged with this mission, one Pappas Oglou, did not very dexterously execute his purpose; and it was not till a maritime expedition, sent from Cronstadt to the Mediterranean under the orders of Feodor Orloff, disembarked in 1770 at Vitzlo, in the Morea, and seized on several strategical positions, that the Greeks appeared in open insurrection. The movement subsequently extended itself to the north of Greece, even as far as Missolonghi and the islands; but the Porte, having gained the Albanians to their cause, seized on Missolonghi, where they put

the whole population to the sword. The Turco-Albanian army drove the Russians out of the Morea, and Feodor Orloff, the leader of an expedition in which he exhibited neither talent nor firmness, precipitately took to his ships. The destruction of the Turkish fleet at Tschesmé, effected by the brother of Feodor, Alexis Orloff, was of little benefit to the Greeks; nor was it till the treaty of Koutschouk Kainardji that amnesty, liberty of religion and of locomotion, were accorded to them. But these benefits were of short duration. The Albanian bands, who, after the successes of the Turks, commenced a career of plunder and piracy on their own part, rendered Greece completely anarchical; and it was not till Hassan Pacha had commenced a war of extermination, of which the last drama was played at Tripolitza, that Greece enjoyed an interval of repose.

War soon again broke out between Russia and the Porte. This afforded to the Russians the opportunity of exciting the Suliotes and the Chimariots, already engaged in a death struggle with Ali Pacha, against the Turks. In the treaty of Jassy of the 9th Jan., 1792, the Suliotes were shamefully abandoned by the power that had excited them, and were thus thrown on their own resources to maintain a war against Ali Pacha, which terminated in the loss of their independence. The solitary advantage reaped by the Greeks from the peace of Jassy, was a mere confirmation of the concession of the treaty of Koutschouk Kainardji, by which they were at liberty to sail under the Russian flag. During the interval of calm and tranquillity that followed, the commerce of Greece made an immense progress, more especially in the islands. The great political movement which then convulsed Europe exercised no small influence on Greece. Ideas of liberty and independence sprung up in a soil in which they had flourished of old. Mavrocordato, Ypsilantis, Gazis, and Rhigas founded the *Heteria*. This society, originally formed with a view to Greek independence, became in the end an engine of Russia. It is not our purpose to go over the history of Greece from 1798 to 1814. In 1804, Ali Pacha had almost exterminated the Suliote population. In 1810, he was master of nearly the whole of the north of Greece, with a small strip of the Morea. The inhabitants of Gaudiki, who bravely resisted him, were put to the sword and massacred in cold blood. Parga alone resisted him with constancy and heroism, holding out till 1819. If, during these events, fortune smiled not on the political independence of the Greeks, public instruction made some, and commerce considerable progress. In the year 1813 the mercantile marine of Greece was composed of 600 vessels, manned by at least 2000 sailors. This was the school—aided by English and

French officers—in which were trained the men who subsequently wrought out Greek independence. They were powerfully aided by a re-constitution of the old *Hetairia* now called 'Ἡταρεία φιλική, composed of foreigners, the most eminent of whom was Capo d'Istriás. The principal seat of this society was in Moscow, where many Greeks of Europe and of Asia possessed commercial establishments. To this society the Emperor Alexander lent every countenance, if he was not, indeed, an enrolled member of it. From 1817, all the principal Greek primates, and all the principal chiefs among the Klepts, were numbered active associates. No doubt this society powerfully contributed to the insurrection of 1821, and to the subsequent independence of Greece; but it also contributed, from its commencement, to create and foster a Russian influence and a Russian party, which for more than five and thirty years has been the bane of Greece. The efforts of Lord Cochrane and of General Church, in 1827, were rendered nugatory by this Russian party, which adroitly instilled into the minds of some of the native chiefs a suspicion of their best friends and deliverers. These facts were well known to Canning, who, though unable from position and circumstances to take a direct part in the affairs of Greece, at least resolved to neutralize Russian intrigues by a joint diplomatic action. With this view he opened negotiations at St. Petersburg, in 1826—negotiations which ultimately led to the treaty of the 6th July, 1827, better known as the Treaty of London, which secured the independence of Greece. But it was but a *quasi* independence after all, for soon after the battle of Navarino, Lord Cochrane was forced by Russian intrigues, operating on native jealousy, to quit Greece. A few days after his departure, in January, 1828, Capo d'Istrias, the creature, the tool, and the paid servant of Russia, arrived, and the Government Commission sitting at Egina placed all their power in his hands. In July, 1829, D'Istrias was, by a national assembly sitting at Argos, created Regent. But in August the Palicari became restive, revolted against D'Istrias, and cried—Down; down with the agent of Russia. These circumstances induced the Conference of London the more speedily to agree on the protocol of the 3rd of February, 1830, constituting Greece a kingdom, and fixing the limits of its territory.

By another protocol they offered the crown to Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, now King of the Belgians, who at first accepted the offer, but declined it on the 21st May, on the refusal of the three powers to grant those frontiers which he deemed indispensable.

About this epoch occurred the French Revolution of July,

1830. The shock of that great moral convulsion extended to Greece, in which a Republican party was soon formed. This alarmed Russia, whose naval commander in the Archipelago required Miaulis to surrender to him the Greek fleet which had assembled at Poros. Miaulis adopted the terrible yet patriotic resolve of blowing up the fleet and the fortifications of Poros, rather than of allowing it to become, in the hands of the Russians and the President, an instrument for the oppression of this country. On the 13th of August, he burned twenty-eight ships, estimated at the value of fifty millions of francs. Soon after this the elder Capo d'Istrias, the paid tool and servant of Russia, was assassinated. In November, 1831, a new assembly was convoked, in which every effort was made, notwithstanding the opposition of the Roumeliots, to cause Augustin Capo d'Istrias, the younger brother, to be elected. The Roumeliot opposition constituted itself into a species of national assembly, of which Coletti, subsequently the minister, became the head and moving spirit, with 8000 effective men under his orders. The opposing parties at Nauplia, for the nation was again on the brink of a civil war, could only number 2000 men. This small band, traversing the Isthmus, had arrived at Argos on the 2nd of April, 1832, when the London protocol of the 7th of March appeared simultaneously, naming the Bavarian Prince Otto as King of Greece. This news was received with unbounded joy by the whole people. Within a week after this intelligence had spread, all the officers of the troops assembled at Nauplia voluntarily placed themselves under the orders of Coletti. Augustin Capo d'Istrias, who expected to play the Russian part enacted by his brother, therefore resigned and embarked for Corfu. On the 7th of May, 1832, Greece was, by the three powers, England, France, and Russia, formally constituted into a State, and a regency appointed till the king attained his majority. By the same Act, the high contracting parties guaranteed a loan of sixty millions of francs, concluded in favour of the new kingdom. Bavaria, on the other hand, bound herself to lend 3500 troops and all the machinery of an effective regency. Otto of Bavaria, because of these reciprocal stipulations, *and only because* of them, was, by the National Assembly at Nauplia, proclaimed King of Greece on the 8th of August. But notwithstanding the acceptance of this youth, his proclamation and momentary popularity, grave dissensions existed between the Senate and the National Assembly, inflamed and aggravated by the Palicari chief, Kolocotroni, the partisan of Russian interests. The members of the Council of Regency, Count Armandsparg, General Heidegger, the Councillor of State, De Maurer, and the Secretary, Abel

Councillor of Legation did not, with the young Sovereign, arrive in Greece till the 30th of January, 1833, nor disembark on the Grecian soil till all the troops had been landed on the 6th of February. The first measures of the Regency, it is but just to admit, were distinguished by prudence and vigour, but the Russian party, (the party of Capo d'Istrias,) still continued to show its head, and to excite and agitate the masses. In March, 1834, a conspiracy of this party to overthrow the Regency was discovered, Kolocotroni and Calliopoulos, Russian partizans, were mixed up in this conspiracy, and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment.

An effort was then made by the Russian intriguers to oust Count Armandsparg, because he was supposed to lean towards England; but this intrigue failed. Armandsparg completely triumphed, and De Maurer and Abel returned to Munich. They were succeeded by MM. de Kobell and de Grenier. On the 1st of June, 1835, Otho attained his majority, and assumed the reins of government. The years of 1835 and '36 were epochs of comparative calm, and Count Armandsparg did his utmost to introduce something like order and regularity into the government. But Russia, whose supposed interest it is to prevent the consolidation of Greece, saw these attempts at amelioration with an evil eye, and the result was, a system of conspiracy, intrigue, and counteraction. Such conduct and policy on the part of Russia obliged the English and French ambassadors to meet a mine by a counter-mine, an intrigue by a counter-intrigue,—a Russian party by an English and French party. We can scarcely blame the Dawkinses, the Lyonses, the Griffiths, the Baron de Rouens, the Lagrenées, the Sartiges, the Piscatorys, and the Thovenels, who were provoked to such courses by the unfair, underhand, corrupt and unscrupulous courses of the Russian ministers, from Ruckmann and Katakazi down to Persiani Politica and the Russian consul, General Paparagoupoulos. In 1836, the Russian clique succeeded in effecting the disgrace of Count Armandsparg, who was succeeded by Count Rudhart. Rudhart arrived in 1837, and left Greece in 1839. He was in turn succeeded by Zographos, who was conspired against and overthrown by a philo-orthodox clique suborned by Russia, at the head of which were Augustin Capo d'Istrias and Nikitas Stamatapolous. From 1836 till 1840 the condition of affairs became daily worse. The Russian embassy, under Katakazy, became the theatre of plots and conspiracies, in which the ambassador himself played no inactive part. That this conduct was not displeasing to the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, would appear from its diplomatic note of the

7th of March, 1843. It can scarcely be doubted, that the conspiracy of September, 1843, was the work of Russian hands. It resulted in the appointment of the so-called National Ministry of Metaxas, a man devoted, nevertheless, soul and body to Russia.

The success of the Napistic or Russian party had another effect. The Bavarian troops were sent home with a view to induce Otho to resign. Yet he did not resign as was hoped for and expected, but proclaimed a constitution instead. This constitution, somewhat in the French model, was sworn to by the king on the 30th of March, 1844. For a short time after, English influence prevailed, but in August, 1844, the Russian and French parties united in favour of Coletti as first minister, and Metaxas, a Russian creature, as minister of finance. From 1844 to 1850 brigandage, assassination, arson, piracy, and pillage, increased at a fearful rate. The finances had fallen into dilapidation; the interest of the loan had remained unpaid, and anarchy and civil war were again impending. At such a season it was that Mr. Wyse proceeded as successor of Sir Thomas Lyons, and that the squadron of Sir Wm. Parker was ordered to the Piræus.

The new minister appointed to Greece on the 8th of June, 1849, was known to be a man of conciliatory disposition, of moderate opinions, of literary tastes, and with every prepossession of a scholar and a liberal in favour of the independence of that state. But Mr. Wyse was instructed that Greece had long been the theatre of Russian intrigues, that these intrigues had extended to the Ionian Islands, that the king was surrounded by Russian partisans, and that the weak and artful monarch, not by his own mere acts, but by the acts of his ministers, had treated English interests and English claims with studied—with insolent neglect. Mr. Wyse was instructed to press Mr. Finlay's claim to receive compensation for his land, which was inclosed in the garden of the royal palace at Athens—to press the claim of M. Pacifico for the 'wrecking' and plunder of his house and property—to urge the case of ill-treatment of Ionians at Patras and Pyrgos; and finally, the case of the arrest of the boat's crew of H. M. Ship *Fantome*, at Patras. The minister was further directed, in the event that these claims were not settled in a satisfactory manner, to cause the Piræus to be blockaded, and further, to cause reprisals on Greek property to an equivalent amount. If the case had rested here, the remedy might appear somewhat summary, though perfectly justifiable. But the case does not rest here. The claims were not of yesterday, and had some of them been the subject of correspondence for eight years previously. It was on the 18th of October, 1842, that Mr. Finlay

first requested the interference of '*ce bon*,' '*ce cher*,' '*cet excellent Aberdeen*,' as he is called in the correspondence of Louis Philippe d'Orleans and M. Guizot—to obtain compensation. His land had been occupied since the early period of 1836, four years after the election of Otho, and had been subsequently inclosed within the royal gardens. It was not till six years afterwards, when Mr. Finlay had exhausted every appeal to the justice and equity of the Greek government, that he applied to Sir Edmund Lyons. Sir Edmund Lyons, as in duty bound, forwarded his letter to the Foreign Office, at which the Earl of Aberdeen then presided. On the 31st of October, 1842, Lord Aberdeen very properly directed Sir Edmund Lyons 'to follow up his representations in favour of Mr. Finlay's claim in such manner as he might see best calculated to obtain that compensation to which Mr. Finlay may appear entitled.*' Sir Edmund did accordingly press the claims in June, in August, and in September, 1843, and again on 1st of July, 1846, Lord Aberdeen still being minister, but he pressed them totally and entirely without success. Who was the man who was thus treated? A Scotch gentleman, of great ability and learning, who has resided in Greece for more than a quarter of a century, to whom that country is under the greatest obligations, a man of unimpeachable veracity and unspotted character.

In the course of July, 1846, Lord Aberdeen and his party retired from office, and Lord John Russell assumed the reins of government. Lord Palmerston had not been more than a very few days re-installed in Downing-street, when, on August the 7th, 1846, with that zeal, ability, and energy that have ever distinguished him, he directed a note to be presented to the Greek minister, stating—'the great regret which is felt by the British government, that the claim of Mr. Finlay to receive adequate compensation for the land, of which he was arbitrarily, and, as is alleged by him, without a legal authority, dispossessed, has not yet been satisfied, and to express a just hope and confident expectation of her Majesty's government, that no further delay will take place in affording redress to a British subject.†' So soon after he had received this dispatch as possible, Sir Edmund Lyons did present a note to the Greek government, but September, October, November, and December of 1846, and January and February of 1847, passed, and the Greek government had taken no step to adjust the claim. In March, 1847, Viscount Palmerston, seven months after his first letter, instructed Sir E.

* Correspondence respecting the demands made upon the Greek government, presented to both Houses.

† Blue Book, presented to both Houses, Part I. p. 17.

Lyons to repeat his demand for an immediate and just settlement, and requested the envoy 'to assure M. Coletti that her Majesty's government cannot allow the adjustment of this claim 'to be evaded by delay.' The demand was repeated, but on the 9th of April, Sir E. Lyons had received no reply. On April 27, a further correspondence took place, but down to October 4th, no notice whatever was taken of Sir E. Lyons's letter of April. On the 20th December, however, arbitrators having been already agreed on between the government and Mr. Finlay, the Greek government proceeded to name an umpire, who was to have the final voice in any matter on which the arbitrators should differ. As this would leave the whole question to be decided by a nominee of the Greek government, Viscount Palmerston, on March the 16th, declined the proposal, and every one who knows anything of the Greek government will say he was right in declining it.

Mr. Finlay's, however, was not the only claim.

On Easter-day, 1847, the house of a British subject, one David Pacifico, a Jew by religion, a native of Gibraltar, was attacked at about twelve o'clock at noon, by a crowd of people, amongst whom were some soldiers of the gendarmerie, just come out of church. Those brigands, in number about 300 or 400, entered Pacifico's house, beat his wife, his children, and his son-in-law, broke the windows, doors, tables, chairs, and every article of furniture, stole the jewels and silver ornaments, a box containing 9800 drachms, 2300 of which were Pacifico's private property, the remainder being deposited with him by the Jewish community of Italy, for the purpose of erecting a temple. It is further alleged by Pacifico, that they destroyed the consular archives (he was consul of Portugal) and papers, which were his only security for 21,295*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.* sterling.

These facts were represented to Coletti early in April, (who, in 1847, it may be remarked, was minister of the interior, minister of the king's household, minister for foreign affairs, minister of public works, and minister of ecclesiastical affairs, at the same time,) but up to April, 1849, Sir E. Lyons had received no satisfactory answer. When Mr. Wyse succeeded this last-named diplomatist, he, too, was directed to press the claims of Finlay and Pacifico, but though he urged them again and again, yet, on the 20th August, 1849, he was left without any answer by the Greek government. When Viscount Palmerston received this communication early in September, it was of course necessary to take some step to bring the Greek government to reason and a sense of justice. They had shown themselves hitherto tricky, evasive, dilatory, and pettifogging. The only question was, whether a great country should submit to be cheated in the

most nefarious fashion by a petty and miserable kingdom. If there were but two parties in question, Greece and England, it is possible England, in the consciousness of her power, might have submitted to this indignity. But Viscount Palmerston well knew that Europe and the world were looking on—that Greece was secretly supported and stimulated by more powerful kingdoms—and that, if this evasion or repudiation of a debt were tolerated, Spain, Portugal, America, and other States might follow so dishonest an example. The first impulse of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, therefore, was to cause the Piræus to be blockaded, and to direct reprisals to be made on the commerce of Greece. Before he took any decisive step, though his own opinion was strong on the question, Viscount Palmerston consulted the law officers of the Crown—the Queen's Advocate and her Majesty's Attorney and Solicitor General, and all these honourable and learned gentlemen were of opinion that the course proposed to be followed was the fitting and proper course. The right of reprisals, it may be shortly stated, is the right which every sovereign has to do justice to himself, or to his subjects, for any injury committed by any foreign prince or subject, where justice is denied.* The exercise of the right, according to all the jurists of the continent, and of England, and America—according to Grotius, Puffendorff, Heineccius, Loccenius, de Martens, Bynkershoek, Valin, Abreu, Ompteda, and Vattel—and according to Molloy, Sir Leoline Jenkins, Lord Chief-Baron Comyn, Chitty, Story, Wheaton, Manning, and Wildman—consists in seizing any portion of the offending state, or the bodies or goods of any of its subjects, until satisfaction is obtained. Recourse is had to reprisals, according to Vattel, the authority most ordinarily cited in the House of Commons, where redress cannot be obtained by other means. When a state has seized that which belongs to another, or refuses to repair any injury, or to pay a debt, or to redress any wrong, the state that is injured may seize anything that belongs to the offending state, and detain or confiscate it, in satisfaction of such wrong. For this purpose, the property of all private persons forms part of the property of the state whereof they are members, whether as natural-born subjects or as persons domiciled therein. Any sovereign that has a right of wars, says Heineccius, has a right of reprisals. The usage of nations renders the corporeal and incorporeal property of all subjects liable for wrongs done by their sovereigns. As the obligation is common to all nations, those who suffer by it on one occasion may profit by it on another, and as every state

* Grot. de Jure Bel. et Pac. III.; Bynkershoek Quest. Jur. Pub. XXIV.; Guidon. X.; Valin, Commentaire sur les Prises, 10.

considers an injury to any of its subjects as an injury to itself, it is not unjust that they should, on the other hand, be liable for the obligations of the state which is bound to indemnify them for any losses which may ensue.

Sometimes not only goods but individuals have been made the subject of reprisals, as when, in 1740, the Empress of Russia arrested a Baron Stackelberg, who was born her subject, but was an officer in the Prussian service, and the King of Prussia seized two Russians till Stackelberg was liberated.* Grotius maintains the right to use reprisals, '*ubi jus denegatur*,' and Vattel, in his second book, chap. xviii., says, that where a party has ineffectually demanded, or has every reason to think that it would be vain for him to demand them, then may he do himself justice by these means. This has, from the earliest times, been the doctrine not merely of the common law, but it is part of the statute law of England. In Rolfe's Abridgment,† we find it laid down, 'So if a foreign prince or state seizes or spoils the goods of subjects of England, the king may make reprisals upon the goods of the other's subjects.'

So, if a subject of a foreign prince or state takes or spoils the goods of a subject of England, this sovereign, upon a letter of request to him by the king, refuses to do right, the king may by his writ arrest the body or goods of him who did wrong.‡ Or the king may enable him, to whom the wrong was done, by letters of marque, to take the goods of other subjects of the same state, '*mercere retinere et appropriare, quosque restitutio facta sit*.'§ Though Grotius thinks that reprisals are not founded on the law of nature and necessity, but only on the law of nations, or, as he expresses it, on custom and the tacit consent of nations; yet Heineccius goes much further, and holds that, the right is a necessary consequence of the constitution of civil societies, and an application of the maxims of the law of nature to the constitution. In the independence of the state of nature, and before there was any civil government, if a person had been injured, he could come upon those only who had done the wrong, or upon their accomplices; because there was no tie between men, in virtue of which a person might be deemed to have consented in some manner to what others had done without his participation. But no human establishment, no connexion into which mankind enters, can supersede the obligations of that general and inviolable law of nature, that damage or wrong done to another, ought to be made good and repaired, except those who are thereby

* Moser Versuch, 504; Manning's Commentaries, 106.

† 2 Rol. 114.

‡ 2 Rol. 175, l. 5. 4 Inst. 137.

§ Per Coke, Rol. 175; Comyn's Digest, Tit. Prærogative, 428.

exposed to suffer, have manifestly renounced their right of demanding reparation.

Two questions arise in the present case. Was there a wrong, and was there a delay and a denial of justice? That there was a wrong, any one who has accompanied us thus far must be clearly of opinion. That such wrong was unredressed; that justice was first delayed, and ultimately denied, in these two cases, there can be no doubt. Were, then, reprisals, or were they not, justifiable by every canon and sanction of international law? Clearly they were justifiable. If justifiable, were they also politic and expedient? Assuredly they were not only politic and expedient, but *necessary*. These, however, were not the only cases. An Ionian, and therefore a British subject, of the name of Stello Sumachi, was taken into custody in July, 1846, on suspicion of being concerned in stealing a watch and some handkerchiefs, in a dwelling-house at Patras. He was tortured for the purpose of extorting from him a confession of the crime, of which he declared his innocence. Stones of immense size were laid on his chest; while some of the police assistants jumped on them, and beat him with large sticks. Other modes of torture, too horrible to mention, were also employed, and the agony he endured produced a high degree of fever, in which state he was thrown into prison, where he remained many hours, without refreshment or medical assistance. When at length it was thought necessary to call in a medical officer, and bleeding and leeches were prescribed, the unfortunate prisoner was unable to follow the advice, having no money to purchase the means of relief. When Lord Palmerston named these facts in the middle of August, 1846, he expressed to Sir E. Lyons his regret and surprise at the barbarous outrage—at practices reprobated by the general consent of all civilized nations. He demanded that the police officers who had been concerned in the outrage should be dismissed, and that adequate pecuniary compensation should be made to Sumachi for the sufferings he had undergone, and the injuries that had been inflicted on him. After many delays, the Greek government instituted an inquiry, conducted in a secret manner, of which the accusing party and her Majesty's consul were entirely ignorant, and in which Sumachi was represented by the Procureur d'Etat. When in April, 1847, Sir E. Lyons, on the instructions of Viscount Palmerston, required an open and impartial investigation, at which Sumachi, the British consul, and such persons as he should require to assist him, might be allowed to be present, the Greek government refused to institute a fresh inquiry, as though their arbitrary, secret and inquisitorial measures first taken deserved the name of inquiry. Injuries to

Ionian British subjects did not end with Stello Sumachi. In June, 1847, two Ionian subjects, who were standing in the market-place of Pyrgos, in expectation of work, were arrested by the police, and after the lapse of a few hours conducted to the house of the Ipomirarcho, who, without examining the affair—without even interrogating the men, took hold of his whip and commenced flogging them without mercy, as though they had been slaves. In 1846, six Ionian boats were plundered at Salamis. Applications were over and over again made for redress, but up to the last moment none could be obtained.

Nor did these injuries and insults end with Ionian subjects. In January, 1848, the unarmed crew of a boat of her Majesty's ship *Fantome* were seized by four armed soldiers, and compelled to go to the guard-house, where they were only released on the application of the British consul.

The measure of Viscount Palmerston's passive indignation was now exhausted. There is, as Burke truly says, a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue. A man may suffer with calmness and indifference wrongs and injuries heaped upon himself, but he cannot, and he ought not, to suffer wrongs and injuries to be heaped with impunity on his country. On the 11th January, of this year, Sir William Parker arrived with his squadron from Mosconissi, in Salamis Bay. On Tuesday, the 15th, the Admiral landed at the Piræus, and on the same evening Mr. Wyse addressed a note to M. Londres, requesting the appointment of an early hour to see him and Sir William Parker on urgent affairs. The appointment having been made, Mr. Wyse recapitulated the claims with great moderation, and subsequently formally demanded a settlement within twenty-four hours. M. Londres' note in reply contained a formal refusal in the name of the King of Greece, and of his Hellenic Majesty's Government to comply with the demand. The 'mild measure of preventing any Greek vessel from leaving the port was now resolved on; but this also proving unavailing, on January 28th, Sir William Parker resolved to make reprisals—a course which he had postponed, to avoid as much as possible any serious pressure on commercial or private interests. It was not, however, till the middle of February that measures of real stringency were adopted, forty-one Greek vessels were seized, the value of the cargo, and of two war schooners, and five merchant vessels secured at Corfu, being of the approximative value of 14,000*l.*, according to her Majesty's consul at Patras. On the 27th of April, the obstinate, perverse, evasive, and dishonest government of Greece, having agreed to all Mr. Wyse's demands by the payment of 330,068,49 drachms, the embargo at the Piræus was

instantly taken off, and thus ends a history in which the fraud and chicanery of Greece are as apparent as the forbearance, candour, and consideration of Great Britain.

Viscount Palmerston having by this manly and spirited conduct completely disconcerted the plans of Russia, and of her satellite Austria, in Turkey and in the Mediterranean, was instantly set upon by the organs of absolutism throughout Europe. The *Journal of St. Petersburg*—the *Gazette of Vienna*—the *Assemblée Nationale*, the *Union*, the *Constitutionnel*, and the *Débats*, of Paris, joined with our own *Times* and *Chronicle* in attempting to run him down as a firebrand, as a minister with whom it was impossible to live in peace. These calumnies were echoed by the Lievens and the Guizots—by the *entourage* of the Count de Neuilly, by some of the *Burgraves*, as they are called, of the French Chambers, and by many of the majority. *Ce bon, ce cher, cet excellent* Aberdeen echoed the cry in London, in a journal which Viscount Palmerston always repudiated as an organ, and we regret to say the cry was taken up by Lord Stanley, whose eager, impetuous, and unsuspecting nature are as remarkable as his abilities. On Monday, the 17th June, his lordship brought forward a resolution recognising the right and duty of the government to secure to her Majesty's subjects residing in foreign states the full protection of the laws of those states, but intimating that the claims which Great Britain had urged 'were doubtful in point of justice, and exaggerated in amount.' The speech of Lord Stanley, as his speeches uniformly are, was clever and ingenious, but the tone was neither dignified nor elevated; indeed, in some parts it was coarse and personal to a degree. Though the Protectionist leader was completely and triumphantly answered, and in a most dignified and befitting spirit, by the Marquis of Lansdowne, yet there was a majority of 37 against the government, swelled by the virtuous vote of that paragon of peers and of ex-chancellors, Lord Brougham, who declared, in a truly judicial strain,—announcing his intention to vote against the Government,—that he had not read a word of the evidence.

A political occurrence such as this was not to be overlooked, or undervalued. To prevent such a vote being misunderstood or misinterpreted by the intriguers of the salons of Paris—by the *entourage* of the Emperor of Russia or his satellites in England or in France—Mr. Roebuck resolved to test the temper of the House of Commons, and accordingly brought forward his motion, which was fairly meant to back up the whole general policy of the government. That motion was debated for nearly a whole week, with eminent ability on both sides of the house. The speeches of Sir James Graham, Mr. Gladstone, and Sir W. Moles-

worth, against the motion, were particularly able. That delivered by the Right Hon. Baronet, the member for Ripon, indeed, was the most telling party speech which he has pronounced for years, and was received with rapturous cheering by his party; but it was unfair, uncandid, jesuitical, marked by the *suppressio veri* and the *suggestio falsi*. The very great ability and power of expression of Sir James Graham no man can doubt, but it has always been remarked that whenever he expresses a particular respect and regard for any ex-colleague of the liberal party, his subsequent observations are sure to be marked by unexampled acerbity and venom. So it was in the present instance. After praising Lord Palmerston's candour, straightforwardness, and ability, for a quarter of an hour, the descendant of John of the bright sword proceeded to arraign the policy of a man so candid, so straightforward, and so able, in no measured terms. To do Mr. Gladstone justice, he professed no friendship for the foreign minister, and he certainly felt none. His speech all through was worthy of that school which weighs not only words but things in 'a non-natural sense.' For the general principles professed by Sir Wm. Molesworth we have every respect, and we believe the Hon. Baronet to be a most honest and conscientious man, but we nevertheless conceive that in this instance he and those who joined him committed a great mistake. We are all liable to err, but the errors of men so able, bold, and intelligent as Messrs. Cobden and Bright, so experienced as Mr. Hume, and so high principled as Sir W. Molesworth, are the more to be deplored. Mr. Cobden has not only been in Greece, but in Turkey—we believe also in Hungary—and surely *he* must have known that these reprisals, while they vindicated the claims of Mr. Finlay, of the Ionians, and of the boat's crew of the *Fantome*—possessed also an extrinsic effect *dehors* the record, as the lawyers say, and far beyond the matter in hand. Every independent mind in Turkey, in Moldavia, in Wallachia, in Hungary, in Bohemia; nay, even in Petersburg, Moscow, Vienna, and Berlin, felt re-assured by these proceedings, felt convinced that the spirit of Cromwell, of Chatham, of Chesterfield, of Pitt, and of Canning, still survived in England, prepared to protect the flag and property of our country, and in doing so to sustain the weak, and if need be to chastise the strong. And truly sorry we are to see such men as Gibson, Bright, and Cobden taking such a course, and still more to find them stating such reasons for so doing. As statesmen they have damaged themselves all but irreparably with myriads of the most intelligent men in Great Britain. Had a dissolution been forced upon the country, helped on by these strange mistakes, it would not have surprised us to have seen Lord Palmerston a

member for the West Riding or for Manchester. There was one other very able speech delivered on the last night, or in the morning of the debate, against the motion. But this last speech was so calm, so measured, so temperate in tone, and so qualified in disapproval, that it cannot be ranged in the same category with the speeches of Sir James Graham, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Sidney Herbert. The voice that pronounced that speech is now mute for ever, but it must be a proud reflection to Viscount Palmerston to think that one of the very ablest men of our time—a man who loved him not—pronounced his speech in defence of his foreign policy most able and most temperate, and declared it to be a ‘speech which made all of us proud of the man who had delivered it.’ Sir Robert Peel declared himself disgusted with the evasions and delays of the Greek government, and that he had experience of the impossibility of procuring redress or even satisfaction. These very words pronounce the acquittal, the triumphant acquittal, of Viscount Palmerston, and stigmatize the spiteful and stupid speech of the ex-Attorney General, Sir Frederick Thesiger. The showiness of Sir Frederick Thesiger is proverbial, but it is not half so remarkable as his shallowness. An emptier speech has rarely been made. Sir Frederick beat *even* Mr. Baillie Cochrane in the art of descending. Some admirable speeches were made by lawyers on the right side. Mr. Page Wood spoke with vigour, solidity, and the warmth of conscientious conviction; and Mr. Cockburn with a point, breadth, eloquence and strength most remarkable. These two gentlemen have vindicated their claims to the highest legal promotion. It would be profanation in this Government to think of preferring so very tenth-rate a man as Mr. Martin to such first-rate men as Cockburn and Wood.

The vindication of the Government was rendered complete by the speech of the man whose policy was so unjustly assailed. Never since the days of Canning has such a speech been delivered as that of Viscount Palmerston. Yet it was in a different style, and in a severer, simpler, and more solid manner than any speech ever delivered by Canning. There were no claptraps, no felicities of diction, no exuberance of wit, no keenness of retort, none of that polished irony and quiet, gentlemanly banter in which Viscount Palmerston is known to be such a master. Her Majesty’s principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs seemed to put a restraint upon himself, seemed to lay his liveliness, his brilliancy, his *persiflage* aside, and to deal only with facts, in the spirit of a commentator on current history. Though the victim of the most unsparing calumny, derived from foreign and native sources—though sought to be run down by

the *Times* and the *Chronicle*, and, since the division in the Lords, by the *Herald*, which had heretofore supported him—though set upon at one and the same time by Peelites, Protectionists, and by a few mistaken Free-Traders—this remarkable man uttered not a single word of complaint, was never once betrayed into an angry, querulous, or undignified expression, but in a moderate, measured, and masterly strain of lucid exposition, calm statement, and unanswerable reasoning, confuted his principal adversaries. The speeches of the Thesigers, like the articles and correspondence of the *Times*, he deemed beneath his notice, but the arguments of Stanley, of Graham, and of his old and most disingenuous and jesuitical rival, Aberdeen, he fully and entirely confuted. The effect produced by the transcendent ability of this speech was amazing. We believe it fixed many wavering votes, probably the greatest achievement of modern times; for men, sad to say, though they admit the unanswerable ability of a speech, seldom allow their votes to be influenced by it. Thus, the attempt made to destroy the very best and ablest man in the Ministry only recoiled on the authors of that attempt. Day by day, as he proceeded to the House, Viscount Palmerston was greeted by the cheers of hundreds and thousands who had never exchanged a word with the man, but who admired his truly noble and British spirit. Independently of this, the greatest sympathy was excited for the Minister for Foreign Affairs, not only in the House, but throughout the country. In the event of anything happening to Lord John Russell, men seemed to fix their eyes on him as their chief stay. So noble and manly a speech had its reward. A majority of forty-six—large in the actual state of parties—approved and set its seal to the policy of Viscount Palmerston, and on the very morning on which the Foreign Secretary had this great triumph, Lady Palmerston had the gratification of receiving a full-length portrait of her highly gifted husband, subscribed for by nearly one hundred members of the House of Commons. On the same morning, the Reform Club unanimously agreed to offer the noble Viscount a dinner, to which all the Cabinet Ministers would be invited. Further banquets are in contemplation, one to be held in Drury Lane Theatre.

To the honour and credit of the Premier of England it must be stated, that he adhered to his friend and colleague with honourable fidelity, and with that political and party pluck which he is so well known to possess. If the debate, apart from the complete vindication of Lord Palmerston, had no other good result, it would be worth the time and turmoil it occasioned for

the declaration of the noble member for the City of London, that he was ready to defend the rights and integrity of Turkey, all hazards, and under every European combination that might be directed against its freedom and independence.

- ART. V. (1.) *Pensées, Fragments, et Lettres de Blaise Pascal. Publiés pour la première fois conformément aux MSS. originaux, en grande partie inédits.* Par M. PROSPERE FAUGERE. Paris. 1844.
 (2.) '*Pascal's Miscellaneous Writings,*' and '*The Thoughts on Religion and Evidences of Christianity of Pascal.*' Translated by E. PEARCE, Esq. 2 vols. Longmans. 1849-50.

THERE is no book which has been more hardly dealt with than the '*Pensées*' of Pascal. Originally imperfect, these fine fragments have, from their first appearance to the publication of the present volumes, undergone a process of increasing mutilation at the hands of every successive editor. The theologian and the infidel, the author's friends of Port Royal, and his enemies of the Sorbonne, the encyclopedist and the eclecticist, have alike conspired to impair their integrity or obscure their meaning. This extremely corrupt state of the text of the '*Pensées*' was a fact for some time previously known to all* who took an interest in the subject in France, but has only been fully and generally made known by the editorial labours of M. Faugere. In a copious and interesting introduction to the volumes before us, he details at length these labours; and they certainly disclose a very curious page in the history of Literature. Referring our readers to the introduction itself for particulars, we can only indicate some of the results which it presents. It appears that the very first edition of the '*Pensées*,' published by the friends of Pascal, Arnauld and Nicole a few years subsequent to his death, underwent a series, not only of retrenchments, but of direct modifications, both of style and sentiment, first at their own hands, and then at the hands of a committee of *Doctors of the Sorbonne*. 'Those fragments,' says M. Faugere, 'which sickness and death had left unfinished, suffered, without ceasing to be immortal, all the mutilations which an exaggerated prudence or misdirected zeal could suggest, not only with the view of *improving* their orthodoxy, but even their style—the style of the author of the *Provincial Letters*.' 'There are not,' he adds, 'twenty suc-

* It was a well-known saying of M. Vinet for example, that 'we no longer possessed the '*Pensées*' at all—the book was in our libraries without being actually there.'

'cessive lines which do not present some alteration, great or small. As for total omissions and partial suppressions, they are without number.'—p. 22. It is pleasant to know that Pascal's noble sister, Madame Perier, strenuously opposed this wanton interference with her brother's literary remains. Inspired by a more enlightened jealousy of his reputation, and reposing an implicit confidence in his piety, she stood alone in her wish that nothing whatever should be altered of what he had written. But her good sense was unfortunately overruled by the influence of Arnauld and others.

In the subsequent issues of this edition, and in new editions, the progress of corruption advanced, till it may be said to have been consummated in the edition of Condorcet, published about a century after the death of Pascal. Vast had been the change of public opinion in France during this interval. The sway of superstition had yielded to that of scepticism; and instead of the persecuting rage of bigotry, was now to be feared the licentious ridicule of an incredulous philosophy. Poor Pascal must be shaped to suit the spirit of the times. His 'Thoughts,' already corrupted to propitiate the Jesuits, must now, more than ever, be corrupted to please the encyclopedists. The first editors had expunged whatever seemed too rudely to stir the stagnant air of orthodoxy. Condorcet suppressed whatever partook of a lofty, spiritual enthusiasm, or bespoke a deep and fervent piety; and his profane work was appropriately concluded, two years later, in a re-issue of his edition by Voltaire, with numerous well-known notes.

In the year following, Bossuet published, for the first time, the complete works of Pascal, the second volume of his collection containing the 'Thoughts.' But, although he seems to have given himself to this work with a laudable regard for the reputation of his great countryman, he yet failed in any degree to correct the errors of the first editors, and even introduced errors of his own into the few pieces for the first time published by him. This edition of Bossuet, with all its imperfections, continued the standard edition of the 'Pensées' till the appearance of M. Faugere's volumes.

It will, therefore, we think, be readily admitted, that there was a great need for a new and thoroughly revised edition of Pascal's posthumous fragments. And, fortunately, there existed the means of securing this important object, the original MSS. of these fragments having been carefully preserved in the Royal Library at Paris. To these interesting memorials the attention of M. Cousin was drawn some years ago; and having instituted a minute comparison between them and the published text, he was so struck

with their wide and serious discrepancy as to bring the matter before the public in the shape of an elaborate report to the French Academy, on the necessity of a new edition of the 'Pensées.' The work thus so urgently called for was immediately undertaken by the editor of the present volumes.

In the prosecution of his task, M. Faugere spared no pains nor labour. The basis of his operations was, of course, the collection of autograph MSS. of Pascal, preserved, as we have said, in the Royal Library at Paris. This he describes as a great register in folio, of 491 numbered pages. The scattered fragments of paper to which Pascal had heedlessly transferred his rapid and glowing thoughts are here found pasted together without order or sequence, or, when written on both sides, carefully inserted into the page. There is not a shadow of arrangement among them, as the original editors took pains to state. 'Such is the confusion that prevails,' according to the statement of M. Faugere, 'that pages containing the same piece are sometimes introverted, or separated by wide intervals, and even different parts of the same page are often found asunder from each other.' The same paper sometimes exhibits thoughts upon the most different subjects: here, an observation upon manners; there, a literary criticism; and there, a remark upon the Old Testament. Some of the notes suddenly break off in the middle of a sentence, and even, at times, of a word. They are all, with a few exceptions, in Pascal's own handwriting—a handwriting originally beautiful, but, in these writings of his later years of suffering, so crowded and imperfectly formed, though still retaining some trace of its original firmness and nicety, as to be 'almost illegible except to those who have given it their study.'

The volumes before us present these autograph MSS. *entire*, with the exception of some words, indicated as illegible. The editor has allowed himself no discretionary powers of emendation, 'convinced,' as he states, 'that, although such a power might have been exercised, in some instances, with advantage, it was yet arrogating a claim the due limits of which might be too easily overstepped.' 'Besides,' as he further truly observes, 'such a discretionary interference, exercised with whatever amount of discrimination, would have left room for the belief that further liberties had been taken than was actually the case.' He resolved, therefore, to give faithfully and entirely the text of the autograph MSS. 'These MSS. he has read,' he says, 'or rather studied, page by page, line by line, syllable by syllable, to the end; and, with the exception of illegible words (which, however, are carefully indicated), they have passed completely into the present edition.'

What a wonderful insight have we thus obtained into the great mind of Pascal: what a naked revelation have we of his freest, inmost thoughts; we converse with him as familiarly as if we had shared his confidence, and enjoyed many a solemn and heart-stirring communion with him in his peaceful library at Port Royal, ay, even more familiarly than if this had been our favoured lot—for, we have here, all unveiled, fresh and intimate as they arose within him, those sublime questionings of the spirit with itself, and those mysterious communings with its God, of which Solitude is alone the parent, and Silence alone the nurse.

While thus exercising no discretionary power in the modification or suppression of any of Pascal's miscellaneous fragments, M. Faugere yet conceived it indispensable to adopt some general mode in their arrangement. Without some recognised principle of order, he rightly thought that the work would be comparatively useless to any, save the enthusiastic and laborious student. He has devoted, therefore, great pains to the task of disposing the fragments in the most orderly manner that is any longer possible. And, so far as can be judged, he has accomplished this difficult task with admirable success. He has, in the first instance,—borrowing so far from Bossuet, although in the exercise of a far higher discrimination than is manifested by the prelate—divided the fragments into two distinct general classes, embracing, in one volume, all relating to Pascal's projected work in defence of the Christian religion, and in another, the various treatises, letters, and fragments of every kind foreign to this work. The first volume contains the latter class of miscellaneous pieces, which, in their nature, did not admit of any subsidiary arrangement more special than the chronological order of their composition, which is that adopted by M. Faugere. Some of these have never before seen the light, and serve to cast a fresh and peculiar interest on some previously little understood events of the author's life.

Among the most important, perhaps, are the letters addressed to Mademoiselle Roannez, and the 'Discourse on the Passion of Love,' discovered by M. Cousin, during his researches, and which he considered, as he said,* a sufficient reward for all his labours upon Pascal. These singularly attractive remains establish, we think, beyond all doubt, the true character of the relation, hitherto only guessed at, between Pascal and his youthful and accomplished pupil. M. Faugere had, indeed, from the simple perusal of the letters, before the discovery of the

* 'Ce beau fragment dont la découverte inattendue emut les amis de notre grande littérature, et demeurera, s'il m'est permis de le dire, la récompense de mes travaux sur Pascal.'—*Des Pensées, Avant Propos.*

'Discourse,' come to the conclusion that the sentiments of Pascal towards his youthful correspondent were more than those of mere friendship. Under all the pious gravity of style in which he addresses her, he thought he saw the evidence of a tender solicitude which mere Christian interest does not by any means explain. But whatever doubt might have rested on the point from the evidence of the correspondence alone, must be admitted to be altogether removed by the evidence furnished in the 'Discourse.' There the depth of a pure and fervid passion manifests itself in a manner that cannot be mistaken. None but one who had himself drunk the sweet poison of love's intoxication could have ever penned that beautiful fragment—pervaded by so intense and glowing an ardour, and yet so delicate and refined a susceptibility; by such a beating and wildly-glad emotion, and yet so deep and tender a melancholy; by such a rapture, and yet such a pathos. It blends, besides, in such thoughtful union, the mingled influence of the rival passion of ambition, and otherwise contains such a speciality of allusion to his own case, as leaves his cherished secret under no concealment.

'Man in solitude,' he says, 'is an incomplete being: he needs companionship for happiness. He seeks this most commonly in a condition on an equality with his own, because liberty of choice and opportunity are favourable in such a state to his views. But sometimes he fixes his affections on an object *far beyond his rank*; and the flame burns more intensely as he is forced to conceal it in his own bosom. When love is conceived for one of elevated condition, ambition may at first co-exist with passion: but the latter soon obtains the mastery. It is a tyrant which admits of no equality: it must reign alone: every other emotion must subserve and obey its dictates.'

We regret that we cannot at present quote further from this exquisite composition, over all of which there plays the light of such a warm and chaste affection, and yet through which there runs such a hopeless and melting pensiveness. It is characterised, we think, by even more than the usual beauty and rare felicity of Pascal's style.

Charlotte Gouffier de Roannez, as is well known, was the sister of the Duke de Roannez, who continued to the close of his life one of Pascal's most devoted friends. When the Duke first formed the intimacy with Pascal, she was about fifteen years of age, and resided with her brother; he was necessarily constantly thrown into her society. Gifted with most captivating graces of form and manners, and animated by a sweet intelligence, 'what was so natural,' M. Faugere asks, 'as that he should love?—and overlooking their disparity of rank, secretly 'aspire to a union with the possessor of charms so irresistible.'

'Pascal had then, however,' he adds, 'acquired little of the celebrity which afterwards awaited him. His position was not promising, and his rank greatly inferior to that of the object of his attachment. All these circumstances concurred to oppose his hopes. It was then that he gave himself up more unreservedly to religion: to its devout observances, and sublime meditations. Who shall say that his earthly love thus baffled might not have been the cause, in part, of his subsequent devotedness to a religious life? And after all, may it not be believed that his was a spirit of that order which, finding no earthly object sufficiently faithful or large to satisfy its aspirations, turned to the source of all excellence and all love, and sought the consummation of his hopes in Him who is alone perfect, eternal, and infinite? Did Pascal,' he continues, 'find his love returned by Mademoiselle de Roannez? It is permitted to believe so, when we see a correspondence established between them, implying the highest degree of esteem and mutual confidence. To our regret we know nothing of the letters of Mademoiselle de Roannez; and, in fact, it is only fragments of those addressed by Pascal to her that we possess. The rigidity of the Jansenist copyists has only left what passages of these letters were thought to furnish matter of edification.

'During the course of this correspondence, Pascal was engaged in his conflict with the Jesuits; and yet he found leisure to busy himself with the religious instruction of Mademoiselle de Roannez. The same pen which traced the 'Provincials,' wrote to her sustaining counsels and exhortations against worldly seducements. And such was the influence of his instruction, that Mademoiselle de Roannez quitted her family, and became a novitiate in Port Royal, with the view of devoting herself to a religious life.* 'What a solemn, yet touching spectacle,' concludes M. Faugere, 'is that of Pascal, having renounced all the illusions of fame and fortune, and with no other ambition than that of attaining to perfection in the sight of God, and employing himself, amid all his grave labours of disputation with the world, in striving to win to religion one whom he could never hope to possess.'—*Introd.* p. 67.

But the interest of this affecting episode in Pascal's life, of which hitherto so little has been known, has beguiled us somewhat from our proper purpose. It is the second volume of Pascal's remains alone with which we propose at present to deal.

The same mode of merely chronological order pervading the first volume would, it is obvious, have carried the editor but a very small way in an intelligible adjustment of the several pieces of this. It was his aim, therefore, to seek, amid the confused mass of materials before him, for some more interior and satisfactory principle of arrangement. And this he found chiefly in

* After the death of Pascal, however, Mdlle Roannez quitted the convent, and re-entered the world.

a recorded conversation of Pascal with his friends regarding the plan of his great work. Adhering to the by no means indefinite indications contained in this conversation, M. Faugere has cast the fragments comprising the second volume into two main parts—the one descriptive of man's misery by nature, the other of his happiness by redemption. These seem to have been the two great ideas before the mind of Pascal, on the respective elucidation and proof of which as complementary truths he seems to have rested the grand evidence of the truth of Christianity. Guided by the tenour of the same conversation, as also by numerous indications dispersed throughout the collection, M. Faugere has grouped the various fragmentary details in successive chapters, gradually rising to the height of the great argument in each case, and having notes prefixed fully explanatory of their respective positions. In the just language of Mr. Pearce—

‘ Criticism, moral axioms, and theological discussions, which heretofore lay side by side in singular confusion, are marshalled by him under their proper heads. Regular sequences of argument and illustration have been formed; the series of topics discussed, while retaining, for the most part, the author's own titles, have been thrown into a cumulative form, and the result is, to leave far less cause than before for regret that this great writer was not enabled to follow out in a more perfect manner his comprehensive scheme.’

We cannot afford room for a more special account of the value of M. Faugere's labours; in fact, in order to be able fully to appreciate their value, the volumes themselves must be studied, bearing as they do everywhere so abundantly the traces of his skilful and industrious pen. Thus only will the student of Pascal be able to see how much he owes to the patient research and admirable perspicacity of a fellow-student. How lovingly and earnestly, and yet with how penetrating a critical spirit, and how accurate a power of critical analysis, the present editor has reared anew this noblest monument of the genius and piety of one whom all Christians delight to honour.

Were our present purpose that of a general criticism on the genius of Pascal, of which the publication of these volumes, containing so much that is entirely new, and so much more now for the first time exhibited in its genuine form, might very well serve the occasion, we should have wished to present our readers with some of the numerous passages of exquisite force and beauty which occur in the opening chapters of the first part, intitled, ‘Amusement’ and ‘On Deceptive Influences.’ This theme, however, tempting as it is, we do not at present

propose to ourselves. We must rest content, therefore, with giving two brief specimens from these chapters. The following from the first chapter is a mournfully true, and we think finely expressed reflection:—

‘We never confine ourselves to the present time. We deem the hours too slow in their progress, and eagerly anticipate futurity; or we linger on the past, as if we would seek to arrest the flight of time. Such is our improvidence—to expatiate on a future not our own, while we neglect the present, which is all that belongs to us! Such is our vanity, to look back upon that which is past and is nothing, yet allow the present (which alone is real and substantial) to glide away without care or reflection! The cause of this is, that the present is usually productive of pain. We seek to shut our eyes to it when it grieves us; when agreeable, we regret to see it pass away. We endeavour to draw comfort from hopes of futurity: flatter ourselves to be able to regulate things which are not in our control, and speculate upon times that may never arrive. Let every one examine his thoughts, and he will find them occupied and filled with the time past and to come. The present engages little of our attention; and the chief use we make of it is to prepare and light up the way for futurity. The present is to the future but as means to an end. We never actually live, but hope to live;* and thus, ever forming prospects of future happiness, it invariably follows that the happiness is never attained.’—p. 43.

The following is the glowing and powerful manner in which he descants upon ‘Imagination,’ and its captivating influence, in the second chapter. We give a mere fragment of the paragraph—

‘This mighty power, the perpetual antagonist of reason, which delights to shew its ascendancy, by bringing her under its control and dominion, has created a second nature in man. It has its joys and its sorrows, its health, its sickness, its wealth, its poverty: it compels reason, in spite of herself, to believe; to doubt, to deny: it suspends the exercise of the senses, and imparts to them again an artificial acuteness: it has its follies and its wisdom; and the most perverse thing of all is, that it fills its votaries with a complacency more full and complete even than that which reason can supply.’—p. 48.

But to turn, at length, to the more immediate object of this paper:—it is to the merits of Pascal as a Christian thinker or philosopher that we propose to confine our further observations. Most of our readers are probably aware, that the recent discovery

* The translator has called attention to the striking identity of Pope’s well-known sentiment with the above—

‘Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
Man never is, but always to be blest.’

of these posthumous fragments, in which, as we have seen, M. Cousin acted so primary and important a part, was, at the same time, made the occasion, by this writer, of a very unmeasured attack upon Pascal's philosophical character. In the report which he read to the French Academy, on the necessity of a new edition of the 'Thoughts,' he extended his strictures from the text of the existing editions to the actual import and worth of the 'Thoughts' themselves in a philosophical point of view, and according to the opportunity he had enjoyed of studying them in their genuine form, and boldly pronounced Pascal to be an enemy of all philosophy, ascribing to him 'a desolating scepticism,' united with 'a ridiculous and convulsive piety.'

So sweeping a charge of scepticism made against so honoured a name, naturally called forth the attention of those to whom the principles as well as the name of Pascal were dear, and various replies, more or less formal, have been made to it. M. Faugerc, in the introduction to the present volumes, to which we have already adverted, meets the statement of M. Cousin in a brief and calm, and, upon the whole, satisfactory manner. An article in the 'Edinburgh Review,' January, 1847, from the pen of Henry Rogers, disposes of the charge in a very interesting and eloquent defence of the depth and sincerity of Pascal's religious convictions. And Neander, in two lectures* read before the Royal Academy of Sciences in Berlin, has devoted himself to the task of defending, in his usually profound and comprehensive manner, the highly philosophic value of the 'Pensées,' and the eminent distinction of their author as a thinker. In proposing to go over this field somewhat more systematically than any of these writers, we trust we do not lay ourselves open to the charge of presumption, especially when we admit that it was the perusal of their replies, and especially that of Neander, which suggested the subject to us, and led us to entertain the wish that the pregnant, and, as we conceive, important principles so briefly enunciated and imperfectly worked out in the two lectures to which we have referred, should be presented in a more complete and consistent form to the English reader. The question, besides, in itself—whether or no Pascal be, in the highest sense of the word, a philosopher, is so vitally important a one, that it may well admit of renewed consideration. For, in fact, as will be seen, this question ultimately resolves itself into the higher one whether or no there be such a thing as Christian Philosophy—whether or no there be possible any valid adjustment of the old conflict between Faith and Science—a question,

* A translation of these highly suggestive, although imperfectly elaborated lectures, will be found in Kitto's 'Journal of Sacred Literature,' Nos. April and October, 1849.

which, as it is among those central ones to which we are evermore led back at every advancing stage of human inquiry, has so obviously assumed a special aspect and importance again in our day. And it is, in truth, the peculiar value which we believe the views of Pascal to possess in this relation which has especially encouraged us in our task. We believe, and will endeavour to show, that amidst the peculiar agitations in the spiritual atmosphere of our day, there is no higher nor safer guide for the student than the rich and lofty wisdom of Pascal.

In entering upon our inquiry into the philosophical character of Pascal, we would, however, first of all remark, that it is very easy to see how there should have originated against him a charge of philosophic scepticism. There are many separate passages of the fragments before us which would lead any but the most thoughtful and judicious reader to adopt this charge. There are even whole paragraphs in which he would seem to urge, with an evident triumph, as he does with a consummate skill, the force of sceptical difficulties and objections. His position in defence of Christianity was one professedly in opposition to the current philosophies of his day, and apprehending, as he did, with so clear and penetrating and comprehensive a glance their respective one-sidedness, he so often exposes it, and with so free and bold a hand, that he might truly seem for the time, according to the statement of M. Cousin, 'to be an enemy not only of Cartesianism, but of all philosophy.' It is to be borne in mind, however—and this is a consideration of the utmost significance, not only in this relation, but in every relation in which the 'Thoughts' can be regarded—that we have only the first and often-interrupted sketches of Pascal's sentiments—sketches thrown off just as the 'thought' struck him, with all the freshness, but not unfrequently also with some of the exaggeration, with which a pregnant idea is so apt to present itself to the view of genius. Moreover—and this is also a very important consideration—we have fragments, which were evidently intended to be put into the mouths of objectors, or at least to represent states of mind which the author was arguing against, just left as he noted them down, without any reference to their intention.* It is almost unaccountable how entirely most of Pascal's editors and critics have overlooked these obvious features of the 'Thoughts,' necessarily leaving, even after all that has been done for them by

* The concluding paragraph of the preface to the second part, p. 118, of this edition, which is one of the passages that have especially exposed Pascal to the charge of scepticism, is evidently one of this class, intended to represent the perplexities of a mind opposed to revelation, but unable to find any satisfaction in the mere contemplations of nature.

the highest aids of an enlightened criticism, so much to be done by the studious reader himself, who, instead of taking up single and isolated statements, and founding on them sweeping judgments, will see the necessity of reading such statements in the light of others, equally decisive perhaps, from a different point of view, and in the light of Pascal's whole design, and of thus drawing from them, if he can, a consistent meaning. This, we think, is the plain duty required of every student of the 'Pensées,' carefully to examine the several fragments in the reflection which they mutually cast upon one another, and thus to seek after the deeper unity, which, if we mistake not, will generally be found to lie at the root of even apparently the least harmonious passages. We may well imagine, although we cannot supply, that softening and amalgamating touch—that 'interior elaboration,'—in the words of M. Faugere, 'a kind of second creation of genius,' which Pascal would have given these fragments, so as to leave none of them perhaps exactly as we find them, had he lived to complete his great work. As he fitted the stones, which he had only as it were rough-hewn, into the glorious temple which he had planned, he would no doubt have reduced them all into perfect symmetry, and moulded them into a compact and beauteous architecture. And it is ours, although we cannot do this, to trace, as far as we may, in a large and loving and comprehensive spirit, his *essential* purpose and import. And it is only, we think, the absence of such a spirit, and the almost entire disregard of the peculiarly imperfect structure of the 'Pensées,' which could have led such writers as M. Cousin, M. Quinet,* and even M. Villemain, to indulge in such criticisms as they have done upon our author. The best way, we believe, of meeting the grave charge of the former, with which we now propose to deal, will be to exhibit, in the first instance, in a positive form, what we conceive to be the philosophy of Pascal, marking especially its distinct character and bearing in relation to the prevalent philosophies of his day.

Pascal considered the philosophers of his time under two main classes—those of the Pyrrhonists and the Dogmatists. He sometimes uses other expressions, as Stoics, Epicureans, &c.; but he always recurs to these two leading appellations as the generic nomenclature under which he ranked all diverse sects. The Pyrrhonist he represents as aiming to draw everything into doubt; the Dogmatist as asserting in human knowledge an absolute and demonstrable certainty. The former will see only the elements of accident and fluctuation in the universe, and

* In a paper on Straus's 'Life of Jesus,' we remember M. Quinet sees foreshadowed in Pascal some of the wildest aberrations of German rationalism.

therefore concludes that there is no such thing as *truth essentially*, but that *that* is just truth which, according to the saying of Protagoras in the 'Theætetus,' appears to be so to any one. The latter will not see these elements of imperfection at all; but, overlooking the limits of the human faculties, and the weakness and corruption of human nature, aims to reach the full and absolute truth of things, and so compass the problem of being.

The stand-points of these respective systems are considered by Pascal to be the opposite extremes, between which humanity, both theoretically and practically, both in relation to opinion and life, fluctuates; both extremes, according to him, possessing an element of truth, but both equally erroneous as professing to be complete philosophies.

There is undeniably much uncertainty in us and around us, and therefore Pyrrhonism is so far founded in fact. It so far asserts a valid right, and speaks a true necessity in human nature. Pascal, indeed, repeatedly, as we have already said, and in very strong and expressive terms, maintains the validity of scepticism within its own province, dwelling sometimes, as it were, with joy and triumph upon the force of its claims, and drawing apt illustrations from the copious stores of Montaigne, which were so familiar to him. For Montaigne was his text-book of scepticism, the embodiment and representative to him of the one extreme of human opinion, as Des Cartes was of the other. And indeed we believe that the frequency with which he quotes Montaigne, not only without indicating any dissent from his views, but with a *seeming* heartiness and appropriation of his sentiments, has conduced to strengthen the notion of his own sceptical tendencies, with how little justice must be evident from what we have already said of the peculiar structure of the 'Thoughts,' and the consequently comprehensive manner in which they must be studied.

While thus clearly acknowledging the validity of scepticism in its own place, the side of truth in Pyrrhonism, he no less clearly, however, apprehends the appropriate claims of Dogmatism or Intellectualism. The latter equally asserts in its own place a valid right, and presents an undoubted element of truth. The intellect has no less its own and legitimate sphere of range and control. But, then, beyond and above the provinces both of sense and intellect—of Pyrrhonism and Dogmatism, there is a higher region into which neither *can* enter with success, and into which neither *may* enter with impunity. This higher region is that of the spirit or soul peculiarly—the *vous* of ancient philosophy. According to this statement, then, we see that Pascal regards Pyrrhonism and Dogmatism—the generic representatives of the

prevailing systems of philosophy in his own day, and no less, we may say, in ours, as in one sense, equally true, and in another, equally false, as each founded on fact, and involving a clear element of right, yet each equally erroneous and invalid in its exclusive pretensions. As he himself says: 'All their principles are true, 'Pyrrhonists, Stoics, &c. But their conclusions are false, because 'the opposite principles are true also.' (p. 92.) 'We labour under 'an incapacity of demonstrating things, which is invincible to all 'Dogmatism. We have an innate idea of the truth, which is 'invincible to all Pyrrhonism.' (p. 99.) 'Nature confounds 'the Pyrrhonist and reason the 'Dogmatist,' (p. 104); or, as the passage was originally written—'We cannot be Pyrrhonists without 'out violating nature; we cannot be Dogmatists without renouncing nature.' And, again, in a very striking passage, for the first time presented to us in these volumes, and in which, while admitting so clearly the claims of both sense and intellect, he at the same time indicates, with an equal clearness, the necessity of that faculty higher than either which we have indicated; 'We 'must,' he says, 'possess three qualities, those of the Pyrrhonist, 'of the Geometrician, (Dogmatist,) and of the Christian, humbling 'himself in faith. These unite with and attemper one another, *so 'that we doubt where we should, we aim at certainty where we should, 'and we submit where we should.'* (p. 347.) These suggestive words contain, in fact, the *gist* of Pascal's sentiments; they are the text of his philosophy. In a brief and highly comprehensive form, they express the completeness of the view which he took of human nature in contrast to the one-sided views of the opposing philosophers of his day. Not looking at man with the Pyrrhonist, only on the sensible or phenomenal side, nor with the Dogmatist, only on the intellectual side, he, on the contrary, looks at him on all sides, and, while clearly acknowledging the claims equally of his sense and intellect, he yet perceives him to be endowed with a higher element than either, of whose appropriate claims he is the special advocate. Repeatedly, and in various relations, he recurs to these three elements or aspects of humanity, 'the sensible, the intellectual, or the exercise of reason left to itself, and the spiritual or divine.' Man is not a being of one or of the other of these elements only, but of all united. He is at once a creature of sense, of intellect, and, above all, of spirit, that glorious attribute which allies him to God, and which 'neither the sense nor the mere intellect can understand.' It is this comprehensive view of man in his totality which constitutes the peculiar distinction of Pascal as a philosopher, as it is the one-sided view which philosophy, or what is commonly so called, so often takes of human nature, either degenerating, on the one

hand, into a system of empiric materialism, or rising, on the other, beyond all due bounds into a system of transcendental dogmatism, which renders its speculations for the most part so barren and unprofitable. In Pascal's day, the field of human inquiry was laid waste by these rival systems. Philosophers, as has been already stated, would either demonstrate everything, or leave everything in doubt. The daring intellectualism of Des Cartes, and the light and careless Pyrrhonism of Montaigne, divided the minds of men. Pascal himself, wonderfully gifted with all the various elements of human nature, 'uniting a mathematically cultured, keen understanding, and a free critical faculty with the deep inward life of the soul,' felt that both these systems addressed genuine parts of him, and that both were therefore so far true, but felt at the same time that there was a higher being in him, which neither of them addressed. He thus, at once, saw their strength and weakness, and was led himself onwards to a higher philosophy, which, while embracing the truth in both of them, should also reach a far higher truth, as equally compassing the claims of a far nobler element in humanity. He felt convinced that only a philosophy thus comprehensive could be an adequate philosophy. Pascal is thus distinguished in history as one of those noble spirits, who, in the words of Neander, 'have stood forth in opposition to all 'mutilation and injury of human nature in its pure form; who, 'having realized in themselves the due development of its various 'fundamental powers, have aimed to secure to each its special 'right; who have been deeply penetrated with the assurance 'that that can only be truth which gives satisfaction to the whole 'man, which requires the negation of no part of his being. Among 'such men of the full truth, and mental healthiness, the genuine 'σωφροσύνη of the spiritual life, Pascal holds a high place.'

The important recognition of man's higher spiritual being is, therefore, the distinctive feature of Pascal's philosophy. Here, and not either in the region of the sense or of the intellect, does he acknowledge the ultimate ground of certainty. It is the immediate perception of the heart which with him is the starting point and last evidence of the highest truth. This he has clearly expressed in the following passage:—

'We discern truth not only by reasoning, but by feeling; and it is in this latter manner that we discern first principles, and in vain does reasoning, which has no share in their production, try to combat these principles. The Pyrrhonists, who attempt this, labour in vain. We know that we are not here deceived, however incapable we may be of proving so by any power of reasoning. This incapacity only demonstrates the weakness of our reasoning faculty, and not the incertitude of all our knowledge, as they pretend. Nay, our knowledge of first

principles is as certain as any obtained by reasoning, and it is, in fact, upon these perceptions of the heart and instinct that reason must ultimately test and base all its arguments. . . . Principles are felt and propositions deduced, and both with certainty, but in different ways. And it is just as absurd for the reason to demand of the heart *proofs* of its first principles before assenting to them, as it would be for the heart to demand of the reason a *feeling* of all propositions which she demonstrates. This weakness, therefore, should only serve to humble reason, which would constitute herself judge of all things: but, by no means, surely, to invalidate the certainty of our convictions, as if reason were *alone* capable of instructing us.'—p. 108. •

Pascal's language in this passage may not be characterized by philosophical exactitude. His statements are rather popular than scientific. M. Cousin has been at pains to point out the indiscriminate use which here, as elsewhere, he makes of the terms reason and reasoning; a laxness of expression certainly which our modern schools rightly avoid.* But his meaning is withal very transparent; that apart from the range of the intellectual faculty (for it is this faculty we conceive that he means by 'la raison,' which he yet sometimes confounds with its process, 'la raisonnement,') there are first principles which, so far from coming under the control of this faculty, and so admitting of dogmatic proof, are pre-supposed in its every exercise. In short, he maintains the validity of a primary power of immediate consciousness—as well as of a power of reflection—of a faculty of intuition underlying and forming the *condition* of every process of the logical faculty. He does not, indeed, like some of our modern philosophers, place these several elements of our being in contrast and opposition to one another; or try to limit and define their boundaries; he only contends for the existence of the one as well as of the other; and for the appropriate precedence of the power of intuition as the basis upon which the other must ultimately sustain itself and rest its deductions.

Pascal's views so far, therefore, instead of being in any respect hostile to philosophy, are, in fact, substantially co-incidental with those of the highest philosophy, and even of that of M. Cousin himself, as he indeed in one place† admits, although at the same

* The terms in the original are, 'la raison,' and 'le raisonnement,' and it may be proper to endeavour to give once for all the meaning of these terms in Pascal's use of them, which will serve in no little degree to simplify and render clear the whole scope of our present discussion. By the former expression, then, we conceive (although his language is certainly by no means discriminating) that he means the intellectual faculty in its highest capacity, not merely the lower form of the understanding, but also the higher form of reason, regarded simply as a *cognitive power*, as the pure or speculative reason; denoting again by 'le raisonnement,' the exercise or process of this faculty. It will be seen that the justice of this view, and of the psychological classification it implies, is presumed in our reasonings.

† Rapport, p. 157. •

time practically negating his statement by calling in the alleged contradictoriness of Pascal.

It may seem, therefore, so far unaccountable how M. Cousin should have preferred his charge against Pascal—as this statement of our author's views would seem directly to ally him with the school of philosophy to which it is M. Cousin's glory to belong. But when we turn to the more minute consideration of the special conception, which with Pascal denotes the ultimate ground of all certainty, the immediate source whence 'all beams of spiritual development' emanate, we shall at once see how it is that he should have forfeited the esteem of the French Eclecticist, and be classed by him as an enemy of philosophy. It is 'the heart,' as we have seen,—'*le cœur*,' which with Pascal is the last appeal—the central immediate on which ultimately all certainty rests. Now, in estimating the philosophy of Pascal, it is of the utmost importance to keep in view this, his peculiar stand-point. The mere general assertion of a power of intuition in man could not, it is obvious, in any way, have marked him as a thinker, or exposed him to the censure of the French philosopher. But it is the manner in which he has apprehended this power, as characteristically a moral or practical power, which distinguishes him, and has drawn upon him the assaults of the whole class of speculatists to which M. Cousin belongs. Whereas, with them intuition is really only a higher form of the intellectual energy, however they may frame their language,—a higher power of *cognition*,—with Pascal, it is the immediate apperception of the heart, a form of *feeling*, which in its highest and most comprehensive manifestation rises to *faith*. This is in conformity with the ethico-religious interest which is ever uppermost with him, which leads him ever to subordinate the theoretical to the practical—and to recognise by the conception of the *heart*, the seat of the affections and will, rather than by that of the reason, the primal basis of certainty, and the great lever of human progress. It is, indeed, as the great advocate of the right of the will, or, as we have already said, of the higher moral being in man, that Pascal is to be distinguished. 'And it is singular,' says Neander, 'that in the same epoch in which the great asserter of the right of the *'cogito'* appeared, one still greater should have appeared to claim for the *'volo'* its rightful place in our spiritual constitution.' No doubt, however, it is just on this account—from the predominance of the ethico-religious or faith-element in Pascal's philosophy, that he has been visited with the disparaging criticism of M. Cousin. So exclusively does the French philosopher regard man in an opposite light to that of Pascal, as

a subject of intellect, or reason, overlooking comparatively his higher pure moral relations,* that he is almost necessarily led to contemplate our author as an enemy of philosophy in his view of it. But just for this very reason must we regard Pascal as a prince among philosophers, that *while not ignoring any of the essential elements of humanity*, he has yet so vividly apprehended man on *his moral or essential side, as characteristically a subject, not of intellect merely, but of will*. For if there be aught in man, from which philosophy should pre-eminently set out, it must surely be from this distinctive and noblest attribute of his being—apart from which man were merely a higher sort of animal—‘nature’s noblest production,’ as the Epicurean poet, ‘with unconscious irony on the animalizing tendency of his own philosophy,’ has delighted to paint him. Whereas, viewed as a subject of moral law, endowed with will, and so made a ‘living soul,’ he is distinct from and above all nature. He is only a little lower than the angels, and capable of being made like unto God himself.

It is, as we must consider it, the glory of Pascal as a philosopher, in contradistinction to the ordinary race of idealists, to have thus so clearly apprehended man in his moral relation, and on the will as the fundamental and characteristic element of his being to have reared his philosophy. Instead of taking up a mere fragment of humanity, so to speak, and from it striving in vain to educe a consistent philosophy which would embrace the whole man, he has gone at once to the root and central force of our spiritual constitution, and setting out from thence, sought to compass the problem of human life. And whereas, we believe, that the legitimate conclusion of a mere philosophy of sense, on the one hand, must ever be materialism, and of a mere philosophy of intellect, on the other hand, pantheism—the one still returning into the other, and both equally, though under different forms, denuding man of his proper personality, leaving him a mere creature of nature, moved either by blind sensational impulses, or by scarcely less blind logical processes—in a truly spiritualistic philosophy like that of Pascal alone, is man seen in his full and glorious being, as the subject of conscience and the heir of immortality. And such a philosophy, therefore, we must hold to be the only adequate philosophy, and, instead of

* This charge is, we think, substantially true, notwithstanding M. Cousin’s doctrine of *spontanéité*, and his saying, with reference to Pascal, that he, too, calls the last ground of truth, ‘instinct, sentiment, feeling.’ Withal, the main tendency of his philosophy is purely ideal, concerning itself with the higher intellectual relations of man, and comparatively ignoring the right of the will, as, in fact, is evident from his distinguishing view of the *impersonality of the reason*, the consistent conclusion of which is *pantheism*,—the natural termination of all systems of mere intellectualism, and a conclusion, we fear, which M. Cousin has not avoided.

being in any respect allied to scepticism,—its true and only effectual opponent.

If anything were wanting to convince us that mere intellectualism, no less than mere sensationalism, leads consequentially to scepticism, we have only to ponder its results as exemplified in the modern schools of Germany. There we see how the most laborious and over-awing speculations merge finally, by apparently the most strict logical deductions, into *nihilism*—a mere abyss of dialectic profundity, in which all actual truth is swallowed up. And, indeed, as we have already implied, and as the ‘Young Germany’ school so clearly shows, the one extreme of intellectualism would seem to pass naturally and directly into the other extreme of materialism. The most pretentious and aspiring system of dogmatic philosophy that has ever urged its exclusive claims before the world—‘overleaping itself,’ is seen in this school to sink back into the slough of the most abject sensualism. We conclude, therefore, that in the clear recognition of man’s moral being alone, and of its distinctive element, the will—whose appropriate organ is faith,—is to be found a valid safeguard against that yawning gulf of scepticism which is ever before us. Otherwise, man would seem to be tossed on a sea of endless uncertainty—an enigma to himself—‘a compound of contradictions—a prodigy,’ as Pascal says. But when he gives heed to the ‘still small voice’ of a higher faith in him, testifying to a truth which is his, and yet far above him, he gets at length out of these contradictions of his being—he reaches a standing-point, whence he may unravel the whole labyrinth of phenomena in which he is placed, and rise to the knowledge of God and of himself. This is, as it were, the finger-mark which points him beyond himself to the unseen realm of truth around him. ‘Know ‘then, proud man,’ says Pascal, ‘what an enigma thou art to thyself. Humble thyself, vain reason: be silent, weak nature: learn that man infinitely surpasses man, and be instructed from ‘on high of your true condition, of which you are so ignorant. ‘Listen to the voice of God.’ Or, as the passage was originally written—as shown by the present editor in a note—‘Who will ‘resolve this entanglement. It truly transcends Dogmatism and ‘Pyrrhonism, and all human philosophy. Man is more than ‘man. Well may we concede to the Pyrrhonists that about ‘which they have exclaimed so much—that truth is beyond our ‘reach, that she abides not on the earth, but is the inmate of ‘heaven; that she dwells in the bosom of God, and can only be ‘known in so far as it pleases God to reveal her.’

It is this element of faith, then, as the peculiar organ of man’s highest being, which may be said to be the ground-principle of

Pascal's philosophy. It is with him philosophically as well as theologically the last 'anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast.' The power which, in the striking words of Vinet, 'at the moment 'when a man, advancing upon the ocean of thought, begins to 'lose his footing and feels himself overwhelmed by the waves, 'lifts him up, sustains him, and enables him to swim through the 'foam of doubt to the pure and tranquil haven of certainty.' A faculty of mere intellectual intuition—as the last appeal against the ever-advancing floods of scepticism—by no means satisfies Pascal. It may serve to raise man into the region of formal abstract principles, of purely ideal relations, but it is helpless to carry him beyond, into the region of actual or moral truth, and of those higher spiritual relations which involve his responsibility and connect him with an unseen God. Faith can alone do this—and faith is therefore the highest faculty of humanity. So far from being, as philosophic sciolists have so often told us, a mere imperfect and lower form of our spiritual consciousness, which, with an advancing science must expand and mature into *thought*, it is the very highest form of that consciousness—at once the root and the flower of all our faculties, the starting-point and perfection of all intelligence. It is vain, therefore, for philosophers, so called, to try to ignore the claims of faith, and from the height either of a dogmatic transcendentalism or a Pyrrhonic Empiricism to affect to look with a complacent compassion on its followers as 'babes in science,'—men who have not yet grown to the manhood of their rational nature. This may be a very easy, but it is really a very unphilosophic way of settling the problem of humanity and resolving its great mysteries. Very simple, in sooth, to say that the spiritual necessities of man, to which faith ministers, and which it alone satisfies, are mere accessories of human infancy,—among those 'childish things' which we must 'put away' as we rise in the scale of intellectual development. *But is it so?* Are not these necessities, on the contrary, of the very *essence* of humanity. Is it not his *religious capacity*, and by no means the mere possession of intellect, which constitutes the specific quality of man—the *idea* which differentiates him from all the other animals. And is not faith, therefore, instead of being a mere undeveloped accident of his being, its primal and rudimental element, which in his growth can never lose its distinctive character, but, with his true moral advancement, must ever attain to a more perfect manhood, a brighter efflorescence. The more subtle and comprehensive the psychology, in the light of which we examine man's spiritual organism, the more fully and clearly, we believe, will this be found to be the case. And are we not, therefore, bound to accept that

philosophy as the only true and adequate philosophy which so prominently embraces this element of faith—which, setting out from it as the centre, seeks, at the same time to *comprehend every other element of humanity, and to give a consistent interpretation of all its various characteristics.* We are: and therefore we claim for Pascal, not only a place among philosophers, but one of the highest places—one of the most lofty niches in that temple of sound philosophy—which the rich spiritual wisdom of ages has reared, and which, amid whatever conflicts of human opinion, will ever abide the sanctuary of truth and the refuge of the wise.

We must now pass to some of the more special views which may be said to distinguish Pascal as a Christian philosopher.

In conformity with that distinctive and pre-eminent place which he assigns the will in our moral constitution, he recognises in it, as we have already hinted, the great lever of human progress, the peculiar instrument of the divine education of our race. It is through his will alone, or the free susceptibility of his heart, that man can rise above the environments of sense, and resign himself to those God-ward influences that everywhere surround him. The *προαίρεσις* must be seized and enlisted, else all will fail to move and quicken his spiritual being. And hence the peculiar character of revelation, as well in its general form in nature as in its specific form in Christianity, presenting such a mixture of light and darkness, so many clear indications of divinity, and yet so many difficulties or causes of stumbling,—all with a view to this characteristic of his constitution. The mutual adaptation which thus exists between revelation and man in his highest capacity is a very frequent subject of remark with Pascal. He beholds everywhere around him the revelation of a God who yet conceals himself. The Divine glory is apparent, and yet it by no means shines forth on all sides so incontestably as to force recognition, or even to preclude denial. It is, on the contrary, as we have said, and as he expressly says, ‘the presence of a God who hides himself.’ ‘This character,’ he adds, ‘prevails through all creation.’* Again, he says in one of his letters to Mademoiselle de Roannez, ‘If God continually revealed Himself to men, faith would have no value, as we could not help believing. And if He never revealed Himself there could not be such a thing as faith. While therefore hiding himself, he yet also discovers Himself to those who are *willing* to be His servants.’ And this idea he expands in various applications to nature, to the incarnation, &c., showing, in the latter case, how the Jews,

adhering to the mere symbol, saw no more in Christ than a mere man, failing to recognise the higher divinity which he embodied; and, in the former case, how the infidel, resting in the contemplation of mere natural effects, never rises to the conception of the great creative cause of all. He then concludes—‘All things hide a mystery. All are a veil which conceal God. The Christian must recognise Him in all. . . . Let us pray God to enable us to recognise and serve him in all things, and render Him eternal thanks in that while remaining entirely hidden to so many others, He has revealed Himself in all things, and in so manifold ways to us.’ (I. p. 38.) Again, in a very striking and impressive passage, speaking of the Gospel and of its wilful rejection by so many, through the hardness of their hearts, he says—

‘Had God seen meet to overcome this hardened obstinacy, he could have revealed himself so manifestly that none could have doubted the truth of His being—in such a way as he shall appear at the last day, amid the sound of thunders and such an overthrow of nature that the dead shall rise, and the most blind shall see. But in the benignant dispensation of His grace, he has not pleased to reveal Himself in this way: for, so many wilfully resisting his clemency, He will not force upon them the blessings which they wish not. It were not right that He should thus reveal Himself, in a manner so manifestly divine, as to be absolutely capable of convincing all—but no more were it right that he should appear to man in a manner so hidden as not to be recognised by those who sincerely seek Him.’—II. 151.

Pascal, it is obvious, could point to the inconsistency of either of the modes of Divine revelation which he here indicates with that spiritual constitution which forms the essential element of humanity, and of whose rights, as we have seen, he is the great advocate. Were God so indubitably to reveal himself as to overpower all resistance, and absolutely force conviction, it is clear that man would cease to be a free personality; in other words, would cease to be man. There could be no will where there was no choice—no spontaneous susceptibility. There would be no longer, therefore, a moral element in humanity—there would no longer remain *that* which constitutes its chief distinction. It would sink back into and be absorbed in the mere mechanical order of nature. And every possible object of a revelation would thus be defeated in its very gift. On the other hand, were God so to hide himself under the veil of symbol, in which alone He can be revealed to mortal view—whether that of nature, or of what is more specially called revelation—as to leave no glimpse of Himself to excite man to inquiry after Him, or if inquiry were prompted, only to baffle and disappoint it, the peculiar con-

stitution of man were equally useless. And therefore it is, as Pascal continues in the passage from which we have so far quoted, that God has so adapted* His revelation as to give indications visible enough to those who seek Him, but obscure to those who do not seek Him. 'There is light enough,' he adds, in highly important and suggestive words, 'for those who wish to see, but darkness enough for those who are of an opposite disposition.' All is just designed to bear upon and educate the characteristic element of humanity which alone can carry it forward in a course of true spiritual progress. 'For God,' he says, 'will rather move the will than the intellect. Perfect clearness would cure the one, but injure the other.'

And as he thus so clearly recognises the influence of *πρᾶξις* in the first apprehension of Divine revelation and of the highest truth, he no less clearly perceives its indispensable action in every subsequent stage of spiritual attainment. The same faith, so necessary to originate first conviction, must equally co-operate to develop and preserve it. The divine and living intuition must be ever repeated and continued, otherwise the spiritual life which has once begun, will languish and die. This he has beautifully expressed in the following passage, from one of his letters to his sister, Madame Perier:—

'When you say,' he observes, 'that it is unnecessary to repeat to ourselves these things, because we know them already, I fear that you do not sufficiently apprehend the difference between the things of which you speak and more ordinary matters: for, without doubt, it is enough to have once learned the latter, and retained them, in order to need no more instruction in them; but not so with the former. To have once apprehended and known them in a right way—that is to say, by the inward motion of the spirit—is by no means sufficient to preserve their knowledge in a like manner, even if we should retain their recollection. We may, indeed, commit to memory and retain an Epistle of St. Paul, quite as easily as a book of Virgil, but the knowledge thus acquired and its preservation, are a mere effort of memory,—while in order to understand that sacred language which is hidden and strange to those to whom heaven is so, it is necessary that the same grace which could alone impart the first intelligence, continue to revive and quicken it, so that it may unceasingly arise in the heart of the believer. . . . Always new efforts are necessary to acquire this continual renovation of soul, for the old grace cannot be retained unless by the acquisition of new. Otherwise we will only lose what we thought to retain, in the same way as those who would enclose the light, in fact, only shut in the darkness. Therefore must we be vigilant to purify unceasingly our inward being, which is prone con-

* Il tempère sa connaissance en sorte, &c.

tinually to contract new defilements, while retaining the old; since without this continual renewal, we are not fitted to receive that 'new wine,' which refuses to be 'put in old bottles.'—I. 13.

And agreeably with these views, he insists strongly upon our making faith a *habit*—upon our cherishing the inward conviction till it rise into an *æxi*; and so become the daily bias of the soul. Only in this way shall we be preserved against the errors of scepticism, and in the ever renewed agitations of opinion feel ourselves safe in the harbourage of Divine grace.

The idea of human corruption is a very significant and vital one in Pascal's philosophy. In a certain sense, indeed, this may be regarded as his fundamental tenet. For it is obvious, from the statement of the plan of his great work we have already given, that its whole scope was directed to this fact,—in the first instance, to its proof; in the second, to its remedy. From the manner, however, in which we have been led, with reference to the charge of M. Cousin, to consider Pascal's views, we have entered at once into them, and sought from all points to gather their positive significance in relation to philosophy in general, rather than stopped to notice them in their successive order and relative bearing, as parts of the important plan which he had sketched. The latter course would have led us somewhat aside from the definite purpose we proposed to ourselves in this paper. But we shall now draw it to a close by directing attention, as briefly as possible, to the two great conceptions of human corruption and divine redemption, which shine so clearly out in his philosophy, and may be said to correspond to the two main divisions of his intended Apology.

While apprehending so vividly, as we have seen he did, the moral greatness of man, Pascal no less vividly apprehended his actual weakness. He saw man endowed by a divine capacity, yet sunk in a deep debasement. There is no subject, indeed, which, with his characteristic comprehensiveness of view, he has seized more profoundly, or illustrated more sublimely, than this strange and awful one of man's 'disproportion.' The subject was one peculiarly fascinating to a mind like Pascal's, and he has dwelt on it more pathetically and depicted it with a more solemn and graphic pencil than perhaps any other. In its theoretical aspect, in relation to human knowledge, he has portrayed a most impressive picture of this conflicting limitation of our nature, at once so great and so little—a picture whose exquisite and noble touches at once betray the hand of a master. He has conceived man as standing between the 'two infinitudes' of magnitude and minuteness in creation,—in vain ascending to

compass the one—in vain descending to comprehend the other.

‘Let man,’ he says, ‘raise his view above the objects which surround him, and contemplate the entire expanse of nature in all its plenitude and majesty. Let him gaze upon that shining orb, suspended from the beginning, as a glorious lamp to enlighten the universe—how does the earth appear but as a minute point in the midst of the vast circle which this orb describes. Let him then think with astonishment that this mighty orbit itself is nothing more than the merest speck in comparison with that which the circling firmament of the constellations embraces. But if the evidence of sense is here arrested, let imagination pass beyond its limits: she will grow weary in conceiving, sooner than Nature in furnishing, matter for her apprehension. The whole visible world is but as an imperceptible atom on the ample bosom of Nature. Thought is here baffled: we may swell as we will our conceptions beyond all imaginable space,—we produce only atoms instead of the mighty realities around us; we find a space of infinite extent, whose centre is in every part—its circumference in none. . . . Let man look into himself and consider what he is in comparison with universal being. . . . What is man in the scale of Infinity?’—he asks. And after a description, no less graphic, of the minuteness of creation, he again asks—

‘What is man in the midst of Nature? He is nothing in comparison with infinitude; he is everything in comparison with nullity. He is a central point between nothing and everything. Infinitely removed from comprehending both extremes; the end of things and their principle are invincibly hidden from him, under an impenetrable mystery; equally incapable as he is of searching into the nonentity whence he is derived, and the infinitude into which he is absorbed.’—II. 63.

But it is, we need not say, the practical aspect of man’s ‘disproportion’ which has more especially drawn the attention of Pascal, and inspired his most touching delineations. His conception of man in his spiritual relations is emphatically that of a ruin, but still a noble ruin. The broken columns, the obliterated sculpture, and the desecrated altar of the temple, all testify to its original magnificence. He beholds man ‘miserable;’ yet in his very ‘misery’ asserting his greatness. He is a king dethroned, but still a king. ‘The crown has fallen from his head,’ but there is still the faint lustre of it on his brow, and the dignity of having once worn it beams forth in his eye. The divinity that once glowed in his breast with so sacred a flame is obscured, but not extinguished. The fire still slumbers on the over-turned altar, but rather, only to tell of the light that was once there, than to illumine the surrounding darkness. He is no longer the

being that he was first created—‘holy, innocent, and perfect,’ when ‘his eye gazed on the unveiled majesty of God,’ and ‘in his looks divine’

‘The image of his glorious Maker shone—
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude, severe and pure.’

He has fallen from this high estate. ‘Shades and darkness’ have enveloped him. ‘The gold has become dim, and the most fine gold is changed.’ But amid all his debasements, there are still to be traced the clear evidences of his original greatness. There are still remains to tell of the glorious being he was made—and which he may yet become. This twofold idea of man’s ‘Greatness and Misery’ is most amply and variously unfolded by Pascal in the chapter bearing this title. We can present only a few of his pregnant sentences:—

‘This twofoldness,’ (duplicité,) he says, ‘is so visible, that some have conceived that man must have two souls,—a single subject appearing to them incapable of so great and sudden varieties—of an aspiring so immeasurable united to an abasement so horrible. . . . In spite of the view of all the miseries which cleave to us, and hold us in the throat, (nous tiennent à la gorge,) there is within us an irrepressible instinct which exalts us. . . . The greatness of man is so visible, that it is deducible even from his misery.’ (II. 81.) . . . ‘All his very miseries,’ he further says, ‘prove his greatness. They are the miseries of a great lord—of a dethroned sovereign.’ (pp. 82, 83.) . . . ‘As the misery results from the greatness, and yet greatness is shown in the very misery, some have inferred the misery the more strongly, that they have taken as a proof of it, the greatness; and others have inferred the greatness with so much more force that they have deduced it even from the misery. And thus all that the one class has advanced in support of the greatness has but furnished arguments to the other in proof of the misery, since one is only so much the more miserable the greater the height from which he has fallen. Thus they argue conversely, and oppose each other’s views in a perpetual circle, each feeling that in proportion as men are enlightened, they find in themselves both greatness and misery. • In a word, man knows that he is miserable. He is *miserable* on being so, but he is *great* in knowing it.’

One other extract must suffice, and we give the fine one intitled, ‘Roseau Pensant.’

‘Man is but a reed—the feeblest of created beings—but one possessing thought (un roseau pensant.) It needs not that the universe should arm itself to crush him. A breath, a drop of water, suffices to destroy him. But were the whole universe thus to rise against him, man is yet greater than the universe, since man *knows* that he dies. And though the universe prevail against him, still the universe *knows* nothing of its power.’—p. 84.

It will be evident, we think, with what a vivid and faithful perception Pascal has seized the all-important idea of human corruption,—how delicately just and truthful is his representation of it, so free from excess on the one side or the other. In this, as in everything, we see his penetrating and comprehensive genius. Looking with the profoundest glance into the depths of man's spiritual being, he saw there the ruin which had laid waste its original nobility. With the intensest pity and the deepest awe he gazed upon the picture,—such as one may have seen, in the solemn midnight, presented by the ruined church, once the 'holy and beautiful house' where his fathers worshipped,—now the habitation of rottenness, and the abode 'of every unclean and hateful bird;' but still, amid all its degradation, pointing its surviving frail and trembling spire to Heaven and to God.

And, if we compare for a moment the philosophy of Pascal with the two systems, which, as we have seen, it equally opposed in the light of its singularly truthful conception of this great fact of man's 'disproportion'—we shall at once see how clearly and definitely it is marked out from them, and how the idea of humanity—respectively represented by them in so imperfect and one-sided a manner—only finds in him its manifold and complete representation.

In nothing have the various classes of dogmatic philosophers—the whole race of ordinary idealists—been more remarkable than in their entire negation of this important and fundamental fact. They have either failed to see it, or, seeing it, passed it by as a mere appearance or fiction. They have treated *sin* as a mere dream of superstition, or as only a lower, undeveloped form of the rational consciousness. The idea of moral corruption is not admitted by them; and from this cause alone, if from no other, their systems are, and must be, mere formal abstractions—logical air-castles, or *gedankenstücken*, (as Novalis expressively termed them)—with no corresponding relation to the *actual and complete phenomena* of human nature. Taking no account of the deepest and most pervading fact of man's being, they can give no adequate philosophy of it. And, as a necessary consequence, they have entirely mistaken the true idea of human greatness. Contemplating man so exclusively on his intellectual side, they have failed to acknowledge the proper limits of his being, and talked loudly of his self-perfectibility; finally investing him not only with a divine capacity, but with actual divinity. For it is only their strictly consistent conclusion we behold in the form of Pantheism, whether Hegelian or Eclectic.

The various classes of Pyrrhonic or materialistic philosophers have, on the other hand, erred in quite an opposite direction; they, again, would seem to have only seen the vast fact of man's

‘disproportions;’ the miserable deficiencies and contradictions of his being, without any corresponding glimpse of his true greatness, lying beneath all his imperfections. And they have, accordingly, degraded him below his true level. With them, he is merely a higher animal; while with transcendentalism he is a god.

In contrast to these opposing systems, the Christian philosophy of Pascal presents the true conception of humanity,—as neither absolutely divine, nor yet absolutely allied to nature; but as at once possessing divine capacities and animal instincts—as ‘spirit’ and yet ‘matter.’ The truth of this view—of this divine representation of man in opposition to these respectively one-sided and false views—Pascal has set forth very strongly.

‘Philosophers,’ he says, ‘have by no means propounded sentiments adapted to the twofold condition of man. They have sought to inspire emotions of pure greatness; but this is not man’s condition. They have sought, on the other hand, to inspire emotions of pure degradation; but this is no more man’s condition. Man needs abasement, not of nature, however, but of penitence; not that he may remain degraded, but that he may rise to greatness. He needs to be reminded of his greatness, not of merit, however, but of grace. The internal war between the reason and the animal instincts have led to the formation, in the way of compromise, of two sects. The one has aimed to teach men to renounce these instincts, and become gods: the other, to renounce reason, and become brute beasts. But neither the one nor the other has prevented reason always remaining to accuse the sway of the passions, and the passions still reviving in those who would renounce them.’—pp. 91, 92.

‘There are two great and abiding truths,’ he says again; ‘the one that man, in his true being, is elevated above all nature, endowed with likeness to God, and participant of divinity; the other, that, in his state of corruption and sin, man has fallen from his first condition, and become like unto the brutes. These two propositions are equally clear and certain.’—p. 158.

‘Without divine knowledge,’—he farther says, in a passage of great force, and which passes on in the clearest and most expressive manner, to the correlative and complementary idea of divine redemption in Christ, as the only adequate remedy of human corruption—

‘Without divine knowledge what has man been able to do, save to exalt himself on the consciousness of his original greatness, or abase himself in the view of his present weakness? Unable to see the whole truth, he has never attained to perfect virtue. For the one class considering human nature as not corrupted, the other as irreparably so, they have severally become the victims either of pride or of sensuality. . . . If, on the one hand, they recognised the excellence of man, they ignored his corruption, and while avoiding sensuality, they yet lost themselves in

pride. On the other hand, if they acknowledged his excellence, they overlooked his dignity, and while avoiding vanity, they plunged into despair.* Hence the diverse sects of Stoics and Epicureans, of Dogmatists and Academicians, &c. Christianity,' he continues, 'can alone reconcile these discrepancies—alone cure both evils, pride and despair—not by expelling the one by the other, according to the wisdom of this world, but by expelling both the one and the other by the simplicity of the Gospel. For it teaches the just, that while it elevates them even to be partakers of the divine nature, they still carry with them, in this lofty state of elevation, the source of all that corruption which renders them, during life, subject to error, misery, sin, and death. At the same time, it proclaims to the most impious that they are capable of becoming partakers of a Redeemer's grace. By thus at once giving cause of trembling to those whom it justifies, and of consolation to those whom it condemns, it tempers with just measure fear and hope, through the twofold capacity in all of grace and sin; so that it abases infinitely more than reason, yet without producing despair,—and exalts infinitely more than natural pride, yet without puffing up: plainly showing, that it alone, being unalloyed by error, can correct and purify the evils of man's fallen nature. Who, then, can withhold his belief in this celestial Revelation, or his adoration of its ineffable mysteries? For is it not more clear than noon-day, that we feel in ourselves the ineffable traces of positive excellence? And is it not equally clear that we experience every hour the effects of our fall and ruin? What is it, then, that, from amidst this fearful chaos and confusion, is proclaimed to us with a voice of irresistible conviction, save the irrefragable truth of these two co-existent states of humanity?—pp. 136, 137.

We do not think it would be possible to present, in a more felicitous and consistent form than is given in this highly beautiful and significant passage, the great truth of the Christian redemption as the only adequate solution of the actual mysteries of human life. We see how it alone meets and answers these; how, instead of standing baffled before the 'contraricties' of our being, or blindly ignoring them, it lays hold of them with appropriate force, and from the very contradictions of humanity evolves its true spiritual perfection. The Gospel is, therefore, the highest philosophy, and 'Christ,' in the words of Pascal, 'the object and centre of all things, in whom all contradictions are reconciled. Whoso knows him, knows everything aright.' How similar are the words of Müller: 'The Gospel is the fulfilment of all hopes, the perfection of all philosophy; the key to

* II. 156. The passage originally stood:—'In their incapacity to see the whole truth, men have either recognised the dignity of their condition, ignoring its corruption, or acknowledged its weakness, overlooking its excellence, and following one or other of these ways, as they have looked upon human nature as uncorrupted, or incurably corrupted, they have plunged either into pride or despair.

‘all seeming discrepancies in the physical and moral world. Since I have known the Saviour, everything is clear. With Him there is nothing that I cannot solve.’

In this perfect adaptation of Christianity to unfold the spiritual life of man, to touch it at every point, and draw forth into harmonious development all its apparently so irreconcilable tendencies, Pascal, we need not say, finds the great internal evidence of its truth. It was necessary that the true religion should thus comprehend, and answer to, our nature,—‘should understand,’ he says, ‘at once its greatness and its degradation, and the reason of both the one and the other.’ And what religion, he adds, ‘has done this but Christianity?’ ‘It is equally important for man to know his capacity of being like God, and his unworthiness of Him. To know of God without knowing his misery, or to know his misery without knowing the Redeemer, who alone can deliver him from it, is alike dangerous. The one knowledge constitutes the pride of the philosophers—the other, the despair of the atheists. It is equally necessary for man, therefore, to know both these points, and, as it is so, it has equally pleased God of His mercy to make them known. This the Christian religion does—in this it consists.’—(p. 356.)

How clear and complete is thus seen to be its correspondence to the wants of humanity: and how irresistibly does it thus bear on its front the broad signature of its own veracity. It alone fully recognises the *actual* condition of man, and interprets with a perfect consistency its strange enigma; and, while doing so—while alone apprehending in an intelligible relation his equal ‘greatness and misery’—it, alone, also shows him how he can get out of this and every contradiction of his being, and attain to a central unity and peace: to an infinite exaltation, and yet an infinite abasement. In Christ alone can he do this. ‘He is the centre in which we alone find God and our misery. In Him alone have we a God whom we approach without pride, and before whom we bow without despair.’ And in Him, therefore, and in Him only, do we find, in the language of a truly philosophic and often richly eloquent writer of our own day, ‘the key-note to which setting our lives, these seeming discords reveal themselves as their deepest harmonies.’*

But we must draw to a close our already lengthened paper. We are deeply sensible how inadequately we have treated the great subject upon which we have ventured: but if our remarks should have the effect of directing any reader, especially among the young, to that ‘living water of true wisdom’ which, accord-

* Trench’s Hulsean Lectures.

ing to Neander, is so plentifully to be found in the deep and pregnant utterances of the great writer who has formed their subject, our purpose will be served.

For this end, also, the translation which has just appeared of M. Faugere's volumes, and which accompanies them at the head of our article, comes opportunely. It would have been difficult, we dare say, upon the whole, to have found a more graceful and successful translator of these volumes than Mr. Pearce, known by his previous version of the 'Provincial Letters;' though we yet feel bound to think that he allows himself frequently far too much licence in rendering the exact statements of Pascal. We could point out several places where we conceive that, chiefly from this cause, he has missed the meaning of his author. Withal, however, there are throughout his pages abundant traces of accurate scholarship, pure taste, and, above all, of a hearty admiration, and sometimes fine discernment, of the beauties of Pascal; and we are free, therefore, to commend his volumes as a skilful and attractive version of the 'Thoughts,' in the only form in which they can be recognised as genuine.

The *special* philosophic value of these 'Thoughts,' in a time like ours, must, we think, be apparent even from our imperfect exposition of them. It is, we apprehend, in the light in which we have viewed them, as a contribution to the formation of a just and adequate Philosophy of Religion, more than in their strictly apologetical relation, that their highest value will be found to consist; although, in fact, the subjective aspects of Christian Evidence, which they mainly treat, ever merge into this higher philosophic region. And we cannot truly, as we have already said, conceive any safer guide for the student in this perilous region than the 'Thoughts' of Pascal. The character of that more formidable Infidelity which has arisen among us, so different from that of the last century, is, as a recent writer in the pages of this journal so clearly pointed out, intensely *subjective*. It concerns itself specially, not with the outward historical proofs, but with the inward and essential truths of Christianity,—the ideas of sin and redemption,—striving to cast around them the mystic vagueness of a pantheistic imagination, and to melt and dissipate them in its transcendental crucible. The whole conflict between Faith and so-called Science has thus, as it were, been transferred, in our day, from the 'outer' to the 'inner' court of the sanctuary. And if Christian apologists would fully meet this subtler, and certainly loftier spirit of scepticism, they must enter too 'within the veil,' and circle round 'the holiest' itself in their defensive action. While not forgetting any of the outward bulwarks of

our sacred edifice, but rather evermore widening and strengthening them, it must aim especially to exhibit the glorious harmony of the interior structure, and the visible divinity—the *Shechinah*—as of old, enshrined upon the altar. Seizing the vital, organic unity of Christian truth, it must shew in *all respects* how it is the only satisfactory remedy of a ‘ruined’ humanity—the only adequate complement of its deepest needs; how the testimony of Scripture alone corresponds to and completes the testimony of experience; how *man* alone finds his true being and happiness in *Christ*. This is the great task of a Christian apologist, in our day, which will, at the same time, prove itself to be the highest Christian philosophy—not to despise any of the lights of speculative science, however alien or hostile they may seem; but to search, in the light of a subtlest psychology, every recess of man’s spiritual being, and so to prove that the deeper and more comprehensive the insight obtained into it, the more completely and exquisitely adapted is Christianity found to be its true life and strength.

ART. VI. (1). *England’s Trust, and other Poems*. By Lord JOHN MANNERS. 1841.

(2.) *English Ballads and other Poems*. By the same. 1850.

(3.) *Historic Fancies*. By the Hon. G. S. SMYTHE, M.P. 1844.

(4.) *Poems*. By A. J. B. HOPE, M.P. 1843.

(5.) *Essays*. By the same. 1844.

(6.) *The Morea, &c*. By ALEXANDER BAILLIE COCHRANE. 1841.

THE pen of the moralist is blunted with much soliloquising over school-boy days, their hopes, their torments, their vanity. But if school days are short, college days are shorter,—if the hopes of school are like the early cloud, the aspirations of a university career are the morning dew,—if the crosses of school are hard to bear, the agonies of college remorse are wormwood and gall,—if the failures of school are lamentable, the wasted time and energy and resource, the grief at home and shame abroad, which attach to a college catastrophe are irretrievable. Yet who is there of the many who have drawn blanks in the university lottery who does not still look back with affection to years which might have been better, perhaps could not have been less profitably spent. The smart of the failure is evanescent, the remembrance of the companionship and the pursuits which perhaps rendered that failure

more signal, remains. Old comrades, bygone jests, half-forgotten and half-glorified exploits, the laugh which manhood rejects as madness, the sigh of fancy, soon to be stifled by reality, the ecstasy of ambitious dreams, the heartiness of youthful friendships, all these and a thousand more images pass over the magic mirror which the enchanter Memory can sometimes spare time to people, and we forget the chasms which lie betwixt us and them—diverse rank, alien pursuits, misunderstanding, dislike, exile, the grave. The ordinary career at an English university does not exceed four years, but each of those years is as long as the dull decades which succeed them, and a single term often contributes as much to form or deform the youth as years combined affect his set and stereotyped manhood. But these years, though so crowded with present interest, are equally crowded with future anticipation. What is to come may be deceptive, but it is none the less in view, and from the green pastures and still waters of present enjoyment we see, if we are never to realize, the glittering abodes, the sparkling waves which lure us across the desert on the borders of which we have halted for a season.

There are few events in life more fraught with matter for reflection than a visit paid to one's college, a very few years after the conclusion of the ordinary university career. The town is the same—most of the houses unaltered, most of the tradespeople's names blazing in their accustomed places, perhaps a new museum, or a restored college front, but the same variable tinkle of chapel bells as one first wakes on the hard mattress which by favour of an old playfellow, now grim tutor of the college, has been prepared for the visitor's reception,—the same jingle of bed-makers' keys in the outer door, and jargon of shoe-blacks' tongues in the passage, discussing said visitor's dimly-remembered attributes, graces, or misdemeanours as an undergraduate,—the same ceaseless caw and chatter of the rooks in the college walks, and the same hum of voices and shuffle of shoes in the cloisters below your room, as the industrious of the year return from morning chapel; an event which probably synchronizes with your own consciousness now perfectly developed by the grinning activity of your own college servant, who, by an electrical sympathy possessed by his race in common with that of the university tradesman in whose books you may chance to stand, scents out your arrival and pounces on your trousers, brush in hand, with instinct certain as that of a South American vulture.* So the day wears on, like all other days

* We knew an instance in which a person left Cambridge owing *three shillings and sixpence only*: he was absent eighteen months, and on returning at the expiration of that time, he had not been in the town more than three hours, when the bill, (for the binding of a book,) was duly presented for payment.

at college, unlike any other day elsewhere. You breakfast with your old friend the tutor, whose brilliant waistcoat and smart neckcloth, of five years since, has sobered down into the sad coloured garments of the English priesthood, and whose looks appear to have undergone a similar process of neutral-tinting. Sundry freshmen are expected to the meal, and arrive capped and gowned simultaneously with the muffins. One or two intermediate celebrities make up the party, manners gradually thaw, and talk begins.

The conversation at a college breakfast party of the highest class is quite *'sui generis.'* Rarely elsewhere do you get so much vivacity, so much good-tempered banter, so much information on literature, science, and art, and so large a proportion of talkers who are worth hearing. Sometimes, perhaps, one hungry mammoth will swallow the conversation by himself, and leave nothing but scraps for his fellows. Yet this is rare, and, perhaps, oftener occurs after dinner than at breakfast. More usually, the talk is equally divided, and as it generally consists of the results of present reading, it is almost sure to be instructive as well as amusing. The hour passes away, and with it, if the day be one on which college lectures are given, the freshmen. Their departure gives room for criticising their merits. So-and-so has been well drilled; Mr. B. has distinguished himself in the preliminary examination; Lord John is very amiable, and clever 'for a nobleman,' &c. &c.

There is a great and marked distinction between colleges, in the judgment which they form of their pupils. The smaller establishments, if they catch a sharp boy, are very apt to blunt him by over-grinding; if a nobleman vouchsafes his presence within their walls, are not unlikely to value him by his coronet and his livings. But the larger colleges, Christ Church, with her grim Cerberus, Trinity, with the tyrannous Conversations-Lexicon who sways her destinies, reckon not of peers, and leave geniuses in great measure to their own devices. The fault of the universities is to overdrill, but this attaches in less measure to the large than to the smaller colleges. The danger is, lest university pursuits should so overlay the natural tendencies and tastes of the student as to make him at the end of his college career not a distinct individual, but one of a class, like Wordsworth's cattle,

* 'Grazing,
Their heads never raising,
There are fifty feeding like one.'

To form a correct judgment with regard to pupils is one of the most useful attributes which a college tutor can possess,—but how possess it!

We should find no difficulty in conducting our readers through the whole day of our college visit, perhaps not without interesting them, but we must refrain, and turn to the subject which first led our thoughts to the scenes which so many men look back to as the happiest of their lives.

There are few who have not heard the phrase, 'Young England,' and there are perhaps fewer who, having heard, understand the mystery thereof. Half-a-dozen schoolboys, none of them of pre-eminent talent, none of them great scholars, none of them first-rate speakers, none of them single-minded enthusiasts, set about regenerating this great country. 'They stand now on the threshold of public life,'—so writes an historian, whose little finger is stronger than their loins:

—'They are in the leash, but in a moment they will be slipped. What will be their fate? Will they maintain in august assemblies and high places the great truths which in study and in solitude they have embraced? Or will their courage exhaust itself in the struggle, their enthusiasm evaporate before hollow-hearted ridicule, their generous impulses yield with a vulgar catastrophe to the tawdry temptations of a low ambition? Will their skilled intelligence subside into being the adroit tool of a corrupt party? Will Vanity confound their fortunes, or Jealousy wither their sympathies? Or will they remain brave, single and true; refuse to bow before shadows and worship phrases; sensible of the greatness of their position recognise the greatness of their duties; denounce to a perplexed and disheartened world the frigid theories of a generalizing age that have destroyed the individuality of man; and restore the happiness of their country by believing in their own energies and daring to be great!'—*Coningsby, conclusion.*

If belief in their own energies had been all which these gentry required in order to achieve greatness, their fortunes were made. And they had the additional advantage of a profound belief in one another. It is droll to see how they 'back each other's bills.' For example, my Lord John Manners writes a volume of what he calls 'Poems;' he dedicates them thus:—

TO THE
HON. GEORGE PERCY SYDNEY SMYTHE,
THIS VOLUME,
PARVUM NON PARVÆ PIGNUS AMICITIÆ,
IS
MOST AFFECTIONATELY AND ADMIRINGLY
DEDICATED.

Three years after, he has his reward. The Hon. George Percy Sydney Smythe writes 'Historic Fancies,' and puts this in the fore-front:—

TO
 THE LORD JOHN MANNERS, M.P.,
 WHOSE GENTLE BLOOD
 IS ONLY AN ILLUSTRATION OF HIS GENTLER CONDUCT,
 AND WHOSE WHOLE LIFE
 MAY WELL REMIND US THAT THE ONLY CHILD
 OF PHILIP SYDNEY BECAME A MANNERS,
 BECAUSE HE IS HIMSELF AS TRUE AND BLAMELESS
 THE PHILIP SYDNEY
 OF OUR
 GENERATION.

This appears to be a good instance of what in unfashionable circles is called *cutting it fat*, and certainly, however amiable and enthusiastic Lord John Manners may be,—and these are qualities which we believe he possesses in large measure,—his sense of the ridiculous, if he have any, must surely have suggested the question whether his clever friend was not making a fool of him in this piece of fine writing.

But the fashion seems to hold, and when a second volume of poems appears from the pen of the same amiable enthusiast,—behold the dedication:—

TO
 ALEXANDER BAILLIE COCHRANE, ESQ., M.P.,
 THESE PAGES,
 IN MEMORY OF HAPPY HOURS PASSED,
 AND
 HISTORIC SCENES VISITED TOGETHER,
 ARE.
 AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

Lord John Manners and Mr. Smythe are pretty well known, but we suspect that many of our readers will have to thank us for introducing them to the gentleman to whom this dedication refers, but with whose real name it deals most harshly, as it scarcely gives a tithe of it. We see by a reference to 'Dodd's Parliamentary Companion,' that if drawn out to its full length, it runs thus:—ALEXANDER DUNDAS ROSS WISHART BAILLIE COCHRANE, which may perhaps remind the irreverent reader of the famous appellation which distinguished, or, as we should say in the slang of Young England, *illustrated* the puritan brother with the name which ended with the words, Praise-God Barebones. But more of Mr. Baillie Cochrane hereafter,

suffice it to say at present, that he too disports himself in dedications,—*ecce signum* :

TO

THE HONOURABLE

GEORGE PERCY SYDNEY SMYTHE,

THESE VOLUMES ARE DEDICATED

BY ALEXANDER BAILLIE COCHRANE,

IN THE PRESUMPTUOUS HOPE THAT THEIR TWO NAMES

MAY BE ASSOCIATED IN LITERATURE AS THEY HAVE BEEN IN

LONG AND UNINTERRUPTED FRIENDSHIP.

The friendship, like the men, must be immortal, and the magnificent galleon, which bears a Smythe and his fortunes down the stream of time, would be but imperfectly fitted out for her voyage, unless the tender in company contained a Cochrane. But enough of dedications; let us look at what is dedicated.

There is a gentleman resident somewhere in Kensington, who spends all his time in what astronomers call 'sweeping the heavens,' and the consequence is, that he discovers scores of comets which would otherwise come out of space, and return into space again, with no human eye as a witness of the transaction. The crowd of poets, at the present day, is almost as remarkable as the crowd of comets; they are, many of them, it is true, infinitesimally small, and without a reflector as powerful, and as incessantly employed as that of Sir James South, will doubtless wax and wane unnoticed by the eye of human criticism. We ourselves feel that we can supply but an imperfect list,—but without trouble, we think we could reckon up fifty, and we have been told that there are nearly one hundred in London at this moment. You can't dine at a London club but there's a poet at the next table. They swarm at balls, and sentimentalize at dinner parties. They all write subjective poetry; a poem to a page; and many of them mail the Queen's English most abominably. This habit of writing small hot-pressed volumes, with canvas backs, is to our day what going the grand tour was to the young nobles and gentlemen of a century back. It puts a man a little in advance of his fellows, and acts as a cheap advertisement of himself in society.

Lord John Manners needs no advertisement of this kind, and perhaps it is well that he does not, for there is not much in his poems to excite curiosity as to their author. They are mostly interesting for the diluted current of Anglo-Catholic theology

which dribbles through their pages. There is one which is called 'The Feast of the Conversion of Saint Paul,' but the real subject of which is the 'Christening of the young Prince of Wales, which ceremony, it appears, took place on a day on which the Church of England celebrates the other event referred to. It begins by informing us that the seven churches of Asia Minor are no more, but that 'Mother Church' commands her faithful children to celebrate the conversion of St. Paul,—we do not quite catch the connexion,—and yet that, for once, our English hearts rebellious will not roam, but insist on staying at home in England and going to see little Albert christened. The poem continues its parallel by observing that St. Paul's voyage was very stormy, but that the day in question was extremely fine, and completes it by reminding us that while the Apostle was tossed by the billows, the Prince is dandled by an Archbishop—

'A monarch from afar has come to magnify (quære, *compliment*) our Queen,

And England's Primate holds our Prince his sacred arms between.'

It is evident that the verse requires that 'between' should answer to 'queen,' but we generally speak, when not constrained by rhyme, of nurses holding the babies *in* their arms, for if they held them *between* them, it would neither conduce to the comfort of said babies, nor to the delectation of their tender and anxious parents.

We believe that the poet is a bachelor, but if he ever persuades a lady (whose name, we think, is Gwendolen, and to whom he dedicates two most heartbreaking ditties,) to share the poet's lot, he will probably obtain juster notions of the art of nursing babies. We tremble to think what might have been the consequence if poor Dr. Howley had really been guilty of the act which is here imputed to him, and we hasten to clear his memory from so undeserved an accusation. But our rhymester goes on to tender advice to her Majesty in the following fashion—

'Oh ponder well, young Queen, and let the lesson good be taught
Betimes to him whose life with England's destinies is fraught,
That glorious is the privilege which God to Kings has given,
To serve as nursing fathers the spotless bride of Heaven.'

The allusion here made of course refers to a passage in Isaiah, (chap. xlix. 23,) where the prophet, after dwelling with exultation on the future prospects of Zion, predicts that kings should be her nursing fathers and queens her nursing mothers, and Matthew Henry, in his comment, observes that whenever the sceptre of government is put into the hands of religious princes, this promise is fulfilled. But we confess that after having read the chapter carefully, and consulted the best authorities on the

subject, we do not see any reason to believe that the Episcopalian denomination in this country, with their monopolizing archbishops, their pamphleteering bishops, their indolent deans, their sinecure rectors, their worldly-minded vicars, and their starved curates, with their heterogeneous combination of Popery, Arminianism, Arianism, Socinianism, Calvinism, Latitudinarianism, Nihilism, and Erastianism, with their errors of doctrine, and errors of practice, with their Ecclesiastical Courts and their Ecclesiastical Commission, can have any claim to so magnificent a title as that of the 'all spotless Bride of Heaven.' There is but one stanza more.

'Be his the stalwart graces that adorned our hero kings,
And may the church in joy and sorrow shroud him 'neath her wings;
And nerve him, should his throne be shocked by treason-plotting carles,
'To do with young Plantagenet, or suffer with St. Charles.'

'Stalwart graces' give one the notion of 'corpulent slimness' or 'elegant obesity,' and of course are peculiarly descriptive of a constitutional monarch in a brown wig and stays, but we are rather at a loss to know who our 'hero kings' are; and, in fact, there is a kind of contrast almost approaching to contradiction between this enthusiasm about the little Prince, and the safe treason of sentiments such as we find scattered up and down through the poems of Young England, about 'our latest rightful kings.' As to 'doing' with young Plantagenet, the first question which arises is, who is young Plantagenet? We presume the author means Henry the Second, in distinction from his father, Geoffrey, the Earl of Anjou, with whom the name originated, for although Henry the Fifth be more celebrated for his doings, they were never directed against 'treason-plotting carles,' for there was no trace to be found of popular dissatisfaction with any part of his government, from the beginning to the end of his reign. But what were the doings? Surely these, that the future sovereign will have to quarrel with a future Archbishop of Canterbury, (who, of course, must be of the evangelical party,) for refusing to countenance the high church freaks of a future Bishop of Exeter, and after having tried every means to induce the Archbishop to submit to royal mandates, send down four lords of the bedchamber by a special train to Canterbury Cathedral to knock the most reverend prelate on the head at the conclusion of the afternoon service. 'Suffering with St. Charles' is more intelligible, though *why* the title of saint should be applied to a man who, according to the best authorities, was only put out of the way because it was impossible to trust him, we confess we do not understand; still less *how* the title of saint can be given to

any one by a church which has, as far as we know, no form of canonization whatever. But, in fact, it is not so given; the only title which the Prayer Book gives in that monstrous piece of absurdity, the service for the 29th January, is the title of *Martyr*, and it is reserved for a secular body to confer a name which in the earlier ages of the church the pope himself could not grant. By the way, talking of the service for the 29th January, what a pity it is that the whole power of the Church of England cannot avail to do away with these annual farces. Two hundred years after the event, we are made to call the execution of Charles the First a heavy judgment—a barbarous murder—and to implore ‘that neither the guilt of that sacred and innocent blood, nor those other sins, by which God was provoked to deliver up both us and our king into the hands of cruel and unreasonable men, may at any time hereafter be visited upon us or our posterity.’ Why, what a perversion of prayer this is! But this is not all; for if we go to church on that day, we are made to thank God, that in spite of Charles the First’s execution, He did not leave us for ever as sheep without a shepherd,—pretty shepherds!—but by His gracious providence did miraculously preserve the undoubted heir of his crown, our then gracious sovereign (*de jure*) Charles the Second from his bloody enemies, hiding him under the shadow of His wings until their tyranny was overpast; and did bring him back in His good appointed time to sit upon the throne of his father,—to fill the land with nauseous corruption, horrible profaneness, rank hypocrisy, and bigoted tyranny,—to disgrace England by putting her under the feet of France,—and to leave the throne to a successor whom the land spued out from her midst, as a bloody-minded, cowardly, and execrable tyrant. But to return. We must quote one more poem from this volume before taking leave of its author, and we will select a little ballad which has a great deal of prettiness about it. We have thrown two lines into one, to save room, but it does not affect the measure.

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•
•
‘WENLOCK ABBEY.

‘In days gone by, ere faith waxed faint, throughout our English land
Honour and praise awaited then the virgin’s holy band.
Each maiden fair was then not taught to lisp a husband’s name,
The spinster’s state disdained to be synonymous with shame.
Methinks ‘midst wars, and crimes, and wrong, heaven smiled upon
the land,
That with a breeze of prayer and praise its azure glory fanned.
By gentle stream, in sheltering wood, or narrow-streeted town,
The quiet convent’s prayer would bring a quiet blessing down.

How rang these silent cloisters then with woman's thrilling song,
While countless choirs prolonged the chant our island shores
along !

So gentle hearts that still can see a potency in prayer,
Still love to muse 'mid shrines like those that stand in ruin here.
Fair lady! shafted columns tall from out these ruins rise
And bower'd roof and cloistered walk before my wondering eyes.
'Tis but a dream, the pattering rain drops through the headless arch,
And Wenlock's crumbling walls repeat your merry call to 'march.'
Away, away !—but, lady fair, dreams stranger e'en than this
Have been fulfilled, so who shall say mine will its errand miss ?

This runs nicely, though perhaps it is more fitted for the 'Lady's Souvenir' than for a volume of poems by a male hand. But this sort of rhyming is not difficult, and no doubt will be practised very often by the Lord John Mannerses of future ages. Take an example from the twentieth century, about the time when the New Holland artist will sketch the ruins of St. Paul's from the last remaining arch of London Bridge—

THE RUINS OF ST. MARTIN'S BATHS AND WASHHOUSES.

In days gone by, when soap was dear, throughout our English land
Honour and praise awaited then the washerwomen's band.
Each maiden fair was then not taught to mark a husband's shirt,
But waged in spinster state a war most merciless with dirt.
Metlinks 'midst sewers, and sumps, and sinks, heaven smiled upon the
land

That with a whiff of soapy steam its azure glory fanned.
With separate tubs, with water hot, and Windsor old and brown,
The baths and washhouses would bring a cleanly blessing down.
How rang these silent ruins then with woman's scolding tongue,
While countless choirs prolonged the chant the country towns among.
So gentle hearts that still can see a potency in soap,
Still love to muse on triumphs past and nourish future hope.
Fair lady! lines and clothes-posts tall, from out these ruins rise,
And Bath and Washhouse new-create, astound my wond'ring eyes
'Tis but a dream, I know 'tis your balloon which stops the way,
And Leicester-square repeats the call,—I hasten to obey.
The breeze is fair,—but Gwendolen, dreams stranger e'en than this
Were once fulfilled by Duckinfield,—shall mine its errand miss ?

Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera, and so on to the end of the chapter.

We beg our author's pardon for this travesty, but he ought to remember that it is hardly wise of a man who aspires to lead a great party to detract from his own reputation by printing fifth-

rate rhymes, which, by the bye, are defaced with another of the flippancies of Puseyism, that of dating the book on a saint's day. Why, what in the name of all the saints in the calendar has a volume of occasional poems to do with the Feast of St. Philip and St. James? Why not date one's bankers cheques in a similar way? For certainly St. Philip and St. James have as much to do with the really Christian duty of paying one's bills, as with the questionably Christian act of inflicting on the public another dose of Wordsworth-and-water.

Mr. G. P. S. Smythe is a very different writer from his friend and companion. He is evidently what the world would call a clever fellow. In those of his writings which have the sanction of his name, there is a great deal of liveliness, power of language and of satire, and appreciation of character, and in one or two papers there is an evident attempt to discuss religious controversies in the vein of an 'esprit fort.' His style, both in verse and prose, resembles and is evidently modelled on that of Macaulay. But he does not present to the eye of criticism those salient points of absurdity which are so charming in the productions of his friends and allies. His volume, 'Historic Fancies,' consists of a number of fragmentary papers, mostly on French history, interspersed with some ballads of considerable merit. We fear that his dear friends must have shaken their heads at the tendency of some of these compositions, but they cannot deny them the meed which they justly deserve of cleverness and tact in their conception and execution.

Mr. Smythe, unlike his friend Lord John Manners, has rarely spoken in the House of Commons, of which he has long been a member. Some years since, he made an attack on Sir Robert Peel, after which he was rewarded with a small place by that wily statesman. Whether his attack on Lord Palmerston will have a similar effect, it is not for us to prophesy, but we believe that a consulship or attachéship would not ill-suit the genius of the Member for Canterbury.

The 'Opus Majus' of Mr. Alexander Beresford Hope is his volume of Essays, for they cost five shillings, while his poems can be bought for three. At their head stands an essay 'on the character of the English people, regarded with a view to present difficulties and their remedy;' and as this essay appears calculated to convey to our readers the best and truest notion of the tendencies of the author, we shall simply state with reference to the remaining seven essays, that their subjects are principally archæological or political, and that they appear to be written in a quiet and unobtrusive manner, although here and there deformed by pedantry,

and when occasion serves, deformed also, or adorned, as their writer no doubt believes, by the assertion of sundry high-church dogmas. But to the first of these essays, we feel bound to draw the attention of our readers, because it contains a kind of sketch of the practical views of the school whose name stands at the head of this paper.

The Essayist begins by an analysis of the English character, and takes early occasion to complain of 'the want of sufficient logic in the national mind,' although he admits that this is not peculiar to England, but has existed in all nations from their very foundation. The meaning of this complaint is very evident as we go on, for it is really not so much a complaint as an attempt to explain those religious differences which the author would so willingly silence by the voice and authority of 'the Holy Catholic Church.' 'Believe as I do, you are good 'logicians, but no good logician will ever desert the fold of the 'Establishment for the howling wilderness of Nonconformity.'

'So long as the English Church was powerful and glorious, . . . so long were Englishmen foremost in the ranks of Churchmen, but when the iron arm of secular tyranny had robbed the Church of its power and its magnificence, . . . then, as might be supposed, a grievous change came over the mind of the English people; . . . they fell into the love of every species of heresy and schism, till the English nation has become a by-word and a never-failing jest throughout the world for its religious diversities. . . . Then Brownism sprang up, the spawn of Geneva heresy, fostered by many a faithless son of the church; and sour Presbyterianism, fed by martyrs' blood; and insane Quakerism, and many monstrous forms of error. At length Calvinian William landed, and the English Church abandoned her fortress to the unholy brood, and all seemed hopeless. Then time rolled on, and horrible spectres of Mormonism and Socialism have raised their frightful heads, as if in vengeance for our sins.'

Is this rubbish the production of a Protestant, or of a Papist? Does the person who writes it know his own creed, or the creeds of those persons whom he thus unceremoniously denounces? Is he aware, that neither the Brownists, or Independents as they are now called, nor the Presbyterians, differ from the Church of England in any article of faith to a greater extent than the Articles of the Church of England differ from her Liturgy? Has he ever heard a Quaker sermon, or mixed in the society of that sect whose views he denounces as insane? Or did he ever strike a bargain with a member of the Society of Friends? And, then, what does he mean by presuming in the blinking bigotry of his heart to connect Mormonism and Socialism, which

are forms, not of heresy so much as of immorality and national death, with the various forms of English and Scotch Non-conformity, the adherents of which are as well ordered, as moral, and, we will add, as little wanting in sober sense, as this brilliant Essayist?

From complaints against our religious systems our author turns to complaints against 'our old industry,' which 'from a virtue has become a vice, a blight, and a curse,' and is 'transformed into a greedy and restless passion for gain;' and he grumbles at the 'tall, gaunt, black chimneys, raised by the fair streams of the loveliest valleys of Northern England, filling the very spots *where once the abbey-spire would have risen*,'—and asserts that 'by the mill-owners, the health and well-being of those whom they fancy their dependents is set down for nought; and more than this, the general weal of the body politic.' The gentleman who writes these lines is the owner of a fortune so great as to enable him to build a house as large as a club, as any one may see who takes the trouble to walk up Piccadilly till he gets to the corner of Down-street; and yet he is but a cadet of the House of Hope. Where did the money come from? Is it not matter of notoriety, that he owes his wealth to that 'vice, blight, and curse' which has transformed our old industry into 'a greedy and restless passion after gain,' and which, among other fortunes, has made the colossal fortune of the Hopes of Amsterdam. And this is the man who reviles the industry of the 18th and 19th centuries!

But now we come to his remedy. It is ostentatiously printed in uncial characters, and thus it runs:—

'GOD'S HOLY EVERLASTING CHURCH ALONE CAN SAVE OUR NATION; AND GOD'S HOLY EVERLASTING CHURCH MUST BE RE-STORED THROUGH ENGLAND OF THE SAINTS.'

England of the Saints,—Saint Charles, Saint Manners, Saint Smythe, Saint Hope, Saint Cochrane! And how is the church to work this salvation? Hear our author:—

'Some of the features of the Catholic Church, which for these many years have, in our branch of it, been so grievously obscured—the daily Communion, for instance, the penitential system, religious communities—it is in the power of any bishop, almost of any parish priest to revive. . . . Let them be gradually and locally re-established, and then our Synod, whensoever it shall assemble, will come forward with a better grace to confirm and to seal them than if they were to be all at once forced into a premature generality by any canon that it should enact.'

This is, of course, rank popery; but how much more honest it

would be to say so. If you want a daily communion, there is the mass for you. If you want maceration and abstinence,—the penitential system, as it is called,—why not take to ropes and sackcloth? If you want religious communities—which, by the bye, only mean communities of monks, or ‘religious men,’ in the Anglo-Catholic, not the evangelical sense of the phrase—why there’s the Oratory and dear Father Faber, at Charing Cross, and his ‘religious men’ may be seen any time, with long black cloaks and broad hats, sneaking about the West end of London, and looking, for all the world, as if butter would not melt in their mouths—why not join them? Oh, no! for we belong to a church between which, as we interpret it, and popery, the distinction is infinite, and the difference infinitesimal. But in the next paragraph, the author sighs for something, which to an uninstructed intellect is perfectly unintelligible. ‘The want of a Pontifical is one of those deficiencies which must strike the ‘most casual observer.’ Now, we will undertake to say, that there are not five hundred lay observers out of the whole population of these kingdoms who know what ‘a Pontifical’ is. It is evidently something profoundly protestant, but whether it be an instrument of warfare, or a fertilizer, or a new-fangled coat to wrap up a popish priest in, or what, it remains for the initiated to expound. We, after a careful search in Johnson’s Dictionary, discover that it means a book decreeing rites and ceremonies; but of all the deficiencies we ever heard described as one which must strike the most casual observer, this is certainly the drollest. Pray on, then, to all the saints, Saint Charles, Saint Manners, Saint Hope, and Co., that of their great mercy they will vouchsafe what will cure all the evils of the body politic, A PONTIFICAL.

This great want being discovered, our author proceeds to discuss the question, whether the English nation be still ‘essentially catholic,’ and he decides that it is—the principal opponents to churchmanship, being—who? ‘Speculating farmers and small shopkeepers.’

‘This class it is which produces these stirring and heroic spirits, ‘who, if they be nominally churchmen, rejoice to attain the ‘honours of churchwardenship, that they may bully the clergy-man, and job the church (*job the church!!* paint the rose!) and ‘strut their hour; and if, on the other hand, they swell the ranks ‘of schism, move onward with peculiar grace to meeting, sure, ‘from their wealth and their dignified position’ (as petty shopkeepers and speculating farmers) ‘to be invested with all the ‘grandeur of a ‘deacon,’ if they be not even called to fill the ‘orator’s rostrum, and so acquire the right to ornament their ‘names with the title of ‘Reverend’ whensoever it shall suit ‘their convenience so to do.’ Why does not this erudite

Bœotian know that commonly before a dissenting preacher is ordained he undergoes a far more searching examination as to his capabilities than the examination by a bishop's chaplain? And if he can point out five instances of persons who have obtained the title of 'Reverend' among dissenters without a regular ordination, we will show him fifty among clergymen, who have obtained that title without any claim on the score of character or attainments to possess it. But mark the climax:—
 'This class it is that has afforded the most determined and vexatious opposition to the holy war now waging through the length and breadth of the land (no slight symptom this, by the way, of a healthier feeling) against the pue (*sic*) system.' Awful crime! They have been used to worship in boxes, and they object to worship on shelves.

Our Essayist can hardly let a poor Puritan sleep quietly even in Bunhill Fields. Religious prints in cottages and in small farm-houses are a proof of the latent Church feeling still existing, and the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is no argument against it, though it be an allegory calling in the aid of pictorial art, for John Bunyan was not so great a Puritan as he would fain have us believe him to have been, or if he was, 'his Puritanism, like that of Milton, 'is a remarkable fact in the history of religious psychology; and 'like it, tends to show how utterly powerless is a mere æsthetic perception of beauty, *without inward holiness*, towards the 'maintenance of a sound faith in the soul.' Milton and Bunyan were not holy men, Hope is a Saint. But if Bunyan were not a holy man, he was a discernor of character, and we fancy we have seen a character very much like the following, which is portrayed in the first part of the 'Pilgrim's Progress':—

'And I slept, and dreamed again, and saw the same two pilgrims going down the mountains along the highway towards the city. Now, a little below these mountains, on the left hand, lieth the country of Conceit, from which country there comes into the way in which the Pilgrims walked a little crooked lane. Here, therefore, they met with a very brisk lad that came out of that country, and his name was Ignorance. So Christian asked him from what parts he came, and whither he was going?

'*Ignor.* Sir, I was born in the country that lieth off there a little on the left hand, and I am going to the Celestial City.

'*Chr.* But how do you think to get in at the gate? for you may find some difficulties there.

'*Ignor.* As other good people do, said he.

'*Chr.* But what have you to show at that gate, that the gate should be opened to you?

'*Ignor.* I know my Lord's will, and have been a good liver; I pay

everyone his own ; *I pray, fast, pay tithes, and give alms*, and have left my country for whither I am going.'

Whereupon Christian suggests that he came not in at the wicket-gate that is at the head of the way, and that his chance of admission to the city is but small. Then says Ignorance, 'Gentlemen, (Brownists, Presbyterians, Quakers,) ye be utter 'strangers to me, I know you not; be content to follow the 'religion of your country, and I will follow the religion of mine.' When Christian saw that the man was wise in his own conceit, he said to Hopeful, whisperingly, 'There is more hope of a fool 'than of him;' and said moreover, 'When he that is a fool 'walketh by the way, his wisdom faileth him, and he saith to 'every one that he is a fool,' to which Hopeful adds the following not very complimentary tribute—

'Let Ignorance a little while now muse
On what is said, and let him not refuse
God's counsel to embrace, lest he remain
Still ignorant of what's the chiefest gain.
God saith, those that no understanding have,
Although he made them, them he will not save.'

And so it turned out with Ignorance, for the concluding paragraph of the Dream is as follows; a paragraph which for solemn and bitter grandeur is perfectly Dantesque, and which we trust will not be applicable to our 'brisk young essayist.'

'Now when I was gazing upon all these things, I turned my head to look back, and saw Ignorance come up to the river side: but he soon got over, for it happened that there was there in that place one 'Vain-Hope' (probably a clerical relative), 'a ferry-man, that with his boat helped him over: so he, as the others I saw, did ascend the hill, to come up to the gate; only he came alone, neither did any man meet him with the least encouragement. When he was come up to the gate, he looked up to the writing that was above, and then began to knock, supposing that entrance should have been quickly administered to him: but he was asked by the men that looked over the top of the gate, 'Whence come you? and what would you have?' He answered, 'I have eat and drank' (daily communion) 'in the presence of our king, and he has taught in our streets.' Then they asked him for his certificate, that they might go in and show it to the king: so he fumbled in his bosom for one, and found none. So they told the king, but he would not come down to see him, but commanded the two shining ones, that conducted Christian and Hopeful to the city, to go out and take Ignorance, and bind him hand and foot and bear him away. Then they took him up, and carried him through the air to the door that I saw in the side of the hill, and put him in there. Then I saw that there was a way to hell, even from the gates of heaven, as well as from the City of Destruction.'

We have only to add, for the comfort of our Essayist, that immediately after witnessing this awful vision, the poet—for he is no less—‘awoke, and behold it was a dream.’

It is refreshing to turn from the dull spite of Mr. Hope’s prose to the grotesque inappropriateness of his rhymes. Listen as we read—

‘Lady *eminently* fair,
Lady young and debonair.’

‘Eminently’ is a queer adverb to apply to ‘fair.’ Eminently pious, eminently skilful, but surely not eminently fair.

‘Thou enchainest with thine eye,
And thy voice each passer by,’

with the drawing-room windows wide open, and the piano close to them, and sits so that she can nod at the passengers as they go up the street,

‘Carolling some simple lay
Like’——

Like what, do you think? Not like a nightingale which sings in a bush, or a blackbird which sings on a dead bough, or a thrush which sings on a tree, or a cock-sparrow which chirps on an area railing, but

‘Like the lark *on ashen spray*,’

where we will answer for it a lark never sang yet, even in a cage.

‘Sweet thy tones and sweet thy smile,
Void of censure, void of guile;
And thy footsteps lightly sound,
Calling music from the ground,
Like the fairies on the green
Tripping it at Hallow e’en—
Holy thoughts within thy mind
‘There’ (where?) ‘alone their entrance find.
High chivalric imagings,
Memories of by-gone things,
In thy pure heart ever dwell,
Weaving round it many a spell,’

like a spider spinning a cobweb in a corner.

‘Lady *eminently* fair,
Lady young and debonair.’

There really ought to be a heavy differential duty on trash of this sort, particularly when we remember the dangerous facility with which it is produced by nearly seventy living poets. Could

not the Lady Guendolen (note a difference betwixt the Lady of Hope and the Lady of Manners—the one is *Gwen-* the other *Guen-dolen*,) be persuaded to check this profusion of rubbish.

But here is another quite as good:—

‘ON OUR COAT OF ARMS.

‘ Azure, a Chevron, or, between three Bezants. Crest, a Globe, broken at the top, under a Rainbow, all proper.

‘ The three bezants, beaming with gold,
For many a year their tale have told,
That erst in Holy Palestine
Fought for the faith our warrior line.’

A Bezant, it seems, is what children call ‘a figure of nought,’ in other words this, ○. We should have thought that three cyphers beaming with gold might have had reference to the *wealth* of the family; but no, the ancestors of the respectable house of Hope and Co., of Amsterdam, were Crusaders.

‘ The crest above is emblem bright
Of Hope, which, such as for the right
Do battle, shall for ever feel
Though the world split with thunder peal;

‘ For ’mid the dark waves o’er their heads
Its heavenly light the Rainbow sheds;
As once when it announced to men,
The world should ne’er be drowned again.’

Unfortunately the promise did not include immunity from a deluge of bad poetry, as our readers will mournfully own, nor from a deluge of nonsense which seems to be implied in the image of men doing battle with dark waves *over* their heads, in which, not ‘in the cloud,’ a rainbow is to be seen shedding its heavenly light. But Mr. Hope excels most in erotic poetry—

‘ ’Tis sweet at holy eventide,
By shadowy streamlet’s side,
While many a bird around us sings,’

Us means *me and Guendolen*.

‘ To muse on long past things.
‘Tis sweet at noonday’s fiercest hour
In honeysuckled bower,
To gaze upon some fair champaign,
Or hill-environed plain.’

No doubt, though iced champagne seems preferable, and not to be gazed at, but drunk on the premises.

‘ ’Tis sweet in solitude to hear
 Frighting that silence drear,
 The din of some high king’s resort,
 Or sea-enriched port.’

Would not ‘and drink old-crusted port’ have been quite as appropriate after the champagne?

‘ ’Tis sweet to think some exploit on
 By princely Richard done.’

Bad rhyme and worse English. To *think* an exploit *on*, if it means anything, means to think that it is just being achieved. We *think* a cause *on*, not *think on* it, if we are misinformed by our friend Mr. Briefless when he meets us in King-street, Cheapside, on our way to Guildhall; but being retained in that cause, we *think on* it, not *think it on*.

‘ Or carol forth some glorious lay
 Of Gawaine or Sir Caye.’

The only glorious lay we ever heard carolled forth under such circumstances is the famous old ballad—

‘ Old King Cole
 Was a merry old soul,
 And a merry old soul was he.’

But in the presence of the everlasting Guendolen, whose name Mr. Hope spells with a U, while Lord John Manners, like Mr. Weller, senior, spells it with a WE, we had rather be excused from detailing the further exploits of that renowned monarch.

‘ But sweeter far it is than these’—

These what? The port, the champagne, Gawaine, Sir Caye, or old King Cole.

‘ My Guendolen to please,
 And see my studious toils beguile
 The lady of a smile.

‘ To gaze upon each other’s eyes,’

in the honeysuckled bower, with the bottles of port and champagne on the table—

‘ ’Till with the fond surprise’—

What surprise! We do not understand this—

‘ Both blush, both start with sudden fear,
 Looking we know not where.’

Looking, we should think, either for the cork of the champagne, the sudden explosion of which has, perhaps, occasioned the sur-

prise, or else for a rhyme to 'fear,' which certainly does not exist in 'where,' unless it be pronounced in the Lancashire fashion.

The only verses which are worth quoting, except to laugh at, are the last in the volume, in which the author has very prettily imitated the old church hymns, and to show that we bear him no malice, we transcribe them.

Hymnus in Ecclesiam.

Benigna Mater omnium	Late resplendens unio,
Quicunque credunt Domino,	E margaritis unicus,
Fas sit recordari tuas	Quem omni cuncta venditans
Dotes figuris mysticis.	Mercator emet pretio.
Navis quæ Christum in sinu	Granum sinapis parvulum,
Portas ad gubernaculum	Quod procreavit arborem,
Et nil periculi metuens	In cuius umbrâ patulâ
Ruis per ignotum mare.	Volucrum residet genus.
Avis quæ cursu præpeti	Templum de saxis vividis
Cœleste scandis atrium	Ædificatum in petrâ,
In medioque iære	Cui lapis angularis est
Ipsa libris impetu.	Christus Redemptor gentium.
Thesaurus, in quâ conditur	Imperialis curia
Quodcunque ornatissimum,	Quam Rex Supremus habitat,
Ex quâ Magister eruit	Cohorsque circum regia
Antiqua et recentia.	Astant ministri Angeli.

We rejoice in these lines to see that their author bears out his own theory, that Latin 'must be treated, not as a dead, but as a living tongue; that men must not confine themselves to the dialect of 'one period of time, but grasp the language of all ages, and every 'country.' •

A notice of the school of Young England would not be complete without a notice of another writer, who stands on our list, and who, like his friends, aspires to the triple honour of excelling in prose, poetry, and politics. As a politician, he has not been successful. His attack on Lord Palmerston, judging from newspaper reports, must have been, like many of the doings of the school, exceedingly absurd, but it was not eminently prudent, and we regret to add, that the defence of the Foreign Secretary was not characterized by that humanity which ought always to be shown to the inferior animals. As a prose writer, Mr. Cochrane is lugubriously known to the readers of 'Ernest Vane.' We dare not tax the patience of our own readers by an analysis of that immortal work, which ought to be bound in half-mourning, and sold with 'Drelincourt on Death,' and Dr. Dodd's 'Medi-

tations,' at the 'Maisons de Deuil' in Regent-street. But we will proceed to the poems.

The ancient Greek dramatists were in the habit, at one period of their history, of composing three serious dramas or tragedies on a given subject, to which they subjoined a fourth of a comic nature, called the satyric drama. Thus Æschylus, to that great tripartite poem, or trilogy, in which he portrays the crimes and punishment of the race of Orestes, added (though we have it not), a fourth play called 'Proteus,' which probably stood in the same relation to the three preceding dramas, in which the travesties of the minor theatres stand to the 'opera seria.' What the Proteus was to the Orestean trilogy, what LA! TEMPEST! AN! is to the great operatic effort of Scribe and Halévy, such is Mr. Cochrane to those gentlemen whose works we have endeavoured to sketch. Anybody who has seen a 'cart colt' attempting to imitate the freaks and play of a young thorough-bred in the same pasture, will have a very just notion of the analogy which exists between Mr. Cochrane and Lord John Manners. Both may be absurd, but the absurdity of the one is original absurdity, whereas the absurdity of the other is that of an imitator, who mimics faults as well as graces.

There are faults in grammar to be found in the poems of Mr. Hope. For instance, he uses words like 'renownedst,' which certainly, as the superlative of a participial adjective, is questionable, and as far as euphony is concerned, is detestable. But his faults are those of a wayward scholar. The faults of Mr. Cochrane are the faults of a dunce.

Take the following, selected almost at random—'Thou slept,' for 'Thou didst sleep.' 'Hand to hand, and lip to lip did touch,' for 'Hand touched hand, and lip touched lip.' 'I could not besceem, but did appear most sorrowful,' for 'I could not dissemble.' This is a double blunder, corrected in part by the old line,

'Quod non est, simulo dissimuloque quod est.

But our author first uses *besceems* for *seems*, and then *seems* for *dissembles*.

'The pale moon steals and evening shadows flee.' *To steal*, is to take what is not our own, which Mr. Cochrane has certainly done to some extent, for the whole of the poem from which this line is quoted is *cribbed* from Byron. But, to steal, as a neuter verb, is always accompanied by a preposition, to give the notion of stealthy movement. 'Evening shadows flee,' can only mean, *fly*, or *flit*, for the shadows of evening do not flee, they deepen, those of morning flee away.

‘Love nursed by perils which the more endear,
Smiles on the conquered toils of Jason and Medea(r)!!!

Why surely Lord Byron could have taught his pupil better rhyming than this. But take another sample of our poet:—

‘Oh, Virgins! when I die remember me;
Ye cannot all forget the bygone times.
If any stranger o’er the deep salt sea,
Should seek the Delian shore, from distant climes,
And say’——

What do our readers think? Why, in defiance of Lindley Murray & Co.,

——‘Sweet Virgins will you name me *he*
Whose soft lyre murmurs to the sweetest rhymes?
Will you not answer with your fondest smile,
‘We love the blind old man of Scio’s rocky isle.’

These lines profess to be ‘*a translation from Thucydides, l. iii. c. 104.*’ Of course the writer means, ‘a translation from a fragment of an Homeric Hymn quoted by Thucydides.’ for he probably has heard that Thucydides did not usually write poetry. It is nothing of the kind, for (with the exception of the last line) it is about as like the original as Mr. Cochrane is to Lord Byron. But we quoted it for the sake of the grammar, not the translation; while we cannot help regretting that lines so touching as those of the original should be so maltreated.

Mr. Cochrane appears to be a most melancholy man. We have read through his poems, twenty-five in number. Out of these twenty-five there is hardly one in which the unfortunate author does not weep. Sometimes he cries more than once. For example, in the first poem of the book, after informing Laura that he is come back from his tour, and that he brings her

‘Flowers
‘Of a young heart in its first blossoming,’

and expressing a conviction that she will ‘love his gentle offering,’ he goes on to speculate thus:—

‘Perchance ’twill sweeter bloom ’neath love’s soft showers,—
For if one bliss is past imagining,
It is to feel that some sweet spirit pours
Fresh drops of kindred hope o’er thoughts that once were ours.’

But before the end of the second stanza, having by some unjustifiable means got into the lady’s bed-room, he stands and looks at her, as he himself with astonishing effrontery avows.

'Till thou didst sigh like harp by night wind swept,
And then I could no more, but *turned aside and wept.*'

Weeping number one!

Only four stanzas on, having got out of the room and gone on his travels, he

——'knew 'twas weak, and strove, but strove in vain,
For each loved thought would *gather the big tear.*'

Weeping number two.

In the next poem he goes to the Morea, and while on the voyage, by an extraordinary accident, he hears one of the sailors sing a song, which sounds for all the world like nonsense verses made on the model of 'My native land, good night;' and still more wonderful to relate, after working through about two dozen bundles of words, called by courtesy stanzas, he meets with an old gentleman, who, after an act of barefaced literary piracy, to which we have before referred, (an act in which he is not content with plundering, but also maims his victim,) proceeds to make some versified observations, which, with a trifling difference in the metre, bear a very strong resemblance to 'The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece,'—a resemblance which of course is accidental. The old gentleman concludes thus:—

'Farewell, farewell, my thread (qu. yarn?) is spun,
Farewell, ye Virgins! one and all;
I cannot sing (qu. eat?) as I have done
At Delos' glorious festival:
One moment—are the echoes dead?
They faint away—yet ere they cease,
'Tis past—that thrilling word has sped,
I'll sing no more,—that word was Greece.'

And our poet, after two stanzas, which we cannot find room to quote, *weeps again.*

——'Why I feel so much I scarcely know, (*no wonder!*)
Yet, even as I write, the burning te-drs flow.'

Cry number three.

But he is not satisfied with bellowing himself, which he does most plentifully, but he advises everybody else to weep at every conceivable case. Scotland, very properly, is exhorted to weep for Sir Walter Scott,—*we*, as the poet undertakes, shall all weep for the errors, and shed a tear for the sins of Shelley. Then, at 'the first parting,' we are positively hysterical with grief—

'Tis the first parting which will bring such tear-drops in the eye,
So heart-breaking that no after grief can claim such sympathy.'

And a few pages on we have a poem, in which Mr. Cochrane actually glories in his power of 'blubbing,' and says that—

'If every warm and gushing tear
 Could wash a sin away,
 His heart would be as soft and pure,
 And clear as vernal May.'

In fact, Mr. Cochrane is fit for no trade but that of an undertaker, for his tears are positively enough to float a man-of-war.

He weeps to Laura once and again; his heart bleeds to Miss Botzaris, whoever she is; his tears gush, in writing a poem to a young lady, name unknown; his tears prove his constancy to unknown young lady number two. He promises to weep when Mr. G—— S—— does him the honour to cry. He drops a tear in bidding farewell to ——, supposed to be a young lady unknown number three. He acknowledges that he met M. A. in tears, and as it seems from the context, under very awkward circumstances for her. He not only wept, but positively groaned, when another young lady left him. He 'mingled sighs and sympathized with tears' in the case of a person whom he calls his first, best love, (very uncomplimentary to all the rest;) and it requires all the un-poetry of Mr. Robert Pashley to prevent him from bursting out into a paroxysm of woe at the mere effort of writing to that eminent lawyer a versified epistle of very moderate pretensions.

We have thus endeavoured to give our readers some faint notion of the literary value of the school of Young England. To talk of the last author whom we have named, as belonging to any school except to some preparatory school in the suburbs,—where he ought to be sent to learn how to keep from such perpetual snivel,—is a sort of contradiction in terms. But we are content to be inaccurate, so that our inaccuracy is merely verbal. And our readers are now in a position to judge what was the value of Mr. D'Israeli's prophecy. Will these men regenerate society? We humbly think that they are 'hardly strong enough for the place.' Lord John Mahners will always retain a prominent position in a party which is so strikingly deficient in young blood. He will fight manfully the battle of Tory Socialism, and perhaps live to regret the time when he lent a hand in setting men against masters, as we fear he has unwittingly, but too successfully, done. Mr. Smythe will retire from public life, and live 'an intellectual Sybarite,' probably producing some brilliant volumes of French Memoirs, or French History compiled from Memoirs, with fanciful descriptions, clever points, and questionable morality. Mr. Hope will found a monastery of Cistercian monks at Canterbury, with a London House in Piccadilly, but,

perhaps, before his perversion, add a new court to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he has already done so much for which the lovers of mediæval art may be sincerely grateful. And Mr. Cochrane! why, he has played such pranks among the fair sex, if we may believe his own account, that we must positively banish him—but, to dry his tears, which would no doubt gush forth in torrents at such a sentence—we will make him Professor of Poetry at the University of Port Philip.

ART. VII.—(1.) *Woman's Mission.*

- (2.) *A Plea for Woman.* By MRS. HUGO REID. 1843.
- (3.) *Household Education.* By HARRIET MARTINEAU. 1848.
- (4.) *The Princess: a Medley.* By ALFRED TENNYSON. 1848.
- (5.) *Introductory Lectures delivered at Queen's College, London.* 1849.
- (6.) *The Quarterly Review.* No. CLXXII.
- (7.) *A Letter to the Bishop of London in reply to the article in the 'Quarterly Review.'* By FRED. DENISON MAURICE, M.A.

AMONG the many questions which occupy the public mind, perhaps 'the educational' has been the longest before it, and the most eagerly canvassed. Now, not the least valuable of the results of a long-contemplated and severely questioned subject, are the many collateral inquiries to which it gives rise, and most important among these, in this case, has been the long discussion relative to the specific education of women. In former times, and frequently during the last century, this subject was canvassed; and much vehemence, much one-sidedness, and much bitterness characterized the inquiry. Perhaps, indeed, 'inquiry' would scarcely designate what took rather the form of a combat—in some instances almost *à l'outrance*—and which consisted far more in angry invective, and scornful rejoinder, than in any calm contemplation of the subject.* Happily, in the present day, the subject has been taken up in a wiser and gentler spirit;—the importance of female education has been recognised by all, however diverse their views or their plans; and the 'Sophias' and 'Philomathias,' who, in the days of our great-grandmothers, had to fight through the whole ancient universal history, to establish the fact, then most contemptuously impugned, that women were really capable of education, would be beyond measure gratified to find, that this, their first proposition, was most cheerfully conceded by all. But what kind of education shall our female youth receive? Shall it be public or private? Shall it be precisely

same as their brothers, or modified? Shall it be through the medium of male or female teachers?—these are the questions which have occupied, and still occupy, much attention,—questions, indeed, of no little importance.

While extensive inquiries have been made as to the education of women in various countries, it has often struck us as rather surprising that so little interest should have been felt in the education, whatever it might have been, of our own countrywomen in past times; perhaps, therefore, a rapid view of this subject, previously to making a few remarks on the writers before us, may not be unamusing to our readers.

The earliest systematic attempt at female education originated in the convent; when under the regulations of St. Benedict, the monastery, instead of being the abode solely of ascetic severity, or utter idleness, was fitted to become the fountain of all knowledge to a rude, but advancing race, by the possession of a library and a school. It is interesting to observe in the Benedictine constitutions, and throughout all their subsequent modifications, how emphatically these two points, the library, and the school, are dwelt upon; and as the rule was precisely similar for men, and for women, the instruction of women in these establishments first became recognised as an express duty. Few specific notices can be found of these early schools, but that in them a strictly *literary* education was given, is evident from the numerous letters and poems in the collected works of Aldhelm, Boniface, and Alcuine, either addressed to, or received from, the inmates of the female convents. In a former article (No. XX., p. 393,) we remarked upon Aldhelm's most elaborate poem, having been expressly composed for the nuns at Barking Abbey; nor was this a solitary instance of the proficiency of the convent maiden in Latin, for we learn from a very interesting letter, addressed to Boniface by a nun in Minster Abbey, that the inmates there cultivated, under the superintendence of the abbess Eadburga, Latin versification; and the writer encloses a specimen of hexameters for his approval. This abbess Eadburga, who is represented as 'ceaselessly versifying the sacred law,' was also the lady whose calligraphy was so exquisite, and skill in illuminating so great, that the half-pagan monarchs of the Heptarchy, on whom she bestowed her copies, were won by their exceeding beauty to feel interest in their contents. And even as early as the eighth century, we can point to a very interesting composition too, of an English nun, in which, with much grace and simplicity, she gives the narrative of the wanderings of St. Willibald in the Holy Land. These instances are sufficient to show that a strictly literary education for women is no novelty; and thus, those who

may be disposed to look with suspicion on the 'Queen's College' of the present day, and sigh for 'the good old times,' may discover that these new-fangled ways are indeed but a return to the system adopted more than a thousand years ago.

The reader, however, must not conclude that 'ladies' accomplishments' were proscribed, albeit the convent maiden wore serge and woollen; 'fine needlework' was the especial boast of the convent school, and Malmsbury, in his most exaggerated superlatives, and Matthew Paris, in his most lengthened prosings, alike describe and eulogize the marvellous feats of the needle, the miracles of gold embroidery and fringe work, which, in the form of hangings, altar cloths, copes, mitres, sandals, and an endless et cetera, either beautified the convent churches at home, or were eagerly received by the sovereign pontiff himself; and all these, in honour of the fair manufacturers, were designated by the phrase *opus Anglicanum*.

With the decline of Saxon scholarship, the celebrity of the Saxon female convents seems to have declined; still, that these continued to afford a better education than the male convents, may be affirmed from the fact, that while extensive alterations, under the stringent rule of Lanfranc, that great patron of learning, were made in the latter, the female establishments continued under the rule of their Saxon superiors. To what extent the female population, both before and after the conquest, profited by these convent schools, is a difficult question; still, when we remember that there was scarcely a district, however thinly peopled, without one of these establishments, and that the larger towns had mostly more than one, we cannot think that any very large proportion of females of the higher and middle classes were unsupplied with educational advantages, more especially when we bear in mind that in towns the pupils were in many instances *day* scholars. It seems, however, that in some instances the lower classes were not neglected; a very old man having told Aubrey the antiquary, that just previous to the dissolution of the monasteries, he had when a boy been accustomed to see the nuns of St. Mary, near Bridgewater, go out into one of the meadows belonging to the house, surrounded by their scholars, each with her distaff in hand.

Although we do not find specific instances of high scholarship among the nuns subsequently to the conquest, and although the cultivation of Latin—which was still certainly taught—was subordinated in a measure to the then more pleasing study of the Anglo-Norman and its literature, we still have evidence enough that a very good education was afforded. In the various decrees respecting these conventual establishments, we meet with many

glimpses of the mode of life of their inmates, which exhibit a far higher degree of knowledge and refinement than the general reader would expect to find. The 'præcentrix' was to be 'a lettered nun,' and to her the keys of the bookcase were consigned: she also chose the book which was always read during dinner, and she, too, appointed the reader. In the rules of the 'Gilbertines,' express mention is made of the nuns occupying much of their time in transcribing books; and that their taste led them occasionally to prefer the works of the *trouvères*, we have proof in the regulations that confined them to Latin works. Instances of the superiors of female convents being employed on missions of importance are not infrequent, and the whole testimony of contemporary history proves that these inmates of the convent were active, intelligent women. And this is confirmed by the descriptive poet; and Chaucer, in his picture of the gentle prioress, 'Madame Eglantine,' has given us a striking example of the educated lady of the fourteenth century. That it is true to fact, we cannot doubt, when we remember the marvellously life-like truth of his other characters; and truly 'Madame Eglantine,' with her knowledge of music, her cultivation of French,—albeit its pronunciation was 'after the schole of Stratéforde at Bowe,' with her lady-like bearing, and her sweet and graceful courtesy, would be quite 'presentable' in modern society; while her higher qualities,—her benevolence, that stretched forth toward every living thing,—her guarded speech in an age when so much conversational licence was allowed, her whole character, indeed, as so sweetly summed up—

'For all was conscience and tender herte,'—

prove, that whatever might be the defects of the religious system, the convent school could supply an education which women at a far later period might seek for in vain. From other portions of Chaucer, and of Gower too, we may plainly gather that women generally were well educated at a period when many believe that there was no education at all. It is the 'godely hode,' the 'highe pryce' of his 'lady, withouten spot of any blame,' that causes the Knight in his 'Confessio Amantis,' to be so 'over-glad' at her very remembrance. It is the 'godely swete speche,'

'Upon alle reason so well founded,'—

the eloquence, never to be surpassed, the winning gracefulness, that deepens the sorrow of Chaucer's Black Knight for the loss of the Duchess Blanche. And it is curious to trace, through all the varieties of his higher female characters—Emily, Custance, Dorigene, Canace, but especially his queen of the daisy, the fine *intellectual* character which Chaucer, far more than even Shake-

speare, beautiful as *his* heroines are, always assigns to them; even poor Griseldis, notwithstanding her peasant birth, is represented in his version of that revolting story, as so wise, so winning, so 'digne of reverence,'

'That eche her loved that lookéd on her face.'

Now we find nothing of this, either in the poetical or prose writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—nor, although the phraseology, and somewhat of the departing spirit and feeling of chivalry, still gave a faint semblance, aught to be compared with this reverential and heartfelt *hommage aux dames* in the writers of the Elizabethan period.

The fifteenth century saw the decline of the chivalrous era, and the progress toward that new order of things, of which the sixteenth century witnessed the full development. During the whole of that century learning declined, and the female convent schools, probably, participated in the general neglect. They still, however, supplied the education that was sought for; and from the letters which we find in the 'Plumpton,' but especially in the 'Paston' Correspondence, the ladies of the fifteenth century appear intelligent, active, and business-like women. Several of the letters in the latter collection afford ample proof, that the wife was the adviser of her husband in the general affairs of his estate. Margaret Paston—a very delightful character, we may remark—superintends alike the purchase of farming-stock, and the arrangement of the 'cross-bows and windlasses,' when it is attempted to make a forcible entry into the manor-house; and with lawyer-like precision, she remarks in another letter, how 'Wyndham saith, that Swainthorpe is held of the king, by the 'third of a knight's fee, and whoever hath the manor shall find 'an armed man in time of war, in the castle of Norwich, forty 'days to his own cost;' thus entering into the details of feudal tenure with an intelligent interest, which to the poor drudges, or fine ladies of the last century, would have appeared 'shockingly masculine.' But masculine the women of the middle ages were not. Brought up under female guardianship, educated under female guardianship, how could they be? Above all, honoured as *women*, and viewed as possessing in right of their sex characteristics deemed by an imaginative age almost divine, how could they be?

We have very few notices of the convent schools at this period;—from Dean Kentwode's injunctions to the nuns of St. Helen's, in London, A.D. 1446, we find that money was paid for boarders, and we incidentally discover that the nuns, probably the better educated, were accustomed to receive private pupils. (P. 198)

'Monasticon,' vol. v.) These schools were also still the resort of the children of the higher classes—in some instances, of infant boys—for the three young Tudors, the half-brothers of Henry VI., were, on the death of their mother, Queen Katherine, consigned to the care of the abbess of Barking. From the before-mentioned correspondence, we find that young ladies were frequently placed in the houses of the nobility, but in a rather anomalous situation, which indeed can scarcely be understood. They were expected to 'make themselves generally useful,'—we really cannot find a phrase to express our meaning better,—and yet a sum was paid for their board. At first we thought this might be an arrangement superseding the convent school, but, in all the instances mentioned, the young persons seem to have been of an age when education must have been already received. This system must, however, have had some effect in weakening the influence of the ancient system, and certainly must have prevented that close attention to the higher branches of learning, which there is every reason to believe was formerly paid.

The time was, however, at hand, when the convent school was to be numbered among forgotten things; and however favourable a view the reader may take of the general results of the Reformation, we think he cannot refuse his tribute of sympathy towards those hundreds of highborn and educated women, who were cast out with a mere pittance, from those asylums where they had hoped to live and to die, to the heartless scorn, or grudging pity, of a generation that knew not that in suppressing the female convents, they were cutting off from their daughters their only chance of education. Little enough, boastful as he was of his patronage of learning, did Henry VIII. yield from his enormous spoliations of church property, to the cause for which he was willing to put forth such right royal decrees. Still, from the rich spoils of the male conventual establishments, he *did* fling a niggard sum for the education of men:—but the broad lands of Barking, Romsey, Godstowe, Shaftesbury, and hundreds more were seized, and with the grossest injustice, not a single mark was yielded to provide even the meanest elements of female education. To the reader who has been accustomed to look upon this era as peculiarly the age of female learning, and who has dwelt upon the pleasant picture of Sir Thomas More's family, each daughter with her book in hand, and that Latin or Greek; or of young Elizabeth translating Sophocles, and her worthy tutor, Roger Ascham, standing over her, in equal admiration of her literary attainments, and her beautiful writing: or more touching still, sweet Lady Jane Grey, the girl-scholar with ~~her~~ *her* on her knee, and her mournful eyes upcast toward those

regions, whither the prophetic yearnings of her young heart tended—this denunciation of the policy that swept away the convent schools must appear strange indeed. But let the reader attempt to familiarize himself with the general character of the generation immediately succeeding—with its fierceness, its coarseness, its almost unimaginable brutality—yes, all these, though the printing-press was at work, though for the male population ‘the schoolmaster was abroad,’—nay more, though the Bible, the English Bible, was chained on the desk in all the churches, inviting all to read it. What an age was that! when women eagerly jostled with men to witness the drawings and quarterings at Tyburn, and the burnings in Smithfield; and when the most popular ballads described scenes of cruelty enough to curdle one’s blood. The case was, woman, save among the very highest classes, remained utterly destitute of education; she grew up coarse, and brutish, and as the necessary consequence, man became tenfold more so. Even among those high-born women, the learned ladies of Elizabeth’s court, a delicacy, a gracefulness, which women at a far earlier period possessed, seems wanting. We can scarcely imagine the ‘dainty’ dames and damsels whom Froissart celebrates, seated for hours gazing on the bull-baitings and bear-baitings of the sixteenth century—still less that the pupils of ‘Madame Eglantine,’ who was

‘So tendre and so piteous,
She wolde wepe if that she saw a mouse
Caughte in a trappe, if it were dede or bledde,’

could have done so. But, partly in consequence of the character of classical literature, so wholly opposed to the romantic in its estimate of woman—partly in consequence of receiving instruction from male teachers exclusively, the women of the sixteenth century came to look upon feminine feeling as mere weakness, to view their own sex with an indifference, almost bordering upon contempt; in effect, to become bad imitations of men, instead of true women. The effect of this was not at first perceivable. During the long reign of Elizabeth, although ‘distinctive womanhood’ was slighted—alas, that it should have been so, and under a *female* sovereign!—there was decorum enough, and religious principle enough, among the higher classes, for it is to them alone that we now refer, to preserve the proprieties of female character. The mental training, too, which these learned women had received, in itself was a safeguard; and the sweet and gentle spirit of much of that glorious poetry which then burst forth, spoke also to their hearts, not in vain. Well did the poets of that age—our Sydney, Drayton, Spenser, Shakespeare ~~fulfill~~

their mission. Would that woman had been equally fitted to fulfil her own!

But these remarks, as we have said, apply only to the higher classes of females; for the middle there was little education; for the lower none at all. And to be enabled to estimate the kind of women which the close of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth produced, we must turn to the satirical prose tracts of Dekker, Munday, Chettle, and to the graphic pictures of the dramatists. Much has been said of the beauty which so many of Shakespeare's female characters display; but it may well be doubted whether the large-hearted and large-minded poet did not create them from types in his own mind. Certain is it, that scarcely can greater contrast be presented, than the female characters of Shakespeare and those of *all* his brother-dramatists. An Isabella, an Imogen, a Hermione, a Portia, are utterly unknown; and if we have, in some instances, slight traits that reminds us of the forwardness of a Rosalind, or the pectulance of a Beatrice, the fine poetic feeling of the one, and the noble generous-mindedness of the other, is wholly wanting. Judging from these contemporary dramatists, the women of the middle classes might be divided into two portions—the scolds and the idlers. The first, busy, bustling women, who, whether engaged over the spit or the stewpan, the distaff or the 'buck-ing-basket,' apparently felt it their calling to keep up a continued clamour; and the others, mere dressed-up puppets, whose whole occupation was 'to lisp, and amble, and nickname God's creatures,'—'to sit in a bay window'—especially when sights were to be seen; or to go about, in gown of changeable taffeta and ruff of Italian cut-work, to the many sights which London could then supply—'the New Motion of the City of Nineveh, with Jonas and the Whale, at Fleet-bridge,' or 'the Marvellous Strange Fish to be seen outside Ludgate.' And the coarseness of these women was just such as might be expected; and proportionably low their moral principles—not perverted, indeed, like those of their daughters and granddaughters after the Restoration, but simply uninfluential; and thus, in many of these dramas (and there is no doubt they are true to life), we find the heroine passing from honour and a respectable station, into vice and misery, almost as it were without a motive.

On the accession of James, the respect which had been paid to 'learned ladies' rapidly subsided. The king, whose jealousy of the fame of his great predecessor was only equalled by his absolute and undisguised hatred of women, was not disposed to concede them a privilege which he boasted of so proudly himself. 'The learned book' was, therefore, proscribed by an authority

more powerful than the Star-chamber—royal opinion; and the effects may be traced in the doings of a court, unrivalled in profligacy and wickedness. Who shall think lightly of female ignorance, when he contemplates the appalling deeds of that darkest period? It was not the girl nursed up in 'the errors of blind papistry, in the convent schools, not the youthful reader of Greek, who could run that fearful career of profligacy and murder, ere she attained her nineteenth year; but the Countess of Somerset, who, although an earl's daughter, was brought up among domestics, ignorant, so far as useful knowledge went, as the merest child, but most deeply learned in depravity—a girl, whose utmost education, as contemporary testimony informs us, was limited to dancing, playing on the lute, and confectionery, but whose chosen associates were fortune-tellers, women of the most depraved habits, and poisoners!

It would appear from the scattered notices of education at this period, that almost every accomplishment was taught by men. That the languages, writing, perhaps the theory of music, should be so, is not surprising, seeing that such instruction was required by so few; but the virginals, and the lute itself—far better fitted for a woman's fingers—were also taught by men, and, apparently, even embroidery! This, which appears ridiculous to us, did not, however, appear in that light to our forefathers; for, strangely enough, all 'ladies' dressmaking' was in the hands of men; and the ornamenting of these expensive and cumbrous garments, whether in the form of 'velvet guards,' or 'passaments of gold lace,' or 'broiderie,' were executed by male fingers. 'Fine needlework,' when mentioned as a female accomplishment, appears to have been chiefly confined to cambric work, (except what may be called ornamental embroidery;) and these, as well as 'starching' and 'pastry making,' alone were allowed to be taught by women. The effect of this is apparent in the female character.

Ere long, we find female schools springing up among the middle classes in the towns,—under what arrangements we cannot ascertain, but an improvement for which we were probably indebted to Holland; and simultaneously with the return to female education by female teachers, we find a marked improvement. It is curious, and, to us, extremely interesting, to find these schools closely connected with the rise of Puritanism. The first allusion to such occurs in a play, intitled, 'The City Match,' where the daughter of one of the characters is represented as having been under the superintendence of the wife of a silenced minister, who in addition to teaching needlework, 'and to take notes at sermons,' when writing itself was not a very common accomplishment, instructs her in Church history.

and acts of ecclesiastical councils. The ridicule is obvious; but it is evident that a more intellectual education was given than had been known since the suppression of the convent schools. But we are not left merely to the scoffing testimony of the dramatist on this subject. In a very curious little book, published just after the Restoration, we have a particular account of a lady whose mother is represented as having kept a school for young ladies, at Hackney—that aristocratical quarter then—for many years. This book is entitled ‘The Virgin’s Pattern, in the exemplary life and lamented death of Mrs. Susannah Perwich, by Mr. John Bachiler,’ (the ejected vice-provost of Eton,) and in it is set forth how, at a very early age, she became a proficient in Latin, French, and Italian; that, in addition to fine needle-work, she played on the lute, treble viol, and harpsichord; that she was a fine singer, composed music herself, and that the fame of her musical talent drew many distinguished foreigners to her mother’s house. Truly, the reader accustomed to picture to himself the starched young Puritan, table-book in hand, setting down some sixteen heads of a two hour-long-sermon, must be astonished at this accomplished ‘pattern,’ which the ex-provost of Eton sets before him. To the reader, however, who has turned over the newspapers during the Parliamentary war, the surprise will be less, for allusions to the superior education of the Puritan women, and the influence they exercised, meet us again and again, combined with the bitterest sarcasms, in the *Mercurius Aulicus*, the paper ‘set forth’ by express authority of Charles and the Clergy of Oxford. In the memoirs and funeral sermons of this period, too, we find records of many highly educated women, and in their own writings—for female authorship may almost be said to have then first appeared—the proofs of their superior attainments are equally evident. It is probable that still, among the higher classes, girls were, like Lucy Hutchinson, instructed at home; but female teachers, except for Latin, were employed, and thus an honourable situation was afforded to many an educated woman. And that the system pursued by the Puritans approved itself to the judgments of those who yet were not disposed to cast in their lot with them, is abundantly illustrated by the fact that nothing was more common during the persecutions of Charles the Second’s reign than for the wife of the silenced minister to set up a school. We find many instances of this in contemporary memoirs; and singularly enough, while the high church gentry chased the preacher from the church, to the preacher’s wife, their daughters, at the most susceptible period of their lives, were often consigned for education. Happy, indeed, for the failing virtue and

religion of England that it was so; for the women of the Restoration were frivolous beyond precedent, and it was this swift deterioration of female morals and mind that led an accomplished but anonymous writer, in 1673, to put forth his 'Essay to revive the Ancient Education of Gentlewomen.' This pamphlet is interesting, as the oldest we have been able to discover on the subject of female instruction, and it is pleasant to observe how warmly the author advocates the cause of liberal education, maintaining that 'women are not such silly, giddy creatures' as are generally supposed, and that therefore some effort should be made to urge them to nobler pursuits than 'trimming themselves 'like Bartholomew babies, and dancing, and making flowers of 'coloured straw, and building houses of painted paper;' and he most chivalrously remarks, 'it is an easy thing to quibble and 'droll upon a subject of this nature, to scoff at women kept 'ignorant on purpose to be made slaves, but this savors not at 'all of a manly spirit.' He argues that it is always among people lowest in civilization that women are most degraded, and points to Russia and Holland in proof, giving a very interesting picture of the responsible station occupied by 'the well-bred, ingenious, industrious Dutch-woman' of the seventeenth century. Into the details of education the writer does not enter, but in respect to the *kind* of education, he remarks: 'I cannot 'tell where to admit them, or from what to exclude them—the 'whole encyclopædia of learning may be useful some way or 'other.' Classical instruction he especially advocates, as a means of mental training, and he also recommends the extensive use of pictures in geographical and historical teaching. Altogether the little pamphlet is very interesting, nor is the least interesting portion the note at the end, stating that a school on this plan is about to be established by Mrs. Makin, 'some time tutoress to Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles the First,' in which the education is to consist of 'dancing, music, the Latin and French tongues,' with the characteristic addition, that 'linning, preserving, pastry, and cookery' would also be taught, if required, and that the inclusive terms would be 20*l.* per annum.

We believe this school, which is stated to be at Tottenham High Cross, was established; while that the principles advocated in the pamphlet obtained some notice, we have proof in another, which appeared soon after, bearing the startling title of 'A Proposition for an Academy, or *College*, wherein young ladies may be duly instructed.' This seems to have originated with some members of the high church party, since it professes to offer a plan to obviate the disadvantages of 'the maiden schools

'in and about London, where through the unfaithfulness and 'covetousness of the mistresses, the success hath not answered,' of the 'Popish convents,' where the faith of the pupils has been undermined; of home education, 'where they have been corrupted and betrayed by servants;' or where 'recourse hath 'been to nonconformist families, where, perhaps, a stricter 'education may sometimes be found, but then it is usually 'attended with these great mischiefs, that thereby schismatical 'and rebellious principles are insensibly instilled into them.' The unconscious tribute to these latter schools is obvious. The plan proposed here does not differ greatly from that in the former pamphlet; the rules, however, approach nearer to those of the convent school; and in the vigilant superintendence of the chaplain, and the pre-eminence given to 'church teaching,' we find how greatly the writer dreaded the influence of the female nonconformist.

'High-church principles' and general education have seldom gone hand in hand, much less female education; so, as a counteractive to these views, a work, intitled, 'The Lady's Calling,' but far better known by its subsequent title, 'The Whole Duty of Woman,' came forth. Although not advocating any peculiar system of education, or of no-education, since it is addressed to females 'between the ages of sixteen and sixty,' it is worthy of notice as embodying the prevailing views of female education, for two or three generations. This, we need scarcely tell our readers, was that of the mere household drudge. Information on any topic beyond those of every-day life was pronounced needless for the being whose daily sound was from the nursery to the pantry, and from the pantry to the still-room, although on the wise superintendence of these depended not only the comfort and health of the family, but the prospects of the next generation, while all mental cultivation was denied, on the plea of 'the inferior station of woman.' Strange that it should not have occurred to such reasoners that in the case of the steward of a household, the chief clerk in an office, of the Prime Minister of the Crown himself, such plea would have been scouted with contempt. But 'The Whole Duty of Woman' kept its place for nearly a century among the very few books that formed the ladies' library, and, in an abridged shape, it became the frequent introduction to delightful chapters on roasting and boiling, preserving, distilling, and the manufacture of cosmetics. Laughable is it to find the grave and solemn sentences of the right reverend author, we believe Bishop Sanderson, in juxtaposition with recipes for 'Dr. Butler's Ale,' a nauseous compound, half cordial and half medicine; for 'shoulder of mutton stuffed with

oysters!' or, more delightful far than all the grave advice, directions 'how to beautify the face and hands,' or 'to cause a curiously white complexion,' by the aid of 'peach blossoms, vine-sap, melon seeds, and gum tragacanth,' all duly 'scethed in whey.' And when all women, high and low, were thus told that ignorance was their allotted portion, can we wonder that silly recipes like these, and the stewpan and the still, should occupy minds unconscious of the high calling which should have been theirs?

The subject of female education seems for a number of years to have slumbered, if we except a little work written by a lady, intitled, 'A Proposal to the Ladies for the advancement of their true interests,' which appeared in 1695. This is a very well written recommendation to ladies who had leisure, and a competency, to form a kind of institution among themselves, where they could enjoy the advantages of mental improvement, without being exposed to the scorn of their own sex, and the ridicule of the other. It was to be a kind of nunnery, for the writer, who terms herself a friend of Mr. Norris, evidently leans to his views, which the reader will remember are so unsparingly ridiculed in the 'Tatler.' But before we join in the ridicule, it were well to remember that it was not from any determined hostility to the world, that Madonella proposed her establishment, but simply to withdraw from a contempt which it must have been very trying to bear. And that many women, perhaps possessed of very superior talents, dwelt upon the idea of 'a college for learned ladies,' is evident, since fourteen years after the first proposal, we find Steele again and again referring to it, especially in the 'Tatler,' No. 63, where he indulges in a ludicrous description of the school, where 'pens, compasses, manuscripts, Greek and Latin,' are to supersede 'scissors, needles, and samplers', and where one of the ladies, who is to be a professor, is represented as editing 'two Saxon novels.'

The lady here referred to, is evidently Elizabeth Elstob, one of the most learned, but at the same time one of the most interesting women of her time. Among the Harleian Manuscripts (No. 1866), at the British Museum, the reader may see—to quote the very words of a most competent judge, Sir Henry Ellis,—'one of the most lovely specimens of modern Saxon writing that can be imagined.' This is the copy of the 'Textus Roffensis,' written and illuminated by Elizabeth Elstob, when she was little more than twenty years of age. Brought up with her brother, the Rev. William Elstob, also a Saxon scholar, and we believe related to Dr. Hickes, Elizabeth from her girlhood cultivated, together with the classical, our much neglected Saxon

literature. She soon after removed with her brother to London, and there, under the express patronage of Lord Oxford, published her translation of Elfric's 'Homilies,' preceded by a very graceful dedication to her patron. And absorbed in their pleasant studies, the brother and sister lived a life of no common happiness, until, ere she had attained to middle age, a short illness deprived her of the cherished companion of her pursuits, and flung her upon a world, which had already pronounced a contemptuous decision on the studies to which she had been devoted. What could she do? the very gifts, which in the present day, we rejoice to remember, would have procured her not only an honourable subsistence, but respect and admiration, precluded her, as she has told us, even from a waiting-woman's place! so she retired into Wiltshire, to earn her daily bread by the scanty profits of a *dame school*. And there in a lone cottage, with her Greek Testament, and her Saxon manuscripts, (four beautiful volumes of which may be seen in the Lansdowne Collection) her sole remaining treasures, the most learned woman of her day, the best, almost the only, Saxon scholar in England, passed long years of solitude and privation; 'not that I am unwilling to labour in any way,' as she touchingly says in a letter to Mr. Ballard, 'for the woollen of my gown was spun by my own hands.' At length better days dawned upon Elizabeth. The wife of a neighbouring clergyman interested herself in her behalf, and she was introduced to the Duchess of Portland, the daughter of her former patron, who finally transferred her to the more congenial society of Bulstrode, to be the governess of her children, and where in a good old age she died.

We may be pardoned this episode, were it only to show how little there was to fear that women in becoming well informed should cease to fulfil feminine duties, while at the same time it proves how fiercely society fought against any who dared to stand forth as 'authors.' This is, indeed, curiously illustrated in the stealthy way in which Lady Mary Wortley Montague sent out her poems into the world, hiding behind the mantle of Pope, or beneath the designation of 'a person of quality;' and it is also illustrated in the earnestly argumentative, as well as deprecatory preface, which ushered 'the ingenious Mrs. Elizabeth Singer's' poems to the public.

All this time, a quiet, formal system of teaching fine needlework, and pastry, dancing, and a smattering of French, seems to have prevailed in 'the ladies' boarding-schools'—those huge red brick houses with two octagon flower beds, and two tall trees in the front, and two large stone balls at the gate; where 'the young gentlewomen,' well whaleboned and buckramed, worked

miraculous samplers in every coloured silk, pored over point to the serious damage of their eyes, or in lectures on pastry, were duly initiated into the mysteries of 'florentines, jumbals, and quince jelly,' or paced two and two up and down the formal gravel walk, as stiff as the clipped yews that bordered the sides. Perhaps it was after chafing under such 'gentlewomanly' discipline, that 'Sophia' desperately took pen in hand, in 1739, to prove 'Woman not inferior to Man.' Poor Sophia! with the heartiest goodwill towards her sex, she was sadly deficient in tact; for she startled the dull, stupid, 'do-as-others-do' age of George the Second with a demand for such an education for women as the world had never seen; for they were to be brought up precisely like men. And earnestly she argues from the instances of Semiramis, Thalestris, and such like half-fabulous heroines, how well qualified for the battle-field itself *all* women might become! The answer which very shortly appeared, 'Woman inferior to Man,' and which professes, according to the title-page, to be by a 'gentleman,' is most illustrative of the views of the age. It begins by addressing women as 'lovely creatures,' but tells them 'the most perfect of their sex are a kind of amphibious thing, 'between a creature and no creature, and therefore the man who 'calls them creatures, must mean *very poor creatures indeed*'—the italics are the author's. He tells Sophia she is guilty of blasphemy in demanding a higher station for women, adding, with a much nearer approach to it, that 'the Almighty when he shaped the rib into woman, was little concerned about any perfections in it!' Extravagant as are these quotations, there are many far more so; while the coarseness and virulence are almost unimaginable. 'Sophia,' however, replied—one might have thought she would have felt herself disgraced to reply to such a book,—and then the question dropped.

Little attention seems to have been paid to women, or their education; until some thirty or forty years after, and then the Rev. Dr. Fordyce—thinking, perhaps, that as 'the Whole Duty of Woman' had completed its hundred years, it should be superseded by a new one—preached and published his lectures to young women. And what lectures! whether the florid inanity of the style, or the pompous arrogance of the assertions—for to argument he never rises—are considered. Still, they are very curious as proofs of the change of opinion that was taking place in respect to women. According to Bishop Sanderson, the quiet drudge, thumbing her cookery-book, or her prayer-book, and keeping a careful eye over the household stuff, in gratitude to the master who fed and clothed her, was the beau-ideal of womanhood. His fancy seems to have lingered eastward among early-patri-

archal scenes, when the lady baked cakes, and her daughter carried the water-pitcher: and Dr. Fordyce, the powdered and scented advocate of 'becomingness,' 'sensibility,' and such-like *petit maître* phrases, turned to the east also, but it was to the inhabitant of the Hareem rather,—taught to smile or sigh, to talk or to be silent, at her owner's will; and to place her highest ambition in being an animated plaything, a sort of live doll. Indeed, 'being charming' is the all in all with this reverend divine, for, saith he, 'never perhaps does a fine woman strike more deeply, than when, composed into pious recollections, and possessed with the noblest considerations, she assumes without knowing it, superior dignity and new graces, so that *the beauties of holiness* (!) seem to radiate about her;' and again, as though woman could assume at will even an outward appearance, according to his fastidious taste, in another sermon he remarks,—'Men of sensibility (!) desire in every woman soft features, a flowing voice, a form not robust, and a demeanour delicate and gentle.' We are sure these two specimens are quite sufficient to show the kind of 'teachings' for ladies which crowds simperingly listened to some seventy years ago; teachings, which in the present day would have swiftly raised a chorus of ridicule throughout the whole land, and furnished *Punch* with some additional 'pencil-lings.' Truly little less than the shock of a French revolution could avail to arouse an age sunk so deep in silliness!

And, ere long, the shock came; while fine gentlemen were inditing nonsense verses, believing them to be the very height of elegance, and fine ladies were boasting of a 'sensibility' which prohibited them from walking half a mile, from speaking save in a whisper, from all mental exertion save such infinitesimal small talk as Miss Burney has depicted in her *Evelina* and *Cecilia*. But onward it came;—and then, what a contrast between the cold and formal enunciations of common places, the passive spirit that rejoiced in its swaddling-bands, and sought for rules in everything, from religion to landscape gardening, from poetry to pic-nic, of the beginning of the eighteenth century, and the sovereign scorn of all rule, the wild outburst of long pent-up feelings against all that had been valued, honoured, worshipped, of its close! Nor was it surprising that when deep thoughts of social rights, and earnest and passionate questionings of the future arose, when every age-honoured principle, moral and political, was so sternly inquired into, so rudely handled, that one solitary woman of splendid gifts, denied their fitting cultivation, should have uplifted her voice on behalf of one-half of the human race, and claim for woman, what France, aristocratical France, had even thus early claimed on behalf of the meanest tiller of the

ground, a participation of equal rights. And, for the '*roturier*,' a hearing was gained, and even in the National Assembly, the advocacy of his rights was deemed no scorn; but 'the Rights of Woman,' with what contempt was even the mere phrase quoted, and what a burst of fierce abuse heralded the singular, but most forcible work, which bore that title. Poor Mary Wolstoncraft—if ever writer could emphatically complain of having 'fallen on evil tongues, and evil days,' she might. With her after history we have nothing to do; but for her celebrated work we must emphatically declare that there is no immoral teaching in it whatever. There is much that is extravagant, much, too, that a more correct female taste would have prevented her touching upon; and, far more deserving of censure, a want of reverence for the Scriptures; for her opinions on that subject are given without attempt at concealment. Still it is a wonderful work, whether we mark the precision with which she enunciates her views, her fine, clear, forcible style, or, above all, the deep, burning, resistless tide of eloquence, when out of the abundance of a heart chafed with long contemplation, both of the real and the imagined wrongs of womanhood, she pours forth her withering denunciations against those who 'refuse to allow woman the privileges of ignorance, while they deny her the gift of reason,' who, 'worse than Egyptian taskmasters, expect virtue, where nature has not given understanding.'

Who can satisfactorily trace the springing up, and blossoming, and future fruit-yielding of the intellectual seed sown by the wayside? Mary Wolstoncraft's eloquent book was flung away with fierce scorn, and all classes of writers joined in denouncing it. Not more completely could the seed be down-trodden beneath the soil of the crowded highway, than were her intelligent suggestions as to the physical training of children, the establishment of infant schools (for the complete system,—the singing lesson, the picture, and the play-ground, may all be found there), thrust into oblivion. But that which was really good, was not lost—can it ever be? Others entered upon her labours, and Elizabeth Hamilton advocated her system of physical training, and Hannah More, from that very work, took a bolder tone in her demand for a more solid system of female instruction, and at length startled the fashionable world, and greatly 'bothered' the religious, when she represented pattern Mr. Stanley as advocating 'a rational education' for girls, and his daughter, the staid Lucilla recreating herself with a Latin author, while the lively Phoebe was sobered down with mathematics. And now, how many of the 'novelties' that roused the indignation of our grandfathers in 'that shocking book,' the women of the present day enjoy! 'The

healthful exercises of girlhood, instead of the everlasting doll and baby-house; the general instruction in that delightful art, drawing; the attendance on lectures, and at public meetings—usages which more than one reviewer at that time remarked, no woman could be so lost to propriety as to adopt—the growing respect, too, in which those are held, who, instead of being helplessly dependent on an already over-burthened father or brother, seek, by the exercise of their talents, to earn their own bread; and the candid attention now given to the opinions of women, whether offered in the private circle, or through the press. Truly, woman in the nineteenth century owes a debt of gratitude to the devoted, though in some respects, mistaken champion of her rights, who braved such cruel scorn, but alas! who sunk beneath it,—like the champion of Swiss freedom, who caught the serried spear points, and plunged them in his own breast, crying, ‘Make way for liberty.’

The progress of public opinion is slow; and thus, many of the questions relating to female education, which awakened grave thought in the days of Hannah More, are still occupying the public mind, and even many a view brought forward long since, and long since forgotten, are anew claiming our attention. The author of the little work which stands first on our list, has we think done good service, not so much by her general views of the station of women and their suitable education, as by her eloquent appeals to them to fulfil their ‘mission;’ and by so earnestly maintaining that that ‘mission’ is far more important than most of them imagine. Upon this part of the subject, however, all the writers before us—except the reviewer in the *Quarterly*—pledged as he is to ‘the cause of retrogression,’ are agreed; and it is to the way in which this ‘mission’—would not ‘calling’ be a better word?—can be best fulfilled that their thoughts are directed. Now it is obvious that much must depend upon the preliminary education; and thus, while various opinions are maintained in regard to its specific peculiarities, one writer advocating a strictly home education, another a public, and another a plan almost approaching to the conventual, all agree that the mere accomplishment system of some thirty years ago, and the fragmentary system, where a little of one science, and a little of another, was taught, of a later day, must give place to a higher order of training. It is pleasant, after turning over the essays and sermons to which we have referred in the preceding pages, to take up the volumes before us, and perceive the hearty interest in the subject which all the writers, male as well as female, display; nor least pleasant is the earnest desire for the improvement, intellectual as well as social, of women, which the eloquent lectures at ‘Queen’s College,’ and

that singular, but thoughtful 'medley,' so fraught with sweet poetry, and deep feeling, equally exhibit. A curious and interesting 'sign of the times' is this 'Princess' of Alfred Tennyson. With what gentle and loving hand has he painted the gorgeous college, fantastic as the whole picture is,—and its pleasant gardens, and the fair young girls, beautiful while engaged in their solitary studies, but far more beautiful when—

'A kindlier influence reigned, and everywhere
Low voices with the ministering hand
Hung round the sick—and to and fro
With books, and flowers, and angel offices,
Like creatures native unto gracious act,
And in their own clear element they moved.'

And the princess, so noble-minded, so devoted to all knowledge and goodness, who—

'Sees herself in every woman else,
And so she wears her error like a crown,
To blind the truth and me.'

What would the author of 'the Whole Duty of Woman,' or the scornful gentlemen-writers of Queen Anne's days, or the Dr. Fordyces; above all, what would poor Mary Wolstoncraft have said to such eloquent pleading, such earnest advocacy of her cherished subject, as the gifted poet affords us? And a more important 'sign of the times' still, is the volume of Introductory Lectures delivered at Queen's College, since these cannot be placed by matter-of-fact people among the mere hallucinations of a poetical fancy, but are palpable facts. We have gone over these lectures with much pleasure, and although not prepared to approve in every respect the Queen's College system, we heartily bear testimony to the sound and healthful doctrines, both as regards moral and intellectual training here set forth—especially the reiterated assertion that knowledge is to be pursued, not as an amusement, not as a mean to some inferior end, 'not to make fashion or public opinion their rule—not to draw or play, or study arithmetic, or language or literature, or history, in order to shine, 'or to be admired,' but that women may become able to take their part in life's real business, as the associates of 'a mighty nation of workers,' and as responsible to Him from whom all knowledge, all influence is derived, for the use of every gift which He may have vouchsafed them. There is an admirable spirit, too, in the way in which the necessity of close and earnest study is inculcated; in the desire to impress upon the pupil that knowledge is a serious thing; that her calling, whether directly, or more indirectly as a teacher, is a serious thing; that every event, past or present, is a serious thing; and that thus she should go

to the fountains of learning with a loving, and reverent, and thirsting heart. There is much truth in this:—

‘The educators of the present generation must meet the cravings of the young spirit with the bread of life, or they will gorge themselves with poison. Telling them not to be hungry, will not stop their hunger; shutting our eyes to facts, will only make us stumble over them sooner; hiding our eyes in the sand, like the hunted ostrich, will not hide us from the iron necessity of circumstances, or from the Almighty will of Him, who is saying in these days to society, in language unmistakeable, ‘Educate, or fall to pieces!’ Speak the *whole* truth to the young, or take the consequences of your cowardice.’—p. 47.

The gifted lecturer therefore urges the necessity of a full and connected view of English literature, present and past; ‘for the literature of every nation is its autobiography. Even in its most complex and artistic forms, it is still a wonderfully artless and unconscious record of its doubts and its faith, its sorrows and its triumphs, at each era of its existence,—and, therefore, one most adapted to the mind of woman; one which will call into fullest exercise her blessed faculty of sympathy.’

‘This I take to be one of the highest aims of woman,—to promote charity, love, and brotherhood; but in this nineteenth century, hunting everywhere for law, and organization, refusing loyalty to anything which cannot range itself under its theories, she will never get a hearing till her knowledge of the past becomes more organized and methodic. . . . I claim, therefore, as necessary for the education of the future, that woman should be initiated into the thoughts and feelings of her countrymen in every age; from the wildest legends of the past, to the most palpable naturalism of the present, and that, not merely in a chronological order, but in a true spiritual sequence; that knowing the hearts of many, she may in after life be able to comfort the hearts of all.’—p. 60.

With earnest eloquence, the gifted author of ‘The Saint’s Tragedy’ concludes. ‘Our teaching must be no sexless, heartless abstraction. We must try to make all which we tell them bear on the great purpose of unfolding to woman her own calling in all ages,—her especial calling in this. We must incite them to seek to realize the chivalrous belief of our old forefathers amid their Saxon forests, that, something divine dwelt in the counsels of woman: but, on the other hand, we must continually remind them that they will attain that divine instinct, not by renouncing their sex, but fulfilling it, by becoming true women, not bad imitators of men, by educating their heads for the sake of their hearts, not their hearts for the sake of their heads.’ It is against the eloquent, though, perhaps, rather enthusiastic lecture from which the foregoing quotations have been taken, that the *Quarterly*

reviewer chiefly directs his ridicule. Evidently captivated with the 'Pinnock's Catechism system,' he is quite scandalized that a mere governess should be taught to have 'sympathy' with any thing, or that woman should receive an available education at all. His objections and his ridicule, however, are alike unimportant—for the crowds that have flocked to Harley-street to obtain its advantages for their daughters, and the attempts that have been made in other quarters to establish similar colleges,—in the Bedford-square Institution, with equal success,—prove that the public mind is fully awake to the necessity of providing a sound and enlarged education for women.

We have said we are not prepared to approve in every respect the Queen's College system. Our objections, however, refer only to the minor arrangements; for an institution which has been the means of placing before us a volume of lectures so excellent, can indeed be no common boon. The first defect seems to us the admission of pupils at an age as early as twelve years. Now, surely the teaching required for young women, from sixteen to twenty, must be widely different from that which is suitable to the girl of twelve. In every 'collegiate' system, effort, self-dependence on the part of the scholar is recognised. It is not a system of rote-learning, of daily lessons, of constant recurrence to school books, but the scholar, already initiated into the elementary principles, listens to the professor, taking notes, and asking questions. Now all this is wholly unsuitable to the school girl, and either the teaching must be lowered to meet her requirements, or it must be of a kind by which she cannot profit. Far better that the last should be the case,—for we have schools enough for mere girls, but institutions which shall take up instruction where the school leaves it, is the want of the day. The next disadvantage is the largeness of the classes:—how can a teacher effectually instruct one or two hundred? The *lecturer* may, indeed, address any number; but the lecture can communicate but little instruction, unless followed by rigid examinations; besides, how can young, and timid women, seated in a crowded lecture-room, surrounded by casual visitors, as well as fellow-students, preserve that close attention which the learner, sincerely desirous of improvement, would wish to give? Again, how often in a lecture is some portion not clearly understood. Now, in this case, if the college plan were fully adopted, and privacy secured, each pupil might be able at the close of the lecture to ask whatever questions might occur to her. But allowing, which we are sure is the case, that the professors would most willingly reply to any questions thus offered, how can we expect a young lady thus surrounded to make use of that

privilege, which she still must feel most necessary to her progress? In his lecture on English composition, Mr. Kingsley urges the necessity of 'verse and prose compositions on set subjects to be sent in by the class;' but here again the disadvantage of the system appears; for, 'that I may be able to speak my mind freely on them, I should propose that they be 'anonymous.' And rightly so, if they are to be read before a large company; but how much better if the lecturer, surrounded by his pupils, and by them only, received the exercises from their own hands, and read, and commented on them freely, as the French master formerly did on the young girl's French exercises, or her governess on her English ones. It appears to us of the greatest importance that the teacher should be on friendly, indeed on familiar, terms with the taught—surely this is the reason why Bible classes in our congregations have been found so much more useful than mere Bible lectures.

The last suggestion we would make, is offered with no disrespect to the various professors who have so energetically, and so admirably, superintended these colleges, but it almost arises out of our last remarks on the advantages of a more private and more familiar mode of instruction. Is it altogether right that in colleges intended for the improvement of women the whole of the instruction should be in the hands of men?—that, in effect, as a contemporary reviewer some time since forcibly observed, 'the very institution which fits the governess for her calling, should take away her pupils; the very system that took charge of her profession, end by taking the profession out of her hands?'—and more, we would add, that while the pupils are told that 'every lady is and must be a teacher—of some one or other,'—that 'education is the peculiar calling of woman,' they should never receive instruction from females, never be led along the paths of learning by a female hand. Now we are well aware that the reply to this will be, that women are not as yet sufficiently qualified. That the generality of governesses are not, we fully agree; but these institutions are intended to occupy a far higher place than the school, and thus, not the masters even of our higher schools, but professors from our colleges, literary men, are the teachers. And are there not many women whose works are read with delight and profit by thousands, who are surely well qualified for such a task, and who, surrounded by young women, eager for instruction, even as *they* were at the same age themselves, could enter into their inmost feelings—their aspirations, their hopes, their distrusts; and thus from the heart, as well as the head, simply and availably communicate that knowledge by the lip, which they have already so effectively done

through the press? For Latin, and the exact sciences, it might be as well, perhaps, that the professorships should as yet continue as they are; but for some of the sciences, the arts, English literature, general history, the modern languages, may not female professors fully competent be found? To name but a few—Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Marcet, Mrs. Loudon, Lucy Aikin,—need any scholar seek a better teacher in their respective departments than these? Nor let the reader, who is perhaps inclined to smile at the name of ‘college,’ think the ‘lady professor’ some very strange thing. Lady-teaching is widely recognised; Mrs. Marcet’s hand-books of political economy, and Mrs. Somerville’s works, are not unknown to college tutors, or to college professors, while Mrs. Jameson’s ‘Hand-book to the Public Galleries,’ is the text-book of the artist, as well as the manual of the mere sight-seer. Again, the principle we advocate has already been recognised in our congregations. What is the intelligent, well educated superintendent of the Bible class but a female professor?—what was the late gifted Mrs. Sherman, when, surrounded by the young ladies of Surrey Chapel she lectured on the various books of Scripture—and yet, was there aught in this inconsistent with the perfect womanhood of her sweet character?

There are other arguments which might be offered. In receiving instruction from female lips, the young scholar learns to look admiringly and lovingly on her teacher, to imitate her talents, and to trust that some day she may occupy as important a station herself. Nor is this of little consequence in an age when the demand for education is so imperative, and when to overtake the necessity, we must press every labourer into the vineyard—when women *must* take their share, if the work be ever done. The multiplication of these institutions, too, must necessarily limit the exertions of those who are now superintending them; how important, therefore, that female successors, duly qualified, should be raised up,—and not for England alone, but for that vast tide of emigration, yearly rolling from our shores. How important that intelligent female teachers should be sent forth to those far regions where man has rougher and sterner work to do, and where, unless woman be the educator, whether as the mother, the sister, or the mistress, ignorance and vice must prevail.

We have written earnestly on this subject, because we feel its vast importance. The time has quite passed away when female education could be viewed as a light thing,—to be scornfully ridiculed, to be carelessly theorized upon, or to be with polite contempt passed over. We live in more stirring, more solemn times, when Providence not merely in the changes of kingdoms,

and the downfall of dynasties, but in the commercial difficulties, the social changes at home, is teaching a twofold lesson of humble trust, and yet of self-dependence,—is teaching every one to prepare for the work before him. And hence has arisen the loud cry for education; and much has been done and is yet doing for the lower classes. But is it fitting that while in the boy schools for these classes, history, geography, model drawing, and the like, are taught and taught well, the daily companions, the fire-side associates of the men of the middle classes should be mere smatterers in useful knowledge, or the mere creatures of showy accomplishments? In the days to which we have referred, if female education were looked upon with a jealous eye, the education of the masses was equally so; but in the present day, the very efforts used to improve the masses, speak most loudly for the improved education of women. We rejoice, therefore, in the establishment of these ‘colleges,’ as an important step in the right direction; we trust they will multiply throughout the land, and, under a more direct *female* management, fulfil the important purposes which their founders design. And let us hope that we shall henceforth have no more ‘twaddle’—we really cannot find a word that can better explain our meaning—about ‘becomingness,’ and the ‘graceful,’ and the ‘touching,’ from silly writers on female education—alas! that they should be women—as though woman’s duty consisted in mere attitudinizing virtues, demanding alike a fitting stage and admiring spectators; or any more hints about ‘woman’s sphere,’ as though a little ‘elegant information,’ with crochet and Berlin-wool work, were the whole of education, and to smile and to trifle ‘the whole duty of woman.’ The time is past for this; and now let her be taught to cultivate her gifts, because they are the gifts which God has bestowed upon her, to avail herself of those many advantages which the present day is placing in her hands, because these also are from Him; and sincerely and earnestly in all her efforts, in all her aspirations, ever to keep before her that high and ennobling principle, that whatever is done as in His sight, and to His glory, can never be done in vain.

- ART. VIII. (1.) *Lectures on certain Difficulties felt by Anglicans in submitting to the Catholic Church.* By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. I. II. III. IV. 8vo. Burns. 1850.
- (2.) *The Character of Pilate and the Spirit of the Age: a Course of Sermons.* By WILLIAM SEWELL, B.D. 12mo, pp. 180. Parker. 1850.
- (3.) *An Essay on the Constitution of Wesleyan Methodism.* By JOHN BEECHAM, D.D. Second Edition. 8vo, pp. 134. Mason. 1850.
- (4.) *The Rationale of Religious Inquiry.* By JAMES MARTINEAU. Third Edition. Foolscap, pp. 165. J. Chapman.
- (5.) *The British Churches in relation to the British People.* By EDWARD MIALL. 8vo, pp. 458. Arthur Hall. London: 1849.

THE title we have given to this article may be open to exception. It may be said that the 'people'—properly, 'the people of Great Britain'—have really no existence apart from our churches. In some loose sense, at least, the great majority do belong to one or other of our religious bodies. It is only a minority, large it may be in itself, but small when compared with the majority, that can be described as owning no sort of relation to our churches. Were the word 'church' used among us with its strict primitive signification, as embracing only believing and truly religious persons, the case would be far otherwise. Our churches, then, unhappily, would go within a comparatively narrow space, and the multitudes not really included in them, might be described, with less impropriety, as the 'people.' But it may suffice to say that something to this effect is intended when a distinction is made between our churches and the people; so that any inquiry concerning the relations of the former to the latter resolves itself into an inquiry as to the relation of the truly religious portion of the community to the great majority, whether of high or low, that do not come under that designation. The question, as thus viewed, embraces an examination of all the facts, whether social or ecclesiastical, that may be regarded as affecting the influence of the religious mind of the country upon the non-religious, or the irreligious mind of it, either for good or evil. If the aggregate piety of our land be not found producing the effects to be reasonably expected from it—where is the fault? If its power be great, but still defective, inadequate—why is it not greater?

The position of the Roman-catholic church at this juncture is somewhat peculiar. Its political liberalism has been for some

time past, as we suspect, on the wane, while its claims as an independent power among the nations—independent alike of prince and people—have become greatly more arrogant and obtrusive. So long as our persecuting laws against Romanism continued in force, Catholics allied themselves earnestly with our liberal politicians. Only through aid from that quarter could they hope to see the Catholic disabilities removed. But those disabilities have passed away; the sympathy of generous-minded men with Catholics, as with men wronged in their relations as citizens, on account of their religious faith, is also very much of the past; and within the last twenty years liberalism has become so leavened with Erastianism, and with a jealousy of all priestly power, that the priesthood of Romanism have learned to look in that direction much more in fear than in hope. On the continent, this feeling of the Romish priesthood is notorious, and among ourselves a disposition to regard the signs of social progress with misgiving, is becoming daily more and more conspicuous. All this is natural.

Romanism is essentially despotic. Its maxims can never generate liberalism. Apparent union between these contraries must be the result of artificial influences, and must cease as such influences shall cease. Something of the spirit of freedom may be forced into alliance with Catholicism, but it has always come from without; the influences native to that system must never be expected to give existence to any wide or deep feeling of that nature. With the Romanist, the church consists of the clergy; and the plea for liberty when coming from the clergy must always mean, if fairly translated—a plea for the liberties of priesthood. The life of the Catholic priesthood, accordingly, has never ceased to be militant. To-day, it may be, battle has to be done against the power of the magistrate; to-morrow, it may be, against the disorder among the multitude; but, in either case, it is a battle for ecclesiastical authority, and that spiritual rulers may not only be independent of secular rulers, but take precedence of them, as being the only rulers on earth who may vaunt infallibility. You find no earnest soul in these men, except it may be the soul symbolized in the war once waged by Thomas à Becket, and which we see still raging when an archbishop of Cologne beards a prince in his own palace, or a Pio Nono crushes a free people in their own city.

We repeat, it should never be lost sight of, that the conjunction between liberalism and Romanism in our recent history was the result of accident, not at all of affinities. Romanists have availed themselves of aid from liberal politicians, in so far as it could be made to serve their own purposes; but let the priesthood

of that church once feel itself free to make its own selection, and you will see like flow to like, the despotic in the church allying itself with the despotic in the state, if there be any fair chance of their driving a profitable partnership between them. Men are no doubt to be found in that connexion, whose patriotism and natural nobleness of temper raise them above the degrading tendencies of their system, especially upon great emergencies, but affairs in Europe to the hour in which we write, and for a thousand years before, demonstrate that the natural divergencies of Romanism are to the effect now stated. Certain paternal sovereigns of Europe are not likely soon to forget the assistance rendered them by the Catholic priesthood in the reaction of 1849. True to their history will they be—the body-guard of tyranny when driven to its last refuge.

The recent Gorham case has been watched with almost as great interest by the Romanists as by our own clergy. Mr. Newman, ‘priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri,’ takes occasion from it to remind his London auditory of wavering Anglicans of the bondage to which they are manifestly subject, contrasting it artfully with his own supposed freedom. The Catholic prelates in Ireland, also, endeavour to turn the event to some account, by holding a convocation for ecclesiastical purposes, under the sanction of the sovereign pontiff, that the bishops of the church of England may be left in no doubt that there is a church in which liberties not permitted to themselves may be freely enjoyed.

For ourselves, our very name as ‘Independents,’ intended as it is to denote this ‘independence’ of religion as regards all secular control, *we* should see nothing to censure, but rather much with which to sympathize, in this bold assertion of ecclesiastical freedom, if we could only account it natural that the spiritual corporations, which lay such stern claim to this freedom, should cede to others what they thus demand for themselves. But on this point we want faith. The power, which not only claims independence, but which claims that independence on the ground of its being the one infallible authority on all matters of religion, carries in its very nature all the seeds of the worst conceivable forms of tyranny. In other connexions, men may persecute at the cost of consistency—here it is consistency which requires them to become persecutors. For toleration becomes a serious business, where it has ceased to be at all a matter of doubt, that to tolerate is virtually to destroy—to destroy body and soul here and hereafter!

We have no faith, therefore, in the good influence of Catholicism among us, except as the natural virtue and natural intelligence of our people shall be such as to neutralize its bad tendencies,

and to compel it to do its good with a less amount of evil than must always be natural to it. In juxtaposition with a jealous Protestantism, or with a no less jealous infidelity, Catholicism may be very observant of proprieties, and may give itself to many acts of usefulness; but systems are known by their fruits, only when all that is within them, whether of inertness or of action, is left to its natural course.

On the relation in which the church of Rome stands to the general community in this country, Mr. Newman gives the following explanation. He is meeting the plea urged by his old friends the Tractarians for remaining in the church of England, notwithstanding its admitted imperfections and errors, grounded on the spiritual improvement which they continue to realize in the use of their present privileges.

‘Surely you ought to know the Catholic teaching on the subject of grace, in its bearing on your argument, without my insisting on it. ‘*Spiritus Domine replevit orbem terrarum*,’ grace is given for the merits of Christ all over the earth; there is no corner even of paganism, where it is not present, present in each heart of man in real sufficiency for his ultimate salvation. Not that the grace presented to each is such, as at once to bring him to heaven; but it is sufficient for a beginning. It is sufficient to enable him to plead for other grace, and that second grace is such as to impetrate a third grace; and thus the soul is led on from grace to grace, and from strength to strength, till at length it is, so to say, in very sight of heaven, if the gift of perseverance does but complete the work. Now, here observe, it is not certain that a soul which has the first grace will have the second; the grant of the second depends on its use of the first. Again, it may have the first and second, and yet not the third; or from the first on to the nineteenth, and not the twentieth. We mount up by steps towards God, and, alas! it is possible that a soul may be courageous and bear up for nineteen steps, and stop and faint at the twentieth. Nay, further than this, a soul may go forward till it arrives at the very grace of contrition, a contrition so loving, so sin-renouncing, as to bring it at once into a state of reconciliation, and clothe it with the vestment of justice; and it may yield to the further trials which beset it, and fall away.

‘Now all this may take place even outside the church, and consider what at once follows from it. This follows in the first place, that men there may be, not Catholics, really obeying God and rewarded by Him, nay, in His favour, with their sins forgiven and with a secret union with that heavenly kingdom to which they do not visibly belong, who are, through their subsequent failure, never to reach it. There may be those who are increasing in grace and knowledge, and approaching nearer to the Catholic church every year, who are not in the church and never will be. The highest gifts and graces are compatible with ultimate reprobation. As regards, then, the evidences of sanctity in

members of the national establishment, on which you insist, Catholics are not called on to deny them. We think such instances are few, nor so eminent as you are accustomed to fancy; but we do not wish to deny, nor have any difficulty in admitting, such facts as you have to adduce, whatever they be. We do not think it necessary to carp at every instance of supernatural excellence among Protestants when it comes before us, or to explain it away; all we know is, that the grace given them is intended ultimately to bring them into the church, and if it does not tend *to do so*, it will not *ultimately* profit them; but we as little deny its presence in their souls as Protestants themselves, and as the fact is no perplexity to us, it is no triumph to them.”—*Lecture III.*, pp. 70, 71.

We scarcely need say that this is not so much the popular as the esoteric doctrine of Romanism. It may be taken as an example of the subtlety with which this system is made to adapt itself to the difficulties peculiar to sensibility and culture in their higher forms. We certainly do not share in the fears of many good people about the return of Romanism to its old power in this country; but we are, we trust, at an equal remove from that maudlin sentimentalism which prevents some of our wise ones from seeing the unchangeable principles of this system as they really are, and the unchangeable tendencies which must go along with those principles.

But if we may expect little else than evil from the church of Rome, may we not hope for something very different from the church of England? We are not churchmen, but we should be truly sorry were we obliged to think thus unfavourably of our ecclesiastical establishment. On the present position of the church of England in its relation to the state, the people, and the object for which it is said to exist, Mr. Newman gives us a melancholy picture:—

‘I have said, we must not indulge our imagination in the view we take of the national establishment. If we dress it up in an ideal form as if it were something real, with an independent and a continuous existence, and a proper history, as if it were, in deed, and not only in name, a Church, then indeed we may feel interest in it, and reverence towards it, and affection for it, as men have fallen in love with pictures, or knights in romance do battle for high dames whom they have never seen. Thus it is that students of the Fathers, antiquarians, and poets begin by assuming that the body to which they belong is that of which they read in time past, and then proceed to decorate it with that majesty and beauty of which history tells, or which their genius creates. Nor is it an easy process, or a light effort by which their minds are disabused of this error. It is an error, for many reasons too dear to them to be readily relinquished. But at length, either the force of circumstances or some unexpected accident dissipates it; .

and, as in fairy tales, the magic castle vanishes when the spell is broken, and nothing is seen but the wild heath, the barren rock, and the forlorn sheep-walk; so is it with us as regards the church of England, when we look in amazement on that we thought so unearthly, and find so commonplace or worthless. Then we perceive that aforetime we have not been guided by reason, but biassed by education, and swayed by affection. We see in the English church, I will not merely say no descent from the first ages, and no relationship to the church in other lands, but we see no body politic of any kind; we see nothing more or less than an establishment, a department of government, or a function or operation of the state,—without a substance,—a mere collection of officials, depending on, and living in the supreme civil power. Its unity and personality are gone, and with them its power of exciting feelings of any kind. It is easier to love or hate an abstraction, than so tangible a frame-work or machinery. We regard it neither with anger, nor with aversion, nor with contempt, any more than with respect or interest. It is but one aspect of the state, or mode of civil governance; it is responsible for nothing; it can appropriate neither praise nor blame; but, whatever feeling it raises, is, by nature of the case, to be referred on to the Supreme Power whom it represents, and whose will is its breath. And hence it has no identity of existence in distinct periods, unless the present legislature or court can affect to be the offspring and disciple of its predecessor. Nor can it in consequence be said to have any antecedents; or any future; or to live, except in the passing moment. As a thing without a soul, it does not contemplate itself, define its intrinsic constitution, or ascertain its position. It has no traditions; it cannot be said to think; it does not know what it holds, and what it does not; it is not even conscious of its own existence. It has no love for its members, or what are sometimes called its children, nor any instinct whatever, unless attachment to its master, or love of its place, may be so called. Its fruits, as far as they are good, are to be made much of while they are present; for they are transient, and without succession; its former champions of orthodoxy are no earnest of orthodoxy now; they died, and there was no reason why they should be reproduced. Bishop is not like bishop, more than king is like king, or ministry like ministry; its prayer-book is an Act of Parliament of two centuries ago, and its cathedrals and its chapter-houses are the spoils of Catholicism.—*Lecture I.*, pp. 6—8.

Our readers who are familiar with Nonconformist literature, will be aware that there is nothing really new in this representation. Dissenters may not always have expressed themselves with this graphic fulness and force, but views to this effect have been common and avowed among them for generations past. We cannot, however, acquit Mr. Newman of some unfairness in his manner of conducting this argument. The freedom from state control which this gentleman claims for the Catholic church, is a freedom that has rarely, if ever, been conceded to that church,

even in Catholic countries. The fight has been perpetual between these Hildebrand doctrines on the one side, and doctrines favourable to the claims of the civil power on the other; and wherever the power of the State has been strong, that of the Church has been proportionately weak. Erastianism is much older than the days of Erastus: and is crossing the path of the Catholic priesthood in every part of Christendom as truly, if not as fully, as in England. It is not by any means true, therefore, that the passage from Protestantism to Romanism is a passage from bondage to liberty; it is not so in Catholic countries even as regards the power of the State, still less as it regards power elsewhere. But we are assured by Mr. Newman, that the great principle of the movement which commenced at Oxford in 1833, was to put an end to this State interference in church matters, or at least to confine it within much narrower limits.

‘I say it (the Tractarian movement) has been definite in its principles, though vague in their application and their scope. It has been formed on one idea, which has developed into a body of teaching, logical in the arrangement of its portions, and consistent with the principles on which it originally started. That idea, or first principle, was ecclesiastical liberty; the doctrine it especially opposed was, in ecclesiastical language, the heresy of Erastus, and in political, the Royal Supremacy. The object of its attack was the Establishment, considered as such.

‘When I thus represent the idea of the movement, of which I am speaking, I must not be supposed to overlook or deny its theological, or its ritual, or its practical character; but I am speaking of what may be called its form. If I said that the one doctrine of Luther was justification by faith only, or of Wesley, the doctrine of the new birth, I should not be denying that they respectively taught many others; but merely should mean that their teaching was cast in that particular shape which I have mentioned, each portion in detail being made subservient to its inculcation. In like manner, the writers of the apostolical party of 1833, were earnest and copious in their enforcement of the high doctrines of the faith, of dogmatism, of the sacramental principle, of the sacraments (as far as the Anglican prayer-book admitted them), of ceremonial observances, of practical duties, and of the counsels of perfection; but, considering all those great articles of teaching to be protected and guaranteed by the independence of the church, and in that way alone, they viewed sanctity, and sacramental grace, and dogmatic fidelity, merely as subordinate to the mystical body of Christ, and made them minister to her sovereignty, that she might in turn protect them in their prerogatives. Dogma would be maintained, sacraments would be administered, religious perfection would be venerated and attempted, if the church were supreme in her spiritual power; dogma would be sacrificed to expedience, sacraments would be rationalized, perfection would be ridiculed, if she was made the slave of the

State. Erastianism then was the one heresy which practically cut at the root of all revealed truth; the man who held it would soon fraternize with Unitarians, mistake the bustle of life for religious obedience, and pronounce his butler as able to give communion as his priest. It destroyed the supernatural altogether, by making most emphatically Christ's kingdom a kingdom of the world. Such was the teaching of the movement of 1833. The whole system of revealed truth was, according to it, to be carried out upon the anti-Erastian or apostolical basis. The independence of the church is almost the one subject of three out of four volumes of Mr. Froude's 'Remains;' it is, in one shape or other, the prevailing subject of the early numbers of the 'Tracts for the Times,' as well as of other publications which might be named. It was for this that the writers of whom I speak had recourse to antiquity, insisted upon the apostolical succession, exalted the episcopate, and appealed to the people, not only because these things were true and right, but to preserve them by uttering them; in order to their firmer reception, they introduced them in the first instance as means towards the inculcation of the idea of the church, as constituent portions of that great idea, which, when it once should be received, was to convert the world.—*Lecture IV.*, pp. 85—87.

But definite, reasonable, and well sustained as this movement may have been, we are further assured by Mr. Newman, that the result of the experiment, extending now over nearly twenty years, has been to demonstrate that there is really no ground to expect that the Tractarian doctrines will ever become prevalent and approved within the pale of the church of England. In his judgment, the feeling of the nation has been proved to be against it. All nations, says our author, have their own religious life. The religious life of the Milanese, when they gave their adhesion with so much ardour and steadfastness to their metropolitan, St. Ambrose, against the emperor, was manifested as the life of Catholicism opposed to Arianism. So the religious life of Scotland, in the days of the League and Covenant, was manifested as the life of Presbyterian Puritanism as opposed to Prelatic Anglicanism. So also the religious life of England, when the seven bishops were acquitted, was a loud expression of the life of Church-of-Englandism as opposed to Romanism. Now, in the view of Mr. Newman, England is, in this respect, very much what it was more than a century and a-half ago. In proof of this, he reminds his auditors of the manner in which the Tractarian movement has been scowled upon and maligned in the halls of colleges and in parish vestries, in episcopal charges and scurrilous newspapers, and his conclusion is given in these terms:—

'Is it not then abundantly plain, that, whatever be the destiny of the movement of 1833, there is no providential tendency towards a coalition with the Establishment? It cannot strengthen it, it cannot serve

it, it cannot obey it. The party may be dissolved, the movement may die—that is another matter; but it and its idea cannot live, cannot energize in the National Church. If St. Athanasius could agree with Arius, St. Cyril with Nestorius, St. Dominic with the Albigenses, or St. Ignatius with Luther, then may two parties coalesce, in a certain assignable time, or by certain felicitously gradual approximations, or with dexterous limitations and concessions, who mutually think light darkness, and darkness light. ‘*Delenda est Carthago;*’ one or other must perish. Assuming, then, that there is a scope and limit to the movement, we certainly shall not find it in the dignities and offices of the National Church.’—*Lecture IV.*, p. 94.

The result, accordingly, is, that nothing can well be conceived as less Anglican than the doctrines specially described by the term Anglicanism. It is something to know this, and to find that experience has left Mr. Newman without any doubt upon the subject. We are ourselves satisfied that Mr. Newman is quite right in his conjecture that the feeling of sympathy with Tractarian doctrines among the clergy of the church of England is not such as to cause many of them to relinquish their status, and to become either Romanists or Anglican Separatists. But we think he greatly underrates the number of the clergy whose hearts are still with that movement, and the strength of the feeling by which they are still influenced. The measure of failure, which has exhausted his own patience, and driven him elsewhere in search of a greater liberty and a more genial home, has taught his old companions in arms some lessons of caution, and without producing much change in their opinions, has reconciled them to a change of policy. The resolve of not a few among them is, to be less bold, less obtrusive, to work, and wait, and hope. Mr. Newman is in some degree alive to this fact, and in the hope of deterring these very prudent gentlemen from the course they are meditating, he has endeavoured to place before them the kind of experience which, in this case, will be found to be awaiting them:—

‘I know how it will be,—a course as undignified as it will be ineffectual. A sensation and talk whenever something atrocious is to be done by the State against the principles you profess: a meeting of friends here or there, an attempt to obtain an archidiaconal meeting: some spirited remarks in two or three provincial newspapers; an article in a review; a letter to some bishop; a protest signed respectfully; suddenly, the news that the anticipated blow has fallen, and *causa finita est*. A pause, and then the discovery that things are not so bad as they seemed to be, and that your Apostolical Church has come forth from the trial even stronger and more beautiful than before. Still a secret dissatisfaction and restlessness; a strong sermon at a visitation; and a protest after dinner, when his lordship’s charge is to be printed;

a paragraph in a newspaper, saying how that most offensive proceedings are taking place in such and such a parish or chapel; how that there were flowers on the table, or that the curate has tonsured himself, or used oil and salt in baptizing, or that in a benefit sermon the rector unchurched the Society of Friends, or that popery is coming in amain upon our venerable establishment, because a parsonage has been built in shape like a Trappist monastery. And, then, some new signs of life; the consecration of a new church, with clergy walking in gowns, two and two, and the bishop preaching on the decent performance of Divine service; and the due decoration of the house of God. Then a gathering in the Christian Knowledge Rooms; a drawn battle, and a compromise. And every now and then a learned theological work, doctrinal or historical, justifying the ecclesiastical principles on which the Anglican Church is founded, and refuting the novelties of Romanism. And lastly, on occasion of a contested election or other political struggle, theology mingled with politics; the liberal candidate rejected by the aid of the high-church clergy on some critical question of religious policy; the government annoyed or embarrassed; and a sanguine hope entertained of a ministry more favourable to apostolical truth. My brethren, the national church has had experience of this, *mutatis mutandis*, once before: I mean in the conduct of the Tory clergy at the end of the seventeenth century, and beginning of the following. Their proceedings in Convocation were a specimen of it; their principles were far better than those of their bishops; yet the bishops show to advantage, and the clergy look small and contemptible in the history of that contest. Public opinion judged as it ever judges, by such broad and significant indications of right and wrong; the government party triumphed, and the meetings of the Convocation were suspended.—*Lecture IV.*, pp. 99, 100.

It must be admitted, that this is a portraiture given by the hand of a master—but its great power consists in its truth. From the whole party content to pursue this course, the people of England have much to fear, little to hope. In social life, it will be their vocation to act as a drag on all improvement: and with regard to anything religious, their mongrel influence, papistical from choice, and protestant only from necessity, will be sure to be employed, not so much to do good, as to preclude better men from doing it. They may repeat long prayers, and often—but without becoming at all more religious themselves, or begetting a religious feeling among the people. They may give themselves to the instruction of the ignorant, and to the relief of the suffering, and all from motives of no very reputable kind, and with results much more favourable to superstition than to religion. The truth is, neglected sheep go astray—that these should wander until they sink into perdition may not be desirable; but that they should wander until they find their home in a conventicle, *that* is beyond comparison less endurable.

But to calm bystanders like ourselves, it is somewhat perplexing to be obliged to listen to one kind of statement with regard to the feeling of the English people towards our national church from Mr. Newman, and to a widely different statement from an authority that should be of equal weight on this subject—from Mr. Sewell. Mr. Sewell is preacher at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, where fashion, rank, and statesmen make up the auditory. Before this auditory, the preacher undertakes to show, in a course of sermons, that the spirit of this nation as regards the established church, is, in its main features, an exact counterpart of the spirit of Pilate in relation to the Saviour. This spirit is said to manifest itself in a readiness, on all occasions, to subordinate the spiritual to the temporal, the devout to the selfish; and this course of proceeding is said to follow, in part, from the scepticism with regard to religious truth altogether, so prevalent among us, and still more from that coward-homage to popular passions and the popular will which has become the besetting vice of our rulers. It is not that our rulers, for the most part, account our national church a great criminal; nor that they are without some undefined impression of its sacredness, but, like Pilate, they must retain power; like him, they must, to this end, consult the popular will, and the degree in which their concurrence in measures hostile to the Church, shall seem necessary to their great object, is the degree in which this policy will be adopted. Mr. Newman holds, in common with Mr. Sewell, that the statutes, articles, and formularies of the national church have come to be nothing; that the spirit of the nation, which dictates the interpretation that shall be put on these rescripts, is now everything. But while Mr. Newman regards this spirit of the nation as on the side of the church of England, Mr. Sewell sees in it a power characterized by its hostility to that Church. It is as follows that Mr. Newman expresses his views as to the position of the evangelical clergy in the church of England, as contrasted with those of the Tractarians:—

‘These remarks are as true as they are candid. Whether they prove that the evangelical party is as much at home in the national Prayer Book as the Anglican, I will not pronounce; but, at least, they prove that that party is far more at home in the national establishment than it is in cordial and intimate sympathy with the Sovereign Lord and Master of the Prayer Book, its composer and interpreter, the Nation itself,—on the best terms with Queen, and statesmen, and practical men, and country gentlemen, and respectable tradesmen, fathers and mothers, schoolmasters, churchwardens, vestries, public societies, newspapers and their readers in the lower classes. The

Evangelical ministers of the Establishment have, in comparison with their Anglican rivals, the spirit of the age with them; they are congenial with the age; they glide forward rapidly and proudly down the stream; and it is this fact and their consciousness of it which carries them over all difficulties. Jewell was triumphant over Harding, and Wake over Atterbury or Leslie with the terrors or the bribes of a sovereign to back them, and their successors in this day have, in like manner, the strength of public opinion on their side. The letter of enactments, pristine customs, ancient rights, are no match for the momentum with which they rush along upon the flood of public opinion, which makes every conclusion seem absurd, and every argument sophistical, and every maxim untrue, except such as it recognises itself.—*Lecture I.*, pp. 15, 16.

But on the same weighty matter Mr. Sewell writes thus:—

‘No single arm can effect anything except through the agency of thousands of willing slaves. And so we hear it daily acknowledged—if an angel were to stand upon the earth, and to assume the reins of empire, he could do nothing, he would be paralyzed and impotent, unless supported by the sympathy and co-operation of a power beyond him. No, my brethren, let us not look to individuals in this state of the world, when all men alike profess to think, and reason, and judge, and act—when all are to be free, all rulers—let us not look, as bold explainers of prophecy have sometimes done, to any individual, however powerful, though placed on the throne of nations, and worshipped almost as God, as if in any individual man resided the real power which sways, or is to sway, the world. That power is within ourselves. And its presence, and name, and empire are familiar to us all. It is the prevailing dominant temper (to speak only of this country) of the national mind. Call it public opinion, or the spirit of the day, or the popular judgment, or the temper of the times, or the idea of the age, or the voice of the people, or fashion, or the ruling principle around us; in each alike we acknowledge the presence of a mysterious influence, shaping our thoughts and acts, controlling, over-awing, resisting, now laughing to scorn, now crushing with violence, now whispering and tempting us in silence, and now clamouring with all the noise of the people; but before which, as private individuals, we quail, and as citizens, we own and even boast that the governments of the earth must bow and obey. It is in *this public opinion*, the public opinion of this day, of this empire, of the world of thought and action in which we ourselves live and move, who are assembled in this congregation, that I propose to point out the marked, obvious, unmistakeable, and distinctive features which the Holy Scriptures have traced in *the character of Pilate*.’—pp. 11, 12.

The difference here, however, may not be so great as it seems. Our authorities differ, but it must be remembered that they look at the subject from different points. Certainly, if the question be, as in the case of Mr. Newman, between Church-of-Englandism

and Romanism, either open or disguised, the nation has expressed its choice in that alternative with distinctness and emphasis enough. And if the question be, as in the case of Mr. Sewell, between the upholding of the church of England in her old state of Laudean exclusiveness, intolerance, and superstition, and the surrender of her status altogether, the answer in this alternative has also been sufficiently clear. The national spirit is not with either of these gentlemen, nor with the parties, whether weak or strong, they may be supposed to represent—and very thankful are we that it is not.

It is hardly doubtful, however, in our mind, that the great grievance both with Mr. Sewell and Mr. Newman is not that the State is giving judgment on ecclesiastical questions as in the Gorham case, but that its judgment in that case has been against themselves, and is likely to be generally against them. It must be remembered that the Tractarians abstained from impeaching the authority of the Privy Council until, to their amazement, as we believe, no less than to their mortification, they found the council prepared to risk the threatened rebellion of the Tractarians, of the High-and-dry school, and of all others, rather than put themselves into collision with the Evangelical party, and through them with the English people. Mr. Newman, indeed, is at a loss for words to express his astonishment at the weakness of this last party, in not seeing that the authority which has been exercised in their favour to-day, being once admitted, may turn round and do terrible execution upon them to-morrow. But this, he well knows, is one of the forms of weakness that spring from human selfishness, and that has been a besetting sin in the history of all ecclesiastical corporations in the same circumstances.

Some quarter of a century since, the church of England seemed to be divided into two parties only—the old orthodox party and the evangelical party—the latter very devout in feeling, the former with very little of anything like devoutness, and sometimes with no great stock even of morality. But beside the Tractarian party which has since made its appearance, there is another, consisting chiefly of Rugby men, who take the late Dr. Arnold as their guide, and who have carried the free principles of their master in biblical interpretation to an extent which allies them much more with German Rationalism than with English Orthodoxy; and then there is a third party including the names of Trench, Maurice, and Hare, who bring a high degree of intelligence and taste, and a very religious spirit, to everything they do, without by any means taking their place with the more decided men of the Evangelical school. Men of these different complexions are mingled everywhere among our clergy, and are everywhere making their impression upon our people.

On the whole, however, we must suppose that there are many persons on whom these growing differences and dissensions within the pale of the national church produce impressions unfavourable to the claims of that institution. On the other hand, it is very clear that in the view of the larger, and certainly of the more educated and influential portion of our people, this system has redeeming elements which cause it to preponderate greatly in their estimation, as compared with anything put at present in competition with it. This preference may be traced in great part to hereditary prejudice, to the worship of fashion, and to the calculations of worldliness. But with these powerful causes there are others, of a somewhat different nature, and hardly less powerful, which conduce to the same end. It is an observable and deeply interesting fact, that the truths of the gospel are of a nature to exert their vitalizing influence in the mind which embraces them, very much in independence of the differences in ecclesiastical systems and rituals. And wherever devout feeling is awakened, there the heart commonly finds its home. It ought not, perhaps, so to be. It may be, that such persons should be very philosophical, should be given to generalization, and should reason independently about the religious claims of the minister by whom they have been thus happily influenced, and of the system in connexion with which they have realized this influence. But it does not seem to belong to human nature, as we commonly find it, so to do. On the contrary, a portion at least of the good received in such cases, is almost imperceptibly attributed to the system through which it has come, and many a hallowed and endeared association is thus thrown about its visibilities and forms. Another cause, by no means duly weighed among Nonconformists, one bearing upon matters of discipline, contributes powerfully to this result. It is with Church-of-Englandism as with Romanism, that while rigid in the adjustment of its parts as a system, it leaves a large amount of freedom to the individual. It allows of no inroad on its prescriptions: but you are left to submit to them, or to avail yourself of them, as much or as little as you please. Subscription is confined to the clergy: myriads of the most intelligent layman would cease to be churchmen to-morrow if subscription were made a condition of worship. There is something in the aristocratic feeling, so strong in the upper strata of the English mind, and also in that rougher passion for personal independence which we find lower down, to which the 'auld' Scotch style of discipline, and even the discipline of English Nonconformist churches as generally conducted, is not only uninviting, but offensive, absolutely unendurable. You may remind such men how little respect is shown.

for their personal independence in the constitution of their own church, how everything there is done for them, nothing being left to be done by them. Their answer, however, is 'all that may be, but we are free to go or not, to approve or not, to use or not, without any fear of being subject to prying and dictation on the part of little cliques of self-constituted censors, as in most of your churches, and without the fear of seeing our churchwardens enter our dwelling with the airs of authority sometimes assumed by your elders and deacons.' Of course, *we* hold that the laws of Christian discipline are from the author of Christianity, and that to these laws, as wisely administered, no man professing himself in any sense a Christian should take exception. Our present business, however, is not to expose the fallacy of these notions, but to be observant of their prevalence and power. Certainly, notwithstanding all the drawbacks we see, or think we see, in the church of England, the signs of progress, both as regards the increase of edifices and the increase of worshippers, whatever may be said as to a proportionate increase of piety, are signs which, during the last twenty years, have been more conspicuous in the church of England, than among the religious bodies beyond its pale. These religious bodies, if we take in their history since the rise of Methodism, have given this new life to the church of England, and done much to provoke her members to this new rate of effort; but however it may have originated, and however it may be sustained, the evidence of the growing zeal, and of the singular success, of episcopalians, in diffusing the influence of their church, is sufficiently before us. How it happens that we should have allowed ourselves to be surpassed in a race which we have ourselves challenged, is a question deserving grave attention, and one on which some light may be thrown as we proceed.

Wesleyan Methodism has still a powerful influence in England, though comparatively feeble in the other portions of the British empire. It has done a noble work; but its old aggressive spirit has nearly departed from it. The dissensions that are now raging within it, must of necessity consume much of the energy which might otherwise be directed toward its proper spiritual object. We see much in what has been said and done by the reforming party among our Methodist brethren, especially in the earlier portion of that career, that we cannot approve; but as Congregationalists, we are bound to think that the ground which this party has ultimately taken, is substantially Christian. It avails not to say that the laws of Methodism do not allow of the changes demanded, for if those laws be of a nature to require that the body should persist in a course at all like that pursued.

of late, especially in the recent Conference, then the verdict of society, we think, will be found to be, that the time has arrived in which Methodism itself should become other than it has been. Such laws might have been in accordance with the spirit of society a century since; but if that reason weighed in their favour then, it must weigh quite as much against them now. Methodism accommodated itself to circumstances at first, and prevailed; it has only to accommodate itself to circumstances again, by taking into itself something of the improved thinking and feeling of the age, to live still, and to do great things. We must be allowed to say, however, and we say it in all friendliness, that we can scarcely hope to see Methodism what it has been, or indeed to see it other than a comparatively declining and discordant body, except as the wise and magnanimous spirit necessary to a new adjustment of its principles and powers shall grow up within it.

Presbyterianism in England at present is scarcely in any degree English. Our Scotch neighbours bring their preferences for this polity with them south of the Tweed, and, with a feeling which we are by no means disposed to condemn, seem to cling to it only with the more fervour, from having to uphold it in a country to which it is not very congenial. Over the northern counties of England, and in our metropolis, all the more conspicuous sections of Presbyterianism may be said to keep a good footing among Scotchmen. We have heard it said, indeed, that Scotchmen who come into England, often drop into a listlessness about church connexion of any kind, such as would hardly have occurred to the same class of persons as expedient in their own country. This we can suppose, but we have seen in Scotch Presbyterianism so much of the clear head and strong heart—so much of a true spiritual manhood, as to compel us to reckon the nation happy which has come so largely under such influences.

In speaking of our Presbyterianism as being hardly English, we are not ignorant that the Unitarian body sometimes describes itself as Presbyterian. And perhaps the term is as fairly descriptive of a state of usage in which there is so little of anything uniform, as any other term would be. Every one knows that it is not by reason of anything definite in polity, worship, or discipline, that Unitarian churches acquire their distinct position among us. This comes purely from their theology—and this again, at present, is in a very unsettled state. While some adhere to the old ground in regard to Christian evidence taken by such men as Kippis and Lardner, others have so far given up the letter of the Christian revelation, as to involve themselves in endless inconsistencies by affecting to retain its spirit. Judging from the tone in which such works as Froude's 'Nemesis of Faith,'

and Newman 'On the Soul,' have been appreciated by the organs of Unitarian criticism, the inference is unavoidable, that speculations which end in infidelity, are deemed by such critics immeasurably preferable to those which end in orthodoxy. Indeed, the policy seems to be, never to seem to see any distinction between Orthodoxy and Calvinism; nor between a Calvinism which is depicted as embracing every moral abomination, and that professed by men known to be eminent in humanity and piety. Evangelical religion and Calvinism are accounted identical; but Calvinism is only another word for diabolism; whatever therefore shall come into the place of either of these, if it be anything short of atheism, is deemed an improvement. The truth is, however, modern Unitarianism is as nearly identical with the faith of Faustus Socinus, as modern orthodoxy may be said to be with the faith attributed to Calvin. Nevertheless, while to describe modern Unitarians as Socinians is to give deep offence, to describe modern Evangelical believers as Calvinists should not be taken amiss. There may be adroitness in this policy, but there is a want of fair-play.

As we have intimated, there are Unitarians at this time who plead for the truthfulness of the Holy Scriptures with much intelligence and earnestness, and the views of these parties, both in respect to theology and religion, verge in *spirit* much more towards Evangelicism than towards scepticism. But the speculations of others, of whom Mr. Martineau may perhaps be taken as a fair representative, embrace such high notions about the province of reason with regard to revelation, that, in our judgment, leave such persons no logical resting-place short of pure naturalism—that is, of simple deism. Mr. Martineau speaks, indeed, of the credibility of scripture as depending 'jointly on the external testimony of history, and the internal reasonableness of the doctrine.' (*Rationale*, p. 70.) But in the course of his reasoning he reduces the historical testimony to nothing, and makes the internal reasonableness of the doctrine everything. Concerning the fact of a supposed revelation, he states distinctly that 'the credibility of the contents must be examined, before the existence of the revelation can be ascertained.' But when endeavouring to push his orthodox opponents into a difficulty on the subject of inspiration, Mr. Martineau has very clearly shown what must, in logical consistency, be the ultimate position of a man, who, after this manner, shall set up *his own sense of fitness* as his only guide in inquiries of this nature. If in the following extract, the reader will substitute the words we have inserted in brackets, for the words printed in italics, the passage will then state all that we could ourselves wish to state on the tendency of Mr. Martineau's own principle.

'One divine cannot conceive it to be proper that St. Peter should misunderstand a psalm, another feels a repugnance to the idea that St. Paul could err in logic, a third entertains insuperable objections to St. James having expected to witness a personal return of Christ to this world, and upon no other evidence than the private feelings of individuals. One class of ideas after another is invested with the dignity of *inspiration* (revelation) or deprived of it. To say it was fit that on certain topics the apostles should be unerring, therefore they were so, is a species of reasoning from a supposed propriety to an actual fact which is altogether inadmissible. If fitness is to be the test of *inspiration* (revelation), what is to be the test of fitness? The whole advantage of *inspiration* (revelation) disappears under the operation of this rule. Its peculiar function is to communicate truths inappreciable by our natural faculties, but if before we can be assured of its existence we are to find out what truths are fit to be communicated, we have already performed for ourselves the very office in which it proposes to aid us, and instead of appreciating a statement because we hold it to be *inspired* (revealed), we hold that it is *inspired* (revealed) because we appreciate it.'—*The Rationale of Religious Enquiry*, pp. 138, 139.

Here it will be seen at a glance that inspiration and revelation are only two words for the same thing. If the province of reason in relation to what the Divine Nature may be supposed specially to have communicated to man be, that 'the existence of a revelation' must depend on our *previously ascertaining* the 'credibility of the contents,' the verdict of reason becomes supreme and exclusive. Without this, historical testimony must be powerless; with it, all such testimony must be superfluous. In reference to the doctrines of the Trinity and the Atonement, Mr. Martineau does not scruple to say—

'I am prepared to maintain, that if they *were* in the Bible, they would still be incredible; that the intrinsic evidence against a doctrine may be such as to baffle all the powers of external proof. I will endeavour to make it clear, that no apparent inspiration whatever can establish anything contrary to reason; that reason is the ultimate appeal, the supreme tribunal, to the test of which even Scripture must be brought.'—*Rationale*, p. 64.

The legitimate issue of this principle Mr. Martineau has himself distinctly pointed out, when he says that, if before we can be assured of the existence of a revelation, 'we are 'to find out what truths are fit to be communicated, we 'have already performed for ourselves the office in which it '(revelation) proposes to aid us.' In this case it may be most truly said, that instead of 'appreciating a statement because we hold it to be' revealed, we hold that it is revealed 'because we appreciate it.' Mr. Martineau is liable to become very angry

and very scornful when cautioned, after this manner, as to whither he is going; but Mr. Emerson, Mr. Parker, Mr. Blanco White, and now Mr. Francis Newman, all have seen the result in which this principle terminates, and have been honest enough to act upon it at all risks. Its end is not in a rejection of this doctrine or that, but in pure naturalism—deism. Mr. Martineau stops somewhere short of that issue, though we scarcely know where, but to stop a hair's-breadth on this side of it must be at the cost of consistency.

That it is difficult to define the province of reason with regard to revelation, in terms that shall not be open to exception, we all know; and that no fixed rule can be laid down as sufficient to determine in every point the precise weight that should be ceded to the external proofs of Christianity, as compared with the internal, this also must be admitted. But Mr. Martineau leaves nothing more than an *apparent* value to historical evidence of any kind—the Christian Scriptures being judged illogical, erroneous, corrupt, or mischievous, in any degree felt to be necessary for the purpose of extruding from them whatever may not happen to commend itself to his individual taste or reason. In the appendix to the volume from which the preceding extract is taken, there is a letter of some thirty pages, from the late Blanco White, betraying the morbid dread with which the writer had learnt to look on orthodoxy, and on priesthood in any form, and the steps also by which this hostility settled into a deadly hate of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, as being the great stay of those enormous evils. Mr. Martineau does not see it expedient to become himself the preacher of mere deism, of a deisin, we must add, much more sceptical than that of Toland or Chubb,—but it is worthy of note that, he can allow a second party to preach unquestioned in this style, and with the length and elaboration of a treatise, through his own pages. This may be described as the natural result of a candid temper, of a genuine sympathy with free thought; but, in our judgment, it is a course which no man could have pursued who had not come to regard Christianity as of very small value, for any moral or religious purpose, in the future history of mankind. We feel bound, therefore, to say that, it is not from Unitarian churches in which *no higher impulse than this is felt*, that we expect to see a salutary impression made upon our people. The talk in such quarters may be very lofty, but the doing, we suspect, will be found to go within a small space. We cherish a sincere respect for the intelligence, the public spirit, and the high sense of honour we have found in not a few modern Unitarians, and should be sorry to see the social reputation of the body impaired by the mischievous speculations in which some of

their religious guides are disposed to indulge; and speculations, we must add, which are sometimes set forth with such airs of wisdom and authority as to become amusing from their very gravity and awfulness.

It is observable that among all the religious parties which have passed under our review, there is no one that is not suffering, or that has not suffered greatly from dissension. Every man of sense knows that the much boasted unity of Romanism is a fiction. For proof of this we need not travel beyond the history of the city of Rome itself within the last two years. The church of England has never been so rent by schisms as at this hour. In Scotland, Presbyterianism, as separated from the Established Church, became so strong, long since, as to divide the power of the land with that Church; and of late, the disruption of the Free Church, has given nearly the whole country into the hands of religious bodies who are voluntaries, either from choice or necessity. Of the harmony of Wesleyan Methodism, too, we must speak as belonging to the past. It would be strange, if amidst so much unsettledness everywhere else, Congregationalism were without its disagreements and its parties. But it is one of the many advantages of this system that it knows nothing of any centralized legislative power. The power of its ministers and churches, in relation to each other, is simply a moral power. In so far every church is truly an independent church, and every minister an independent minister. The same is of course true of the Baptist denomination, whom we always include in our general references to what is distinctive of Congregational or Independent churches. The disadvantage of being dependent on purely voluntary association for all combined action may seem considerable, but the advantage is great on the side of individual liberty. Every man, and every church, has a free utterance, and can have no pain or penalty to fear beyond such as are purely of a moral nature. In the history of Congregationalism, as in that of the other churches named, it is not all evil that has come from differences of judgment, and from some spirited differences of action. Where there is life, in a nature so imperfect as ours, whether in communities or churches, there is sure to be some jostling and antagonism.

Mr. Edward Miall, the author of the work at the head of this article, intitled, 'The British Churches in their relation to the British People,' is a conspicuous person in the section of orthodox dissent where the watchwords are all on the side of change, and of real or imaginary progress. Mr. Miall believes the congregational churches of England to be in a very unhealthy state; and, believing this, gives himself, with much laudable earnestness,

to the labour of inquiry, as to the causes of this state of things, and the means by which it may be amended. His work consists of eight chapters, under the following titles:—Religious Life and how it should be treated—The proper Object and Means of the Church—Religion of the British Churches—The Aristocratic Sentiment—The Professional Sentiment—The Trade Spirit—Social and Political Hindrances—Remedial Suggestions and Conclusion.

The style of the volume is, for the most part, calm and philosophical, reminding us but very rarely of the manner of the author when in the discharge of his duties as an editor. We find nothing here of the nickname style of writing, which, we are sorry to see, is a frequent invention with him elsewhere; very much about the dutifulness and wisdom of urbanity and kindness in the public instructor,—and though the one half of the book is not in very perceptible keeping, in this respect, with the other half, there is an evident wish to abate asperity, and to soften the edge of sarcasm, to the extent demanded by the gravity of the subject. Which, in this case, is the natural manner, and which the artificial, we shall not presume to determine. We only note, as every one must who is capable of making the comparison, the marked difference between the two. With very much that is said, and often with great clearness and ability, in these successive chapters, we most cordially agree; but as the aim of the author is to enter upon ground which the timidity or misconception of the times has left unoccupied, it will be natural that our attention should be mainly given to what is presented as being in some respects new, and as calling for new action, though at the cost, perhaps, of seeming to be at issue with the author in a greater degree than is the fact.

As we have intimated, Mr. Miall has a very poor notion—so poor, that he deems it a proof of great courage to dare to give it utterance—as to the *Spirituality of our Churches*. Is there ground for this judgment?

It is proper to ask this question, inasmuch as every man will be aware that few things are so easy as to get up a case of fault-finding against any person or any thing. The disposition to find fault is often purely subjective, proceeding from a man's temper, from what has happened to him, or from some frequent states of his physical system. From these causes, the family of croakers has never failed to be a large one. Other things come in their season, but these are the products of all seasons; for when there is not the evil to censure, there is the good to depreciate. Temper has sometimes so much to do with cases of this sort, that it was said of the famous John Lilburn, of Commonwealth memory, that were he the only man in the world, so bent was he on anta-

gonism, that rather than lack occasion for dispute, ‘John would then quarrel with Lilburn, and Lilburn would quarrel with ‘John.’ We greatly fear that this Lilburnian race will last, like most of the troubles of humanity, until doomsday.

We have not the honour of Mr. Miall’s acquaintance. We know him only through his public labours, and in consequence can judge but imperfectly as to the degree in which causes of a subjective nature may have disposed him to take up a gloomy view of our affairs. Our belief is, that one great source of his errors, in so far as he has erred, will be found in his want of access to the best sources of information. He was once a Christian pastor, but his brief experience in that relation, we have reason to think, did not contribute much to qualify him for his present undertaking. Since that time, his intercourse has been very much with men of one class, and of a class not likely to furnish him with the fullest and most desirable account of things. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that Mr. Miall has written a book to show that our existing churches are sinners above all churches existing about them or before them. His picture has its lighter as well as its darker shades, and in many passages he aims to guard himself against being misunderstood in this respect. The following extract may be taken as giving the sum of our author’s statements on this subject, and as presenting evidence that he has not given himself to this inquiry without a wish to deal fairly with it :—

‘I do not believe that the professed embodiment of Christianity in this country is a mass of insincerity, unsound from skin to core. I do not believe that all which appears to be, and perhaps is, inconsistent amongst us with the spirit of Christ’s gospel, may be traced up at once to sheer hypocrisy. On the contrary, I am convinced that the common and easy cant about hypocrisy is a gross and most ridiculous exaggeration, and that men wear the mask much less in connexion with religion, than in their every-day intercourse one with another. The British churches—in which phrase I include every organized association of men for maintaining and extending the spiritual reign of Christ—give back a real, although a somewhat confused and muffled response to the message of love from heaven. They may display no signs of a rude and vigorous health—but it is to be borne in mind that even feebleness supposes life. They may be not incor-rectly represented as *dragging* on from year to year, but still the representation compels us to infer a positive effort against decay. What they undertake may be negligently or fitfully prosecuted—what they do may be done rather as a task, than as a grateful exercise of spontaneous and ever-springing energy; but in order to this, there must be some conscience towards God, some sense of obligation, some self-denial, faith, and sympathy with goodness. Their condition

appears to me to resemble that of a person suffering from a general debility of constitution, when all the vital organs are yet substantially sound, and evincing a want of tone, the primary cause of which it is almost impossible to detect. Such cases are not unfrequent in the physical world. There is a sufficiency of life to fight off threatened dissolution, though barely enough to carry the party who owns it through the shortest abridgment of daily duty. Meanwhile, no pleasure is found in anything. There is wearisomeness all day, and restlessness at night—appetite almost gone, affections dwindling into the shadows of what they were, temper fretful and peevish, and active usefulness apparently at an end. But men do not jump to a denial of what yet remains to hope in such cases. Nor is it reasonable to do so in regard to the churches. Indeed, even this analogy presents an exaggerated view of their comparative sickness and inefficiency. They not only continue to be, but to make head, however slowly. Their strength is not only not entirely gone, but it improves rather than declines. Measured by what they were five-and-twenty or fifty years ago, they have gained ground in almost all respects—are more enlightened, more earnest, more pure, more philanthropic, than they were. Their influence for good is more powerful—their reputation for piety, better established. They aim at higher things. They dispense a larger amount and variety of blessings. They are less selfish, less worldly. The very consciousness they have of their own weakness is a favourable sign—for they have been more feeble without any pervading and constant sense of their debility. There is, therefore, no reason for despondency. Their state demands solicitude, watchfulness, and decision, regulated by discrimination; but still it exhibits some cheering promises of amendment.’—pp. 127—129.

If this be the best Mr. Miall has to say about us, the feeling of our readers, we think, will be, that the best is very bad. But the general impression which the statements scattered through this volume can hardly fail to make, is certainly even more gloomy than would be derived from this passage, such, in fact, as to leave us no room to suppose that our churches, with all their faults, are still really making progress. Our judgment is, however, that Mr. Miall’s best estimate of our state is less favourable than facts would warrant; and that his view as to the sort of feeling which needs to become strong among us, if things are to amend, is a seriously mistaken view.

We feel obliged to regard the reasoning of our author from *the eminent fitness of Christianity, to influence and elevate humanity*, to the conclusion that *nothing but the want of right effort in its favour can account for its present measure of failure*, as reasoning which it does not become us to admit without grave limitation.

‘A survey of the work to be done, if accurately taken, might,’ it is said, ‘overwhelm the most confident with despair—a glance at the

arrangements made by God for achieving it, might inspire the most despondent with confidence. Just as looking only at an impediment proposed to be removed by mechanical appliances and engineering skill, we sometimes pronounce that impossible, which, when all the preparations are completed, we allow not only to be feasible but easy; so, thoroughly appreciating the gospel of Christ, as an expedient for re-establishing the Divine sway over a rebellious race, the depravity of their will, an otherwise insurmountable obstacle, appears as if already virtually conquered. Can means so likely fail? is the question uppermost in our minds. Wielded as they were meant to be by organized associations of men in harmony with their spirit, can even the most determined hostility long hold out against them? Will not the men who have learned the secret of revealed truth, who have caught its meaning, and have gladly yielded their soul to its claims, hold in their hands the keys of the world's destiny.'—p. 120.

Now, we believe, that as men sow in this connexion, so, as a rule, and in their measure, will they reap. But has Mr. Miall found as the result of his own labours as a Christian teacher, either in his earlier or later years, that the relation between the means and the end in this case is quite so much a matter of mechanism and certainty as he here represents? Is there any living teacher the effect of whose instruction has been such as this mode of looking at the question might naturally lead us to expect? Is it not notorious that some of the most gifted and devout men have not been remarkable for the apparent measure of their success? Judge of the labours of the apostles themselves by this rule, and great as their triumphs certainly were, how limited do we find them compared with what *ought* to have been realized? Look even higher still—to Him who had so much reason to say 'all the day long have I stretched forth my hand to an evil and a gainsaying people.' Push the inquiry a step further, and we find ourselves landed in the old objection against Christianity itself, as being a proved delusion, seeing that it claims to be adapted by the Divine hand to benefit our whole race, while to this hour it has not done the work, claimed as its own, on more than a small remnant of the human family.

We do not say that the Divine purposes should be admitted as a determinator of human conduct. We hold the contrary—we hold that Christians should labour to convert the world *as though* the conversion of it were wholly dependent on such labour. But can we conceal from ourselves, in the face of such facts as we have glanced at, that beyond the idea of man's spiritual need, on the one hand, and the idea of the adaptation of the gospel to that need, on the other, there lie mysteries pertaining to this subject which our minds are by no means competent to solve? As a rule, the Christian pastor and the Christian

church giving themselves most to Christian effort, will be most successful; but taking the facts of experience and of history as our guides, the fruit will be at best small, compared with what Mr. Miall's *à priori* view of this matter would dispose us to anticipate. If our author's view of the case embraced the whole of it, the censure pronounced by him upon our churches might not be unfounded; but it does not embrace the whole of it, and the conclusion deduced from seeing it only in part, is, as might be expected, delusive, and is likely to be mischievous in a way which we are sure Mr. Miall does not intend. Here, as elsewhere, it behoves us to be cautious in taking success as the test of desert. Men are disciplined by failure as much as by its opposite.

We see, too, in the labours of our pastors and churches, a breadth of Christian agency, and an amount of success, beyond anything that seems to be present to the mind of our author. In many of our churches, scattered through our smaller towns and rural districts, the signs of weakness may be often only too manifest. But looking more widely, and taking in the strong along with the weak, the effort made to sustain the preaching of the gospel, to educate the young, and to send the many influences of a truly Christian charity to the homes of the poor, will be found such as no age since that of the apostles can be said to have surpassed, and we doubt if the average effort even of primitive Christians was really greater in this way than may be seen in some modern churches. We are far from meaning to say that all is done that should be done, or that the spirit of our doings is always the high and holy one proper to them. We wish in these respects to be 'forgetting the things that are behind,' and shall feel thankful to Mr. Miall, or to any other thoughtful man, who can put us into the way of making a nearer approach towards that which 'lies before.' But we must be excused if we seem somewhat solicitous that our zeal be not without discretion. New things are not always true things. Change and progress are not identical. Ardent souls must have their work to do, but there is a restlessness which is morbid, and which mars more than it makes. The beech-tree gives us its new leaf in thrusting off the old; and we think the law of human progress should be like that, a struggle, not for mere voidness, but for some positive thing, which shall come into the place of something that is, and be an exchange for the better. Mr. Miall no doubt means all this in the changes which he recommends, but he must bear with us if we look with some care to the nature and tendencies of those changes, lest haply by following his advice we should be found to have run in vain—worse than in vain. •

If existing evils are to be diminished, some change 'we are told' is necessary, if not in our theology itself, certainly in *our Mode of presenting Theological Truth to the mind of the People*. In the view of Mr. Miall concerning the nature of 'spiritual life,' we see nothing new. Taken out of the philosophical and non-technical language in which he has presented it, we find in it our old doctrine of the 'new birth,' and nothing more,—that doctrine, which, for a century past at least, has been the doctrine specially inculcated from the evangelical pulpits of this country. We know not that we should complain of our author for having attempted to give an appearance of novelty in this instance to what is not in itself novel. We have indeed not a little folly in this shape exhibiting itself just now,—the most commonplace ideas being passed off as something very new and profound, by being clothed in strange, uncouth, and cloudy phraseology. Mr. Miall, we feel assured, is not capable of playing tricks of this sort; and we must confess ourselves pleased when we see how much of philosophical cohesiveness and beauty lie under truths found upon the lips of the poorest through our Christian population. The moral state of our nature, and the sources of that state, are presented in this volume in a manner consonant with Scripture and with fact; and in coming to the gospel, by means of which man is to be raised out of this death state, and made to partake of spiritual life, Mr. Miall justly says:—'The principle upon which the Supreme chose to proceed in meeting, checking, conquering, destroying the evil we have attempted to describe, was that of placing his own authority as the moral ruler, and law as the simple expression of that authority, *in association with facts calculated to attract for them the inmost sympathies of man.*' In other words, the Divine Being intends by the gospel, and by the influence of the Holy Spirit which accompanies it, to present himself to the view of men as entitled to their reverence and love. But our author thinks that, this special manifestation of the Divine Being to man, in the relation of Benefactor or Saviour, is presented unduly, or not wisely, in the teaching of our time, so as to cause the idea which is almost first and last in the mind of modern Christians to be, one having respect to what the gospel is to do for their *own happiness*, and not to what it is to do for *God's rights* as a moral governor, whereas the order of precedence should be the reverse. His expressions in very many places are to the following effect;—

'Had the churches generally, by preaching and by practice, presented the message of God by His Son more to the moral sympathies of men, and less to their sense of personal interest—had the tastes quickened and fostered in them been those conversant with, and ter-

minating upon, rightness rather than advantage—had the paramount idea they brought to bear upon the world been that of the transcendently glorious character of God, as imaged in Jesus Christ, instead of the benefit accruing to man from the mediatorial work, they would have diffused around them an atmosphere of thought and sentiment which, instead of hardening the unsubdued into indifference and recklessness, would have progressively mellowed them into susceptibility of impression. Their error has been, not in setting forth the mode in which, and the extent to which, the economy of favour affects the eternal destiny of man, but in setting it forth chiefly, almost exclusively.—p. 154.

We must say we are at a loss to interpret this language. If the way to bring the moral sympathies of men to God be, not to point out 'the benefit accruing to man from the mediatorial work' of Christ, but to dwell simply and abstractedly on the character of God, 'as imaged in Jesus Christ'—that is, if men are to be won to the love of God by contemplating what Christ *is*, as the subject of moral excellence, and not by looking to what he *does*, as the sent of God in the character of a mediator, then we must confess that we have greatly erred all our life through as to the proper substance of the gospel, and concerning the secret of its power as the means by which sinners are to be 'reconciled' to God. That whatever of loveliness we see in the Man Christ Jesus, is to us a bright—say our brightest expression of the loveliness of the Infinite, this we can understand; but how belief in this fact can be, to natures in a moral condition like ours, belief in *a gospel*, we cannot comprehend. That the Divine Being *is* all this, is a doctrine of even natural religion. Our own spiritual consciousness assures us that such He *must* be. To preach this, we submit, is not to preach a gospel at all, still less to preach *the* gospel. High, abstract speculations concerning the eternity and immutability of *right* as opposed to *wrong*, may suffice to the highest purposes of a religious life with natures which exist in their original perfectness, and even our own nature may ultimately rise to a condition thus elevated. But we only need ask—where is the spiritual life among nations or peoples which such transcendental ethics have nurtured, or even awakened? Our Bibles, and unhappily our history, demonstrate, that to bring human nature back to God, something greatly beyond an exhibition of the Divine perfections as they are, is strictly necessary. Indeed, Mr. Miall himself has said:—'Were it possible for the human will to enthrone a deity representative of its own choice, it is certain that he would be *other than the God under whose government we live*.'—(p. 72.) Hence the notorious fact, that men are rather maddened into deeper revolt, than won to obe-

dience by presentations of the majesty and purity of the Divine nature, apart from what that nature does for us through the 'mediatorial work.' Whether these presentations be made through Christ, or otherwise, matters not. It is to the moral excellence itself that the repugnance is felt.

But Mr. Miall will, perhaps, say that this is not his meaning—that what he wishes, is not that we should cease to give prominence in our teaching to the mediatorial work of Christ, but simply that in preaching this doctrine we should preach it in its fitness to secure obedience to God, rather than in its fitness to bring happiness to man. If this be all that is really intended, then, we think our author has been very unhappy in the method chosen to express his meaning. And we must be allowed to say, that we have found Mr. Miall's philosophy tending very generally to overlay and obscure his theology, rather than to make it plain. The habit of mind which disposes a man to run everything up into abstraction is not without its dangers. It is inevitable that such a man should often be out of ordinary sight. His refinements are in danger of becoming so thin as to cease to be visible. If Mr. Miall *will* indulge in startling paradoxes, —yesterday on the subject of prayer, saying, or seeming to say, that the value of that is imaginary:—to-day on the subject of the 'mediatorial work,' saying, or seeming to say, that the most potent appliance for moving the sympathies of men towards God does not lie there,—then he must not be surprised if many simple-minded people become alarmed, and express their doubts as to where he is now, and still more as to where he may be ere long. This book we take as containing all the great truths of orthodoxy, but so strangely are they attenuated and shaded over, that a Unitarian critic, and one of the most ultra of that school, in estimating 'the *theology* of this volume,' says that 'with the exception of some *half-dozen sentences* on the transgression of Adam's sin, we could *substantially adopt the whole book.*'—(*Prospective Review*, XXII. 231.) Now, we do not hesitate to say, that whatever may be the fault of instructors elsewhere, a manner of setting forth the doctrines of the gospel which meets with such approval from such a quarter, can never be that best adapted to subserve the purposes of those doctrines.

But taking the last idea named, to be that intended by Mr. Miall in the passage cited, the question comes to be, whether it be a fact or not, that our churches do exhibit the gospel as a scheme designed to give *happiness* to men, more than to give *what is right* to God. To this our answer is decided—we feel satisfied that our pulpits generally do not so present the gospel. We are quite aware that it has been the theory of some American divines, that our love to the Supreme Being should

be 'so disinterested' as to fit us for adoring him with the same ardour, whether sending us to eternal torments, or taking us to heaven—the pure justice of what is done in the two cases being the same. Our preachers certainly do not often bewilder their hearers with such high speculations—speculations on which the metaphysician may theorize, but the effect of which on human nature, as we know it, must be to confound and distress, rather than to edify. Our people would feel that they have not the capacity to master such subtleties, and that there is something in their moral nature to which such flights of the imagination are by no means genial. And thankful are we that it is so. But no idea, so far as our knowledge extends, is more prominent in the evangelical pulpit, than that conveyed in the language of the apostle—'Do we, then, 'make void the law through faith? God forbid, yea, we 'establish the law,' (Rom. iii. 31,)—in other words, the gospel pardons sin, according to law; renovates the soul of the believer, according to law; and thus, in saving sinners, gives only a new clearness and weight both to the penalty and the precept of law. On the whole, we think the average belief and feeling of our churches as regards the dependence of happiness on obedience, and the rightful precedence of obedience to happiness, is substantially sound—philosophically and scripturally sound. If our churches are not more wrong on other points than on this point, we hold that their condition is by no means desperate. It is one thing to attach some value to happiness as the fruit of rectitude, and another to be capable of seeking happiness at the cost of rectitude. It is one thing, moreover, to be prepared to abide by the right, come of it for the present what may, and another to affect to be indifferent to the fact that, it is the law of God's universe that the rightful thing shall be in the end the gainful thing.

It should not be overlooked, moreover, that the Divine *appeal* to our love of happiness is in nature, as truly as in the Bible. The lusts of the flesh have terrible penalties attached to them, so of the lusts of the mind. In providence, argument is thus applied to our sensuous, as well as to our spiritual being; to our self-interest, as well as to the independent claims of rectitude and law. Our Bible takes in the same compass of the persuasive. In every page it delivers law, but everywhere allies it with promises, and fences it with terrors. The gospel is in harmony with all this. To obey it, is to be at peace; to reject it, is to be miserable. Nor is this a principle of the present only; in the future we see it in even fuller development. It is not the manner of our Maker to content himself with the simple assertion that his laws are *just*. He is not deterred from going beyond this by a fear lest the sordid side of human nature should make a bad

use of his so doing. In *his* view, his government loses nothing of its dignity by being thus attempered.

But Mr. Miall seems to think that our churches would be the better if more of the stoic spirit, of the worship of right, *simply as right*, could be infused into them—and in this spirit, we confess, that we see not a little to admire. No doubt there are many sickly people, and it may be many sickly churches among us, that would be greatly improved by being brought under a stronger influence of this nature. For the people are many who, while you rarely find them doing anything positively wrong, have so little nerve for doing right, purely for its own sake, that you dare not look to them for coadjutorship in anything requiring that they should bring to it a little of the ‘hardness’ proper to the ‘good soldier.’ Cautious people, undoubtedly, there are, whose feelers are always so busy, that their legs are never prepared to do any brave bidding; trimmers, who somehow always keep off the angles of things, and never tread on people’s toes. Look at them when you will, you find them in smooth waters; they are not in trouble like other men, neither are they plagued like other men. To minds of a very different mould, the temperament and habits of such people must often be a sore trial of patience. But admitting all this, we find our old propensity to look at both sides of a matter before passing judgment upon it, besetting us. Bad as the state of things described may be, there is something on the other side that may be worse. Stoicism is a reaction against Epicureanism, and at best presents only the one half of human nature as doing battle with the other half. It may do for a sect, or for a season; it is wanting in the breadth proper to man as man. It is all head and no heart, while humanity has both. It consists of the bones of humanity; there is no flesh upon it, no blood in it. It is true so far as it goes, but it is not the whole truth, and its disciples are always disposed to misrepresent the truth to which their own is in antagonism. Your stoics, moreover, have ever been desperate wranglers. Each has his own moral standard, to which the world must either submit, or be prepared to abide the consequences. Not only must his homage be simply a homage to ‘right,’ but concerning what *is* right, he must himself be the sole interpreter. In each man of this order, there is a disposition to carry a smaller popedom along with him wherever he goes; and a world in which every man should aspire to be a sovereign pontiff, could hold out little prospect of harmony. Your true stoic man is all conscience, but singularly oblivious of the fact that other men may also have consciences. He is generally very cold blooded. He knows nothing of gratitude, nothing of friendship, nothing of natural affection, where the shadowy power which his

imagination has set up demands that such feelings should be offered in sacrifice. The many things the man hates become more and more clear continually, but what he really loves is hard to discover. He accounts himself virtuous, less because of the strength of his attachments, than because of the strength of his antipathies. In all men, and in all the doings of men, he is in danger of fixing upon the unsound rather than the sound, and of finding his chosen occupation in rubbing for ever at the raw places of the world. Rectitude is a good, but this comes of isolating it from all other good. In fact, rectitude separated from goodness in general, ceases to be rectitude; it is truth which has become error by excess, as the consequence of its being taken alone, and in this state it bears the fruit natural to error. The characteristic of the Christian spirit is humility, the characteristic of the stoic spirit is pride. Even the humilities of stoicism are only particular forms of its pride.

Of course, it is not necessary that stoicism should be always thus full-blown. But this is its natural issue, when its one-sided, intolerant, and selfish tendencies are thoroughly developed. We can imagine the ascendancy of this spirit in our churches, and we can, we think, without much hazard of mistake, conjecture the result. Every church under such influence would be the place of discord. The experience of its pastor would be, of necessity, anything but a happy experience. With so many strong wills in its midst, and all sustained by such watchwords as 'principle,' and 'conscience,' and 'right,' very frequent, and sometimes very strong collisions, would be unavoidable. Each man becomes a law to himself and to others, by claiming to be the sole interpreter of law. The pastor of such a flock would needs be a man of rare powers, if he is to maintain any sort of 'rule' over it. But in general, we may be sure, the pastors of such churches would be weak men, such men only being at all likely to accept office on such obvious conditions. The result would be, that our churches would be seen to change their 'servants' with as much indifference as our families change them. The ministry among such a people, would be the last vocation to which the right men would give themselves. In the meanwhile, the process going on within, consisting in this conflict of principle with principle, of conscience with conscience, of right with right, being such as to waste and consume energy, rather than to husband it, and to turn it to good account; and the process going on without being, for the same reason, such as to repel and exasperate the general community, rather than to attract and to assimilate it, the fate of the denomination subject to this wasting at home, and to this failure of accession from abroad, would be patent to all men. No—what

we want is not the sway of stoicism, but the power rather of that true Christianity which embraces all the good of stoicism, and which, in the place of its evil, gives us something much better. We do not want the sharpness or sternness that can do the right thing, without the mellowness and kindness that can do the good thing. We do not want the eye that is ever open to the faults of the Church and of the world, and rarely open to anything beside. We want principle, and a readiness to do and suffer for it; but we want piety also, if our manner of doing and suffering, even in the cause of Christian principle, is to be Christian. In Christ, and in Christianity, *force* is nowhere more conspicuous than *tenderness*, the claims of *principle* are nowhere more imperative than the claims of *charity*. But we have said more on this topic than we had intended, and there are two or three other points in Mr. Miall's book to which we must call the attention of our readers.

One of these points has respect to the true *Object* of the church in its *Relation to the People*. That everything in the conduct of our churches, so far as that may become a matter of observation with the community, should be such as to bespeak their sympathy with whatever is just and kindly, will be readily admitted. But the matters with which Mr. Miall would have them concern themselves, for the purpose of manifesting this amiable and conciliatory spirit, are many of them of a nature to belong, not to churches, as such, but to the community at large, or to civil government, either in its local or central functions.

'I venture to suggest the propriety of their ascertaining from actual inquiry the characteristic want of the district in which they are located, and doing their best to meet it. I have no pet project to recommend. What might be suitable for one vicinity, may be simply ridiculous for another. This village may stand in need of something which it would be preposterous to propose for that town—this city may require very different remedial measures from that hamlet. Here, water may be needed—there, drainage; here, improved dwellings—there, baths and washhouses; here, education—there, books. A wise solicitude for man's welfare, here and hereafter, which the churches profess to feel, might, in my judgment, do worse than exercise itself in looking round with an inquiring eye, marking the most copious source of suffering within reach, devising some expedient for its removal, and making energetic efforts to secure and organize, and apply that assistance which promises most effectually to compass the object.'—p. 436.

Now that the Christian *men* of a district would often do well to call the attention of the persons about them to undertakings of this description, and to be prepared, in a spirit of good neighbourhood, to facilitate their accomplishment, is what we can

understand; but that it should be made a business of our *churches* to go into committee on such questions as 'baths and washhouses,' improved 'dwellings,' better supplies of 'water,' and better 'drainage,' for the benefit of the population of towns or districts, that the good so done may be laid to the account of the goodness of their religion—this, we must say, is a policy the wisdom or fitness of which we are at a loss to perceive. The tendency to suspicion in general society is very strong in reference to volunteered service of any kind, especially when proceeding from an ecclesiastical or sectarian source. It will not be found to judge at all times after your manner, either as to its own wants, or as to your motives. We feel assured that the collisions called up by such interferences would soon be found to involve the Church in no little embroilment with the world. It would be a confounding of the spiritual with the secular after a new fashion, but with about as little of general acceptance as after the old fashion. Mr. Gladstone, of 'church principles' celebrity, confounds the State with the Church, because the State *ought*, as a matter of course, to be Christian; and Mr. Miall, on the other hand, confounds the Church with the State, because the Church *is*, in his view, Christian. Each proceeds on the same ground—viz., that inasmuch as the Christian principle embraces every other, so it should be mixed up with, and consecrate, every other. Mr. Miall halts in voluntaryism, Mr. Gladstone goes further; but, otherwise, though the issues are different, the starting point is the same. The State, says Mr. Gladstone, should care for the whole interest of the people, of course for their *highest* interest as well as their *lowest*. The Church, says Mr. Miall, should care for the whole interest of the people, of course for their *lowest* interest as well as their *highest*. The State, therefore, says Mr. Gladstone, should supply the people, not only with whatever may conduce to their secular welfare, but with a religion; the Church, therefore, says Mr. Miall, should supply the people, not only with religious teaching, but with baths and washhouses, with comfortable dwellings, good water, excellent drainage, and such like things. Most of our readers, we think, will be satisfied that neither Mr. Gladstone nor Mr. Miall can be quite right on this matter. From a common principle, the one makes the State an intruder upon the Church, the other makes the Church an intruder upon the State. The confusion in the case of Mr. Miall has resulted from his not distinguishing sufficiently between the obligation resting on the individual Christian, to discharge his duties as a citizen in a Christian spirit,—and the sphere assigned to the Church as regards all questions of mere citizenship. The source of this oversight is not difficult of detection. Mr. Miall has determined first, what the spirit of Christianity is in relation

to the individual believer; and having settled on this ground, what the individual Christian should be in relation to society, he passes quietly to the conclusion, that as it is in this respect with the man whom we call a Christian, so precisely must it be with any aggregate of such men to whom we give the name of a Church. But the transition thus made is an assumption—it is not a something proved, or that can be proved. To admit it, would be to cede to church authority the germ of all that Hildebrand himself would demand in its favour. It would elevate church-power, wherever seated, into the place of the supreme power. Through it, and not through the magistrate, should the Christian man act, mainly if not exclusively, in respect to all things. We say, without hesitancy, that Christian men, as patriots and philanthropists, should aim to give an ascendancy to their principles in human affairs; but it is quite another thing to say that they should aim at this *through church organizations*. All that we do as nonconformists, to define the authority of the magistrate, that he may not invade the province of the Church, is so much done to define the authority of the Church, that she may not invade the province of the magistrate. There is a power in society distinct from our churches and distinct from our governments—the power of the community; and we hold that what is done in the way of charity or benevolence for the people, should come from the community, and no more from the deliberations of churches than from the deliberations of senates. Did we regard a legal poor-rate or a school-rate in the light of charities, we should at once repudiate them as out of the province of government. What we do for the poor of our fellowships we do properly as churches; what we do for the poor among ‘them that are without’ will commonly be best done by our doing it simply as members of the community. In brief—we feel convinced that the efficiency of our churches for this great spiritual object, and, through that object, for the largest amount of social and collateral good possible to them, depends greatly on the restriction of their operations to their proper sphere. If there be any one thing which they might attempt with safety, in accordance with the advice Mr. Miall has tendered them, that thing would be popular education, as being somewhat cognate to the mission of the church, which may be said to be, in a sense, an educational institute. But already, the very class we have thus aimed to benefit have turned round upon us in the great towns, and have denounced our labours by large majorities because of their ecclesiastical or church origin. If even here the jealousy has sprung up so powerfully, where should we be safe from it? Church action in such things, would be

ever liable to this suspicion—the suspicion of proceeding from a zeal to make proselytes.

We have ourselves presumed to say, on more than one occasion, that we think the evangelical pulpit, since the rise of Methodism, has been so much doctrinal, or purely devotional, as to have failed considerably in the practical. It has been strong and iterative on what man should be in immediate relation to God, but it has not been so full as a thorough development of the evangelical system would require in its expositions of what a man should be as regards his fellow man, especially in general society. We concur, accordingly, in not a little that Mr. Miall has said to this effect. But our author's views are pushed so far in this direction, that the signs of a healthy piety among nonconformists, must, it would seem, embrace their becoming reformers of the out-and-out school in matters of state, and zealous Anti-State-Church-Association men in matters of religion. The feeling of Mr. Miall on these points is strong, and betrays itself frequently and unmistakably. In short, we must be allowed to express it as our conviction, that had the members of our churches been more disposed to commit themselves by energetic action in favour of some extreme political questions; and had our churches been only as much inclined as they have been disinclined, to subject themselves to the responsibilities of being parties to all the proceedings of the Anti-State-Church-Association, the indictments against them spread through this volume would never have seen the light. But the absence of the signs of health, or of supposed health, among them, in these departments, is taken by Mr. Miall as assuredly symptomatic of general debility and weakness. With regard to a certain line of Anti-State-Church action, it is in the following soft and kindly terms that our author *suggests*, though he does not presume to 'judge,' the motives by which a large and influential portion of dissenters may be supposed to be governed in declining to pursue a course which appears to himself so reasonable.

'There stands, front to front with the churches of their Lord, a political institution assuming to be Christian, and under cover of that assumption, and by means of immense worldly influence, impeding, to a terrible extent, the work which it professes to perform. And what, for the most part, has been the conduct of our most conspicuous members of churches, in the ministry and out of it, in reference to the power which presents itself to them in this light? I will not judge their motives, which are chiefly matter of concern to themselves, and which the eye of the heart-searching only can fully discern. But I will portray their policy in colours furnished by its moral effects upon the minds of the indifferent. Well, then, it is a policy which those

who most profit by, and those who abet this intrusive meddling of the State with the management of spiritual things, highly approve, and fervently applaud—it is a policy which wins the smiles of cabinet ministers, bishops, high-church legislators, well-endowed clergymen, and almost the entire portion of society aspiring to be regarded as part and parcel of aristocracy—it is a policy which puts no insuperable bar in the way of our young people aiming to secure for themselves genteel connexions—it is a policy which, where there are any pretensions to wealth, admits of the rising generation being brought up to the Church, or married into it—it is a policy which frightens away no close-carriage customers—it is a policy which evinces a marvelously peaceful spirit in respect to impiety and iniquity ‘in high places,’ and which reserves its intolerance for those only who denounce, and seek to overturn that iniquity—it is a policy which strong-minded and well-informed men of the world believe to be a mixture of insincerity and cant, because they observe that it is not acted upon in relation to any other, any less trying obligation of spiritual profession,’ &c., &c.—pp. 445, *et seq.*

It would be easy to comment largely on the misconceptions, one-sidedness, and something more contained in this passage. But we abstain,—the ground on which the odious imputations thus indirectly cast upon some of us rest, will, we doubt not, be sufficiently manifest to our readers, from the few observations we feel it to be our duty to make on the general subject.

It is the disposition of Mr. Miall, and of those who think with him, to give their thoughts intensely to political questions, and above all, to the question of separating religion from political influence. We have ourselves been labourers in this field long before the existence of this journal, and, though becoming somewhat grey in the service, we never felt less disposed to ‘look back’ than now. But expressing ourselves calmly on this subject, we venture to say, that it is not to be supposed—in our judgment hardly to be desired—that the mind of all nonconformists should move with an ardour equal to that of Mr. Miall in this particular path. For it by no means follows, because they are not quite so zealous as himself in things of this nature, that they are not zealous about anything, nor about things quite as worthy of their earnestness. We believe that the Christians, and the Christian churches, who do not sympathize more than in part with our author’s bent of thought and action, do, in the average, greatly more for the good of the community, and for the advancement of evangelical nonconformity in the land, than is done by those who participate to the full in his peculiarities of feeling. We have observed that men who look to the overthrow of State-Churchism as the great work of the age, often become so fascinated with that object as to be little inclined, or

even capable, of earnest effort in the cause of objects deemed of less magnitude. It seems to be unconsciously assumed, in many cases, that such objects may be safely allowed to wait for a while, and that it will be easy to give an impetus to *them* when the greater object shall have been realized. So our Millenarians deceive themselves—their one present duty, they say, is to wait for the appearance of their Lord,—when he shall come, all else that is desirable will come, but not before. We are, of course, aware that there are intelligent and estimable men in the Association of which we speak, who cannot be charged with any tendency of this nature, but we feel assured that, to a large extent, the zeal which runs in that direction is so much abstracted from many of the more quiet and humble, but, certainly, in our judgment, the more useful paths of Christian effort. And we are at a loss to discern the justice of describing the Christianity of any class of men as a sickly and doubtful thing, because the department in which they are most disposed to do good does not happen to be our own pet field of operation. And if these people are somewhat more tolerant of the church of England than Mr. Miall feels to be proper in his own case, this may be, not because the evils of that system are less seen, or less deplored, by them than by himself, but because they feel compelled to form a very different judgment as to what it may be within their power to do to abate those evils, and because, moreover, they see an amount of good existing within that system, either as proceeding from it, or as growing up in defiance of it, which Mr. Miall does not seem to see, or even to be disposed to see.

But there is another 'Association,' not unlike the one so much valued by our author, which has existed for some years in this country, called the 'Protestant Association,' its great object being to unmask and put down the errors of Romanism. The zealous gentlemen who pour forth their rhetoric on the platforms of this Association, often express themselves amazed that Protestants of any grade should refuse to join them, and tell you, that, for their part, *they* know not how to reckon any man sound in the principles of the Protestant Reformation, who can be in doubt as to his duty on this point. The substance of the reply given by sober Protestants to such appeals is—'We see the errors of Romanism as much as you see them, and we deplore their power as truly as yourselves; but we see in your mode of attempting to weaken that system, a line of action which its adherents will be wise enough to turn greatly to its account. They will describe you as misrepresenting them, as meditating the destruction of their faith—and, assuming the tone of a persecuted party, they will find it much more easy than it would otherwise have

‘been, to augment the zeal of their followers, and to call forth ‘sympathy from beyond their own communion.’ Dissenters, generally, and we suppose Mr. Miall among the rest, have often expressed themselves to this effect on this case. Now, we do not mean to say that the speeches at Anti-State-Church Association meetings may be taken as exact counterparts of those commonly made at the meetings of the Protestant Association—but in all other respects the two cases are fairly parallel. Romanism is, we suppose, at least as bad as Church of Englandism: organization and the power of the platform, are surely not less legitimate as directed against the former, than as directed against the latter; and if the avowal of a conviction that such a mode of warfare must be in the main a losing one, is to be admitted as a sufficient reason for not taking any part in movements of the sort under consideration in the one case, why not in the other? If a refusal to be a party to such action against the Church of England must be taken as proof of half-heartedness in the cause of Nonconformity,—then why is not a refusal to be a party to such action against Romanism to be taken as proof of half-heartedness in the cause of Protestantism? The accident that Romanism with us is not endowed by the State avails nothing, unless we resolve to be unmindful of the fact, that its characteristic has always been to be so endowed wherever that has been possible; and unless we mean further to say, that we make war upon systems in proportion as they deprive man of his self, and not in the proportion in which they cast libels upon the character of the Almighty.

Again: while the religion of our Lord is so conditioned in this land as to be flanked on the one side by a revived and eagerly proselyting Romanism, on the other side it is pressed by an Infidelity more organized, more subtle, more active, and more menacing than has assailed it since the age of Julian. Never has the English press been so much under this hostile influence as now; never have publications so numerous, and so adapted to be injurious to the faith of Christians, been issued in our language, as at this hour. The fact of a virtual, if not a formal, combination for this purpose, is no longer concealed. The time for the New Reformation is said to have come—a reformation which for a season is to leave us the name of Christianity, but which, after a season, is to consign both the thing and the name to their fitting place with the lumber of the past. Our youth—the men who are to constitute the England of thirty years hence—are coming more and more under this new influence. What is needed for the educated and the philosophical is being done; and what is needed to adapt the con-

tents of learned and philosophical books to the capacities, and tastes, and means of the masses, is also being done. The breadth thus covered with anti-Christian agencies is a new thing in our history, and is a fact menacing us with evils to which our past experience can furnish no parallel. But where is our Anti-Infidel Association—our well-worked organization to save our Christianity itself from being so down-trodden in our land as to be compelled to seek its future home in other regions? Looking to this aspect of affairs, and then to the plans and hopes of our brethren of the Anti-State-Church Association, we have felt that we should be pardoned if prompted to say—‘Be very careful, good friends, lest by the time you have brought down the church of England you find yourselves without a church of any sort to put into its place.’

But would it be fair now, if, at this point, we were to turn round on Mr. Miall, and say—‘We deeply regret to see, that amidst all your labours against State-Churchism, we never find you giving your council in favour of similar well-digested efforts against the Papal corruptions and the growing Infidelity of the times. On these evils, enormous as they are, we rarely find you bestow the slightest attention, and when they do come under your notice, we see them dismissed, almost invariably, with a strange—a most suspicious leniency. We do not judge motives, that must be left to God, but the motives we feel compelled to regard as furnishing the most natural explanation of such a course, are, we are sorry to say, not of a reputable kind, being little consistent with the soundness of your faith, either as a professed Protestant, or as a professed believer in revelation. Very clear it is, that you have not left it to Dr. Pusey and his disciples to act upon the doctrine of ‘reserve,’ for while you have your doctrines which you reiterate without weariness, there are others, which you are obliged to admit as not less true, nor less important, on which you scarcely bestow utterance of any kind. There may be some way in which all this may be explained consistently with honesty, but we must confess that to discover that way has utterly baffled our most candid ingenuity.’ Now were we to reason thus from the conduct of Mr. Miall to his character, and to express ourselves concerning him in these terms, we should deal with him strictly as he has himself dealt with a very large class of his brethren. There is no burning imputation cast by him upon them, which might not, in this view, be turned upon himself. But far be it from us to follow his example in this respect. Mr. Miall has chosen *his* special course of action, and there are good men beside who have chosen *theirs*, and in the name of common sense let there be an end, say we, to this insinuation of calumnies upon such grounds.

We do not covet an Anti-Infidel or an Anti-Romanist organization, for the very same reason that we do not wish to see an Anti-State-Church organization. There is a feeling, we are satisfied, at the heart of society, which repudiates all such methods of aiming to advance the interests of that kingdom whose coming is without observation. Romanists know that harm would come to them, rather than good, from such a policy: Church-of-England men know the same; Infidels the same; it is left to us, though wiser than they in most things, to come behind them in this wisdom. It is with us a settled maxim that religious parties never serve their distinctive truths by pushing them into undue prominence, either from the platform or the pulpit. There is a relation, not between the doctrine of 'reserve' and success, but between the law of *apportionment* and that issue.

On the '*Trade-spirit*' of the times, and the evils attendant upon it, Mr. Miall has said many just and pungent things. The evil is, no doubt, lamentable enough; and most earnestly do we wish that the tendencies of our pulpit instruction were such as to subject it to a more thorough scrutiny. But the '*Aristocratic Sentiment*,' the subject of another of our author's chapters, is, as expounded by him, very nearly akin to the trade-spirit:—in truth, only a particular form or result from that feeling. Mr. Miall defines the aristocratic sentiment as consisting in a disposition to attach '*value to man according to the circumstances of his worldly lot,*' and not according to that personal worth which often lifts the poorest above the richest and the most titled. We demur to this definition, as substituting an evil, incident to the aristocratic element in society, in the place of the feeling proper to it. But let this pass—there is, no doubt, in English society, a strong leaven from the spirit thus defined, extending itself even to our religious organizations, and to our churches. Of the essential antagonism, moreover, of such a feeling, to the spirit of Christianity, we must all be sensible. The difference between Mr. Miall and ourselves here would be, about the things proper to be done to discountenance and correct this evil.

Mr. Miall gives us to understand, that, in his view, none of the conventional distinctions which obtain in the world should be perceptible, by any sort of indication, in a place of worship. There should be no curtained or carpeted pews, no graduated scale of seats of any kind. There should be nothing about the place that might seem to say—this space is for the more wealthy, that for the less, and that beyond for the penniless. Nothing, in fact, that should seem to bespeak man as being ever other than penniless. Nor is this all—the whole manner of the place should be to this effect. The attention of 'the banker, or the merchant' to the 'small tradesman,'

and of the small tradesman to the 'labourer,' should be quite another thing in the sanctuary from anything that is seen to take place between these parties out of it. Our pews, our pulpits, everything ecclesiastical bespeaking distinctions at variance with this natural equality, is, to our author, most offensive.

But here it is proper to ask—if the spirit of Christianity be such as to demand that the things mentioned should be done, then must it not be such as to demand greatly more? If we understand this doctrine, it is one which requires that the place of worship should be a place in which we go back as to a state of nature—in which we reach the end of all conventionalism, and settle at last in simple manhood. But if it be so, then must it not be proper—must it not be a grave Christian duty, that the rich should not go there otherwise clad than the poor, that even the moderately poor should not go there at all better clothed than the lowest poor—in short, that the man at the outpost of poverty, having the least beside his mere manhood left to him, should become the model man, to whose outward appearance as a worshipper, all the rest should be conformed? Again—as this outward form, if not underlaid with the inward spirit of which so imposing a spectacle should be the sign, would be, after all, little better than the grimace of the Romish cardinals when they give themselves once a year to washing the feet of the Roman beggars, it must follow, if this spirit of Christianity is to be carried out consistently and honestly, that your titled man, who is not to be anybody particular at church, should consent to be nobody particular elsewhere; that your 'banker and merchant' should be prepared to share and share alike with the 'small tradesman,' that your small tradesman should do the same with the 'labourer,' and the labourer of the highest 'wage' with the labourer of the lowest. My lord and his butler, my lady and her housemaid, should henceforth occupy the same apartments, wear the same costume, be seated at the same table, and share in all respects in the same enjoyments; and in all houses where there is substance, from those of lords downwards, this new order of things should obtain. We are aware that such a description must sound very absurd. But if the humblest condition of manhood is to be our starting-point, and if all the visibilities of public worship are to be so ordered, as to prevent the man in that condition from feeling that he is in any respect other than fully abreast with the proudest about him—then the outward form must needs be carried thus far; and if that outward form is not to be a huge hypocrisy, flung in the face of the Almighty as an act of worship, it should take with it that thorough inward spirit of equality, which would issue in the

totally new condition of things we have described. It will be seen, therefore, that we thus find our way, not merely into Socialism, but into the most Communistic form of Socialism.

Mr. Miall, of course, does not mean that things should proceed to this length, but to this length, we submit, they should go, if his principle of reform in this connexion be a sound one. For if we are to halt anywhere short of this extreme, the dispute is no longer about what is required by Christianity, but about some law of fitness. We hold that the gradations of position in society are of God, and that the office of Christ's religion in relation to them, is not to annihilate them, but to consecrate them. In so far, the aristocratic sentiment itself—not the incident evil which Mr. Miall describes by that name—is of God. The true aristocratic sentiment has respect, not to anything which should come *into the place* of personal worth, but to something which may be *added* to it, and which, in conventional usage, is taken as some presumption in favour of the existence of such worth. That this presumption is often fallacious, we all know; but society will have its judgment as to the probabilities of things in such cases. Far be it from us to encourage any vain, or inconvenient, still less any repulsive exhibition, of social distinctions in the house of God. But we see not why the appearances of them should be utterly excluded from that place, inasmuch as they are a great reality in the condition of our nature, and a reality on which the gospel has its work to do. We deplore, in common with Mr. Miall, that so large a portion of the people in our great towns should be so little influenced by any of our religious appliances; but we greatly fear that the men chiefly in his view would be found, upon experiment, very hard to please under any possible system of coaxing; while as regards the great majority of the poor of this land, we believe they have too much good sense to be often offended by the appearances under consideration which really come within their observation, or to be found expecting that all our churches should become 'ragged kirks,' seeing that some of Adam's children are ragged.

If the feeling denounced by Mr. Miall be really so strong among us as to dispose our ministers to think more about the souls of the rich than of the poor; to adapt their preaching to the demands of the wealthy and comfortable, more than to the necessities of those below them; and to fall into habits of criminal neglect about the religious and moral state of their respective neighbourhoods, it is for such parties gravely to consider their responsibilities. For ourselves, we do not think that the men thus censured are by any means so open to reproof on these grounds as the language of Mr. Miall would imply. But this whole chapter

might have been intitled, *Democracy versus Aristocracy*, and with such a 'brief,' it is not difficult to see what the pleading would be in the hands of such an 'advocate.'

The chapter on 'the *Professional Sentiment*' comes in natural sequence after that on the *Aristocratic Sentiment*. On this portion of Mr. Miall's volume, we had hoped to have expressed ourselves with some fulness, but we have already much exceeded the intended limits of this paper. Our own views in reference to the office of the Christian ministry may be stated in few words. Had the New Testament been wholly silent on this subject, leaving it as a matter to be determined by that common sense which is older even than the Gospel, we think we should have viewed the question somewhat thus:—'The man who is to teach well on any subject comprehended under the terms literature, art, or science, should be a studious man, and should teach often. If his subject should happen to be one of peculiar comprehensiveness, delicacy, and difficulty, then it would be especially desirable that his circumstances should be such as to allow of his giving himself, without reservation, to severe exercises of thought, and to much practice in the exposition of his thoughts. Religion, then,—the religion of the Bible, is a subject of this order. Simple as it may be in some of its aspects, no other subject presents so great a compass of objects to the thought of man, or themes of so much elevation and mystery. Here, accordingly, beyond anywhere, we should say, that, *as a rule* the man giving himself to the office of a teacher, should be allowed to give himself 'wholly' to that office, and not be at all 'entangled with affairs' foreign to it. If exigencies arise, which seem to require some departure from this rule, let there be such liberty—such liberty for the occasion, in the case of one man; permanently, in the case of another, as circumstances may dictate, but let the rule be as before stated.'

Now, we scarcely need say that what we thus regard as the *à priori* common sense view of the case, is really that set forth in the New Testament. If anything be certain from that record, it is certain that the rule inculcated by Paul—inculcated often, and in many forms, was, that 'those who preach the Gospel should live by the gospel:' and that his own noble conduct in labouring with his hands to minister to his necessities was to be the exception in the lives of the ministers of Christ, and not the rule. We speak of law and medicine as *professions*, because men give themselves to the study of them, and live by them; and *in so far* there is identity in fact, whatever there may be in name, between the position of such men, and that contemplated in the New

Testament as the position to be filled generally by the Christian minister. The apostle of the Gentiles did not suspect that he was either reducing the ministry to the level of a 'trade,' or exalting it above measure, when he put forth this claim in its favour. To Timothy he writes—'the things thou hast heard of me 'among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, 'who shall be able to teach others also.' (Eph. ii. 1, 2.) The men called to this office were to be called to it by a Christian suffrage; as far as possible, they were to be trained for it; and their ordination, or formal appointment to their function, was to be the work of the existing ministry. These, we believe, are substantially the views entertained on these points by English Congregationalists, and to us they seem to be scriptural, simple, and harmless. But our author does not so regard them.

If the wishes of Mr. Miall are to be accomplished, the order of things which has appeared to us so reasonable, and which we have described as that clearly laid down by an apostle, will be inverted. The degree in which our public instructors are separated wholly to their spiritual duties will be the exception; the degree in which they unite the office of teacher in a congregation, with the cares of traffic in the world will be the rule. Platforms will come into the place of pulpits, speech-making or discussion into the place of sermons, and a teaching brotherhood into the place of our present pastors. The glory of our ministry will be, that it consists of men known as shrewd dealers on 'Change, in the shop, or in the market, or, it may be, as plying hard at the wheel as mechanics, through the week; and as becoming conspicuous, in the capacity of gifted brethren, in public assemblies, on Sunday. The one man in sable dress, or probably in a dress offensive in something more than its colour, will be displaced by a group of men appearing in 'white' or 'grey,' or in any variety of shades which our newly emancipated taste in such things may determine. The glory of our edifices, also, will be, that in general they will be undistinguishable from ordinary buildings, that they will not take with them the slightest idea of sacredness or speciality, and that, during the week, they will be available for common purposes as readily as for religious purposes. With the disappearance of the pulpit will be that of the pews; and with the disappearance of pews will be the relinquishment of pew-rents—the support of the ministry, as having ceased to be a burdensome affair, and being left in confidence to the most free-will offerings of the brotherhood. Once a week, the usual service will give place to a public disputation meeting, when the doors will be thrown open as in common-hall, when freedom of speech will be ceded to all comers, and when the mixed auditory may

either listen in silence, or express aloud their sense of approbation, or of disapprobation, as questions are urged, it may be, by irruptions of socialists, infidels, or atheists, on the one side, and met by such defenders of the religion of the Saviour as may be present on the platform, on the other side. This weekly discussion meeting will be accepted as a good substitute for our present colleges, and will be watched over as capable of becoming far better nurseries for our future ministry. Then will come the end of 'professionalism;' and the undue influence of the modern pastor, so often exercised as a drag on great enterprises, will be no more felt. Then will come an end to the 'aristocratic sentiment;' it must learn to submit itself, or seek its home elsewhere. Then will come the end of formalism—the pharisee among us will have seen his day. Nothing outward will be left for him to feed upon or trust in. Christianity is at last free, and may now give itself to its proper work.

This is very lamentable. But inasmuch as this is the thing intended by Mr. Miall in all his public labours in relation to our churches, it is well that it should be before us, and that there should be no longer any secrecy on the subject. It is clear that the extinction of state-churchism is only half the mission to which our author has given himself. Were that object realized, it would only set him at greater liberty to urge on other, and not less weighty changes, nearer home. This places the labours of Mr. Miall in a new light, and not less the conduct of those who labour with him. It is intimated, indeed, that such changes must not be attempted or expected suddenly, but it is urged that patient and ceaseless effort should be put forth in their favour, and that by little and little they will be realized.

When Mr. Miall states that such innovations, in his view, would be as life from the dead to our churches, we, of course, believe that he so thinks; and far be it from us to complain of his having given expression to such thoughts. We, who here write, had occasion to observe the course of Mr. Miall when he relinquished his pastorate, and gave himself to the labours of the press. There was much in the personalities and asperities of his writing to give offence, especially in what he would himself regard as the high places of 'professionalism;' but there was much also which seemed to us to bespeak the presence of humane and honest purpose, and we gave him some proof that we were not ourselves of the number disposed to evince an unfriendly spirit toward him. Nor are we aware of any change in our manner of viewing his public course since that time. We sincerely respect the good we see in it, but we must be allowed to be faithful to our convictions in reference to what we regard as its evils. Our

impression from the book before us is, we think, an honest one, and may be thus stated. In our view, Mr. Miall sees, or thinks he sees, some grave evils in our churches that would be destroyed by his contemplated changes; but he does not see the *good*—the greatly-preponderating mass of good that would be destroyed *along* with those evils. Further—our author sees, or thinks he sees, some specially needed forms of good that would be secured if his schemes could only be realized; but he does not see the evils,—the greatly-preponderating mass of *evils* that would be *called forth* by the action of those schemes. Again—he sees, or persuades himself that he sees, a Christianity rising up out of his new state of things, that would be much more in harmony with his personal preferences than anything existing; but he does not see the extent—the prodigiously greater extent, in which the Christianity so elicited would be repugnant to the general preferences of society. We need not say that Mr. Miall is an able man: but we have always felt that there is a large domain of thinking and feeling in the human soul, of which, from the constitution and temperament of his own mind, he takes little cognizance, and with which, for the same reason, he has little or no sympathy. This cause lies, we think, at the foundation of his mistakes. His own manhood does not by any means represent all manhood—and he is in all things too subjective.

IX. *De la Décadence de l'Angleterre.* Par LEDRU-ROLLIN. 2 vols. Paris. 1850.

M. LEDRU-ROLLIN, an energetic French lawyer and politician, forty-four years of age, and of extremely Republican opinions, having been compelled to take refuge in London from the chances of a state-prosecution in his own country, has employed part of his leisure since he came among us in writing a book to prove that we are going to the dogs.

It is not difficult to see how the book was compiled. The idea of the book, and, in fact, its title-page, the author must have brought over from France with him. *La perfide Albion* is the definition of England learnt by every French boy as soon as he can speak politics at all; and this notion, amplified to the proportion of a grown man's knowledge of things, and formulated, with the French knack that way, into the phrase *Décadence*, seems to have found quite a stronghold in the mind of M. Ledru-Rollin. Married, they say, to an Irish wife, he seems never to have been *compos mentis* on the subject of England; but, even when walking in the streets of Paris, and going about his ordinary

business as a French citizen, to have had his fist perpetually clenched, as it were, in the direction of the British Channel. And when circumstances threw him over the Channel, and into the island he hated, he brought his fixed idea along with him. Walking in the streets of London; 'smoking a cigar,' as one metropolitan newspaper says it saw him doing, 'at the top of Sloane-street;' or looking out, as another newspaper more drearily imagines him, from a hotel-window in Leicester-square, this idea never forsook him. It was with him as he crossed Hyde Park; it was with him as he lounged in St. James's. He may have signified it in Alvarez's shop; he must have muttered it in Burlington Arcade. Primrose Hill may have heard him think it; he must have scowled it from the top of St. Paul's. Wheresoever, in or out of London, his feet may have wandered on British soil, this contempt for the very acres he walked on he must have carried in his bosom. But, except for one circumstance, he would in all probability have kept his conviction *in retentis*, and taken it back with him, should Fortune ever make that possible, unimpaired into France. The temptation to publish it, however, proved too great. The *Morning Chronicle* printed a series of Letters on the State of Labour and the Poor in this country; which, rousing the attention of all earnest persons amongst ourselves, possessed an interest also for this eloquent and distempered French exile. His table became covered with clippings from the *Morning Chronicle*. Inspired partly with that kind of excitement which all men feel on seeing views of their own corroborated, partly with that real concern which every man of any heart, especially if he has made politics a professional study, must feel in the issue of such social revelations as those under notice, he longed to make his own countrymen acquainted with the facts that were creating such a sensation in England, and with his own impressions regarding them. Mere translations of the Letters, or of portions of them, into French newspapers did not appear enough; it occurred to him, therefore, that a book might be written—a book that, besides answering this special purpose of conveying information about England, and M. Ledru-Rollin's interpretation of that information, into the mind of the French people, might also serve the no less pressing purpose of reminding mankind, apt to forget those that are off the platform of the hour, that such a person as M. Ledru-Rollin still existed. No sooner was the plan formed than it was put into effect. On the table, beside the clippings from the *Morning Chronicle*, were gathered a few Parliamentary Blue Books, a few such statistical works as *Porter's Progress of the Nation*, a few pamphlets, an odd number or two of *Blackwood's Magazine* and the

Westminster Review, a book or two on English law, &c. &c. Upon these materials, and in the service of his preconceived notion that England was in a state of decrepitude, M. Ledru-Rollin set to work, as a lawyer sets himself to prepare a case; pen and scissors co-operated in the most amicable manner—scissors taking the lead; and, in a very short time indeed, the *Décadence de l'Angleterre* made its appearance in the windows of the book-sellers, one volume after another.

That this is a fair representation of the genesis of the book before us, every one that has read it will admit. For the purposes of criticism, the contents of the book may be distributed into three distinct portions:—*First*, the facts and statistics accumulated in it relative to the condition of British society; *second*, the author's comments on these facts and statistics, and his characteristic interpretation of them as a Frenchman and a Republican—in other words, his theory of the English mind, and of the constitution and history of that existing phenomenon, the British nation; and *third*, his argument or thesis that this society, exhibiting such symptoms capable of being so interpreted, is on the eve of inevitable dissolution. There is, indeed, a kind of appendix or postscript to the book, in the shape of a claim on behalf of France, that all civilized men shall recognise that country as the divinely-constituted antagonist of England, charged even now to be the champion of noble principles against English villany in the face of the nations, and destined to a long and honourable primacy in the world after England shall have perished. But, essentially, the contents of the book are exhausted in the foregoing classification.

Now, seeing that it is so, one has a right to complain against the book, at the outset, as a glaring literary misdemeanour. M. Ledru-Rollin had a perfect right to adopt any measures he thought proper for putting the French nation in possession of those revelations relative to the state of England in which he himself took such an interest; and if he had put forth the present book, or a book similar to the present, as a compilation of the *Morning Chronicle*, and other Reports adapted for French reading, one might have seen reason to speak well of the design. But he clearly claims for the work a much higher character than that of a compilation or abridgment of contemporary English documents. He offers it as an elaborate essay, a solemn statement of his own most profound convictions, a prophecy for the instruction of all Europe. Such at least is the assurance of the title-page. When a man writes a book to prove so colossal a fact as the approaching extinction of one of the great powers of the world, it is naturally expected that he will do his best, and that,

whether conclusive or not, the book when published will show marks of extreme care, exertion, and labour. In the book before us, however, we have the very reverse of all this. Almost all the real intellectual ability it contains is displayed in the title-page. The book is literally hardly anything more than a bundle of miscellaneous extracts and statistical paragraphs collected in London from English newspapers, magazines, and popular pamphlets, and sent over to a Parisian publisher with the phrase *De la Décadence de l'Angleterre* written outside on the wrapper in large letters to attract notice. Even upon the arrangement and condensation of the materials little or no pains have been bestowed; so that such small value as the book might have possessed as a skilful French summary from English authorities is all but totally wanting. And when we look for merits of a higher kind, the disappointment is still greater. The author's comments, for example, on the information he presents, his interpretations of that information into the language of general philosophy, are as poor and jejune as could well be expected from a distinguished Frenchman. French writers usually have a remarkable faculty for throwing facts into form, for expressing the whole tenour of a series of observations in some one apt and significant phrase, capable of being remembered and worked with afterwards as a competent algebraic symbol for the *ensemble* of the realities that yielded it. It is this that constitutes the chief intellectual merit of such writers as Comte, Guizot, De Tocqueville, and Louis Blanc; nay, it is in this faculty conceived as operating to its fullest extent that the whole of the intellectual influence of the French nation universally may be regarded as concentrated. Admirable, then, might have been the comments that a French writer, and especially a Republican and Socialist, could have appended to such revelations as those of the *Morning Chronicle*. But, able as he is reputed to be among Frenchmen, M. Ledru-Rollin has here fallen short of what was to have been expected from a French *littérateur* of the fourth order. Such original expository remarks as he does intersperse through his book are conceived in the spirit of the most wretched and superficial philosophy, and are redeemed from mere silliness only by their virulence. Nor is the argument of the book better supported. Never was so magnificent a thesis left in so unsatisfactory a condition as regards the considerations advanced towards its demonstration. In justice to himself, and to prevent the supposition that he had selected the title *De la Décadence* for mere *ad captandum* purposes, whether of a literary or a political nature, M. Ledru-Rollin was bound to devote his utmost care towards rendering his reasoning in behalf of the assertion implied in that

title as rigorous and complete as possible. Instead of this, he has simply made the assertion in a bold way, and left it to shift for its own proofs. But all this will be better seen if we examine the work a little more in detail.

M. Ledru-Rollin's collection of facts and statements respecting the present state of Great Britain divides itself into two portions—those that refer to the internal condition of the country, and those that refer to her relations with the rest of the world. Taking up the latter class of facts first, the author devotes a considerable part of his first volume to a kind of indictment against England for her various atrocities committed in all parts of the world since she began to have a national existence. The chief items in this indictment are, the policy of England during seven centuries towards Ireland; her conduct towards her American colonies before the establishment of the United States; her wars in India and China; and her behaviour during the series of European wars that followed the French Revolution. Never was there such an outpouring of abuse upon a poor nation as this denunciation of the whole career of England by M. Ledru-Rollin. Not one good or truly great action, according to his account, was ever done by England in any part of the earth, or towards any section of the human race. A sentence or two will indicate the spirit of this part of M. Ledru-Rollin's book.

‘The world is great, and the Englishman has placed his foot everywhere: well, then, from St. George's Channel to the river of Canton, from the Euphrates and the Ganges to the Swedish sea, find out one race, one nation that bears witness before its gods in honour of England; find out one coast, one island, one harbour, that she has not disquieted, soiled, ravaged; find for her, on the whole surface of the globe, we do not say a government to be her slave, she has clientships everywhere, but an alliance of the heart, a fraternal relation, if it be not among the redskins that she has so often banded together against her own sons in the wars of America. No; England has no sisters among the nations; she counts her vassals by millions, her subjects or her wards; but she has no friends. England—she is a vulture alone on her eyrie! And how should it be otherwise? In her international relations, what is the principle that inspires and governs her? Is it respect for rights, protection and pity for the weak, justice for all, and a hierarchy of powers? No, truly; her justice and all her policy lie in her mercantile, territorial, or military interests. The self-government of races, the sovereignty of peoples, the independence of nationalities are, in her eyes, but vain abstractions; and international right, for her, is measured by the power of governments. At what moment of her history, and in what country has one seen her make a stand, with her fleets and guns, before a sacred principle, or an evident right, when she had an easy chance of success and certain profit in finishing the quarrel? All her encroach-

ments since she quitted her own island, after having slowly assassinated Ireland, all her foreign conquests, are they not marked with violence or robbery?"—Vol. i. pp. 178, 9.

Such is a fair summary of what are advanced in M. Ledru-Rollin's book as *the facts* of the past history and present behaviour of Great Britain with regard to foreign nations. How the author reconciles the indisputable worldly success of this villain of a nation either with the idea that there is a supreme Providence regulating all human affairs for the best, or with the equivalent scientific idea, familiar to so many of his countrymen, that there is a necessary and profound justice in every step of that great historic evolution in which all things are borne along, we do not at all know. The probability is, that in M. Ledru-Rollin's mind, bitter, bilious, and merely oratorical as it is, without the slightest acquired generality of thought, or the slightest native humour to make up for the want of it, this idea—the only possible defence of any portion of past, (the justification of Greece, Carthage, Rome, and every other nation that has ever acted a great part in the history of our race) has no existence at all. Failing, therefore, the power of joining issue with him on such general considerations of historical possibility, one can only meet his assertions that England has throughout acted towards the rest of the world in a profligate and mischievous manner, by declaring positively that *they are not true*. England, we believe, has been guilty of faults and crimes in her dealings with such populations as have come into connexion with her—in her dealings with Ireland, with America, with India and China, and with the continental nations; for these faults and crimes, however, we believe, she has paid the penalty of influence proportionately curtailed or sufferings proportionately brought down upon her; and what greatness in power and in reputation she nevertheless has acquired we believe to be the strict and exact measure of her real worth and merits relatively to other nations, as estimated by that spirit of omnipotent justice which prescribes the course of things, and casts unerringly the historic balances. Both of France and England, we believe that they have severally got precisely what they have deserved and worked for, and severally been appointed precisely to what they are competent to. If France be the more loved among the nations at present (and we do not think that she is) it is, we believe, because she has gayer and more impulsive ways; if England be the more feared and respected, it is, we believe, because there runs through all her proceedings, selfish and stupid as they have often been, a vein of sterner rectitude, of more consistent respect for her pledged word,

and of more persevering firmness in punishing, within the region of her sway, whatever she considers to be wrong. The man who will take you to task for your indulgences and keep a hard hand over you, is not always a greater favourite with you than the man who will drink wine with you and laugh at your jokes; but you may have a conviction, nevertheless, that he is the truer and more strenuous fellow. And so it may happen that while France, as represented in her government, may have her 'fraternal relations,' her 'alliances of the heart' with the Russias and the Napleses, whose little pieces of business in different parts of the world she is too good-natured to interfere with, and while England may be earning from the same parties, through the 'troublesome' activity of her Palmerstons and others, anything but flattery and benevolence, England may, after all, be just so much the more secretly cared for and appreciated.

M. Ledru-Rollin's *facts* relative to the internal condition of England, being drawn rather from actual and acknowledged documents than, as his foreign facts have been, from that *histoire travestie* of England which seems to be taught in the French schools, are, upon the whole, more worthy of the name of facts. Of certain things, indeed, usually accounted remarkable in English society, he says next to nothing. Of what is called, for example, the civil liberty of Englishmen; of that freedom of individual and collective speech and action which has usually been accounted as something peculiarly Anglo-Saxon, he takes but little cognizance. How it is that we can hold public and private meetings of all kinds without being in danger of being spiked with bayonets for our impudence, as they are in France; how it is that we can travel about from place to place, no official daring to ask the reason of our ramblings; how it is that, while newspapers are put down by the dozen in Republican Paris and printers' presses carried off, we in this country publish what we please on condition of settling with the law afterwards, and have not the exciting amusement of learning every other morning that the *Times* office has been gutted by the police, and that the editor of the *Daily News* has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment for an article against the government; how it is that political refugees that cannot plant a safe foot anywhere else on this side of the Atlantic,—nay, and probably some that could not plant a safe foot on the other side—Metternichs as well as Mazzinis, Guizots as well as Ledru-Rollins—know that they shall be safe as soon as they can reach our shores, and accordingly make all the haste thither that they can: concerning such facts as these, usually accounted a little extraordinary by foreigners, and of

which we ourselves, without unduly magnifying their importance, have really a right to think a good deal, our author somewhat unfairly holds his tongue. Critical persons, also, going over his remarks concerning our institutions and laws, have discovered many errors, and a considerable pretence of knowledge beyond what was warranted. Common English experience, for instance, does not verify the assertion made that 'the children of the poorer clergy, too proud to learn a trade, often people the towns with thieves, vagabonds, and prostitutes.' In short, in his delineations of English society, M. Ledru-Rollin has omitted all mention of a vast deal that is characteristic, and has talked about the rest an extraordinary quantity of arrant French nonsense. Nevertheless, as we have said before, this book of his does convey over to the other side of the channel a considerable body of undeniably true particulars relative to the internal condition of *la perfide Albion*. Following the *Morning Chronicle*, and, for the most part, copying verbatim from its columns, M. Ledru-Rollin has given his countrymen a tolerably accurate picture of certain miseries under which English society is at present known to be labouring. Devoting half the first volume of his work to *The Metropolis*, he copies out in French the most harrowing of the revelations of the metropolitan correspondent of the *Chronicle*, relative to the following classes of the community—the workmen in the docks; the coal-whippers; the lumpers; the ballast-heavers; the Spitalfields weavers; the slopworkers, both tailors and needlewomen; the boot and shoemakers; the merchant-seamen; the inmates of lodging-houses; and the pickpockets: then, passing to the *agricultural districts*, he gets from the *Chronicle*, the *Westminster Review*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, and *Parliamentary Reports*, about eighty pages of odds and ends relative to the wages of agricultural labourers, their general misery, and their habits of dishonesty; burial clubs; the Kent riots; the Rebeccaite; incendiary fires, &c.: and, lastly, extending his survey to the *manufacturing districts*, he procures from the same sources about seventy pages more of extracts and statistics relative to the wages of factory workmen; their general condition; infant and female labour in factories; the Ten Hours Bill; the state of education in factory districts; the prevalence of the use of opium and other narcotic drugs among the operatives, &c. On the whole we should say that the most accurate part of this summary is that which refers to the metropolis, the author having here had accurate documents to go upon; regarding the agricultural districts, his information is much more thin and scanty; and his representations regarding the manufacturing districts appear to

be in the last degree hasty and superficial. Without caring, however, to discriminate his errors and exaggerations, but rather accepting all that he has put down as literally true, although it may not be the whole truth, let us proceed to show, by an extract or two, on what particular kind of facts it is, that M. Ledru-Rollin, in his vaticinations of the downfall of England, seems disposed to lay most stress.

Evidence of a Lumper's wife, exhibiting the frequently miserable condition of that and kindred classes carrying their livelihood about the Docks of London.—‘Some years ago, a little after Christmas, I and my husband had been out all day without earning a farthing. I was then nursing my first child, who was but two months old. On returning to our little apartment I felt myself grow faint. The only thing we had that could bring in a penny was a glass—the same glass that you see on the table. Everything, except that, had gone to the pawn-brokers. It had cost five pence half-penny. I tried in vain to sell it. I then went to my neighbour, and said to her, ‘Mrs. B——, for the love of God, lend me two pence on this glass, for we are dying of hunger.’ ‘I have not a half-penny,’ said she. I then went in. It was night; my husband had lain down in his clothes, for we had neither blankets nor sheets to cover us,—he had lain down as the only way of forgetting hunger and cold. We had no fire nor candle, but a little ray of light came from the street. I sat down to give my infant the breast—poor little Willy! he is a fine boy now;—I found I had hardly a drop of milk. What should become of the infant? All at once a horrible idea came into my head, and I said, ‘Yes, rather than see him suffer so, I will kill little Willy, and then kill myself.’ I was resolved; but I thought, ‘No, no, I can cut my own throat, but I cannot cut the throat of my infant—to kill only myself would do no good. I will go to the river and throw myself in with the child in my arms.’ I rose with this intention. But another thought came upon me; I placed the infant on the chair, and shook my husband, crying out, ‘I will cut your throat; I will cut your throat.’ He leapt out of bed, seized me by the arms, and then I felt how wicked I had been. I fell upon my knees, and I wept like a child, for I was thankful to God for saving me.’—*Quoted from the Morning Chronicle*, vol. i. pp. 209, 210.

Spitalfields Weavers.—‘According to an inquiry made by Government, the weavers of Spitalfields were, in 1838, twenty thousand in number, and they formed a tenth part of the weavers of England, who are reckoned at two hundred thousand. That same year, the produce of their district alone amounted to a million of pounds sterling; and their wages to £370,000. Enquiries recently made among the workmen have proved, that the wages have undergone a diminution of from 15 to 20 per cent. since 1839, so that the average wage, which was then seven shillings a week, is now but about five shillings and sixpence. One may therefore boldly affirm, that the workmen of Spitalfields, taken in a body, have, since 1839, seen a diminution of their subsistence,

clothing, and comfort to the amount of £50,000 a year.'—*Quoted from the Morning Chronicle*, vol. i. pp. 214, 215.

Condition of the Slop-Working Tailors of London (about 18,000 in all) as illustrated by the evidence of one of their number.—'Taking into account both the good and the bad work given me, I earn from about five shillings to about six shillings a week. I sometimes earn more, but then I must labour from six in the morning till eleven at night. At the time when I worked directly for the *honourable* masters, my weekly wages reached nearly a pound. My wife did not work then. Now she works like a slave night and day, just like myself, and often she has still less rest than I have, for she is obliged to occupy herself with the house, when I am in bed. Between us, working night and day, and all Sunday long, we can hardly contrive to gain three-fourths of what I alone gained, seven years ago, in six days of the week, working twelve hours a day. My condition and wages may be considered as common to all the male workmen employed in our trade. Our condition has not been at all bettered by the fall of provisions. Bread, tea, meat, sugar, are much cheaper than they were five years ago—they have fallen more than one-half; and yet, I can declare that we are, all of us, twice as miserable as before, for our wages have fallen more than provisions; we and our wives work twice as hard, and our work brings us less subsistence and less comfort.'—*Quoted from the Morning Chronicle*, vol. i. pp. 237-38.

Evidence of a London Needlewoman.—'I earn, as others, about three shillings a week; I was married; my husband is dead; we had eleven children. My children are dead. I was an honest woman till my husband's death. I can lay my hand on my heart and swear it. But since then, poverty, misery, has forced me to what I never did before. I could not earn enough to eat. I could not have a rag upon me, if I did not have recourse to prostitution. In this respect, the lot of all of us is the same. The low price of work makes prostitutes; I can say it for myself and for many others.'—*Quoted from the Morning Chronicle*, vol. i. pp. 276, 277.

Disaffection among British merchant-seamen to their country.—'I have often heard sailors say,' says a seaman in the South American trade, 'that they would not fight against their country, but also that they would never fight for her, especially against the Americans.' Myself, I would not fight for the country, unless the condition of the sailor were improved. On board we often talk of the ~~side~~ ^{step} we would take in case of war. I have heard twenties and twenties say they would abandon the country on the first opportunity; they are so ill-used.' 'If we had a war with the United States,' says a Baltic seaman, 'my firm belief is that the sailors of the English merchant service would refuse to fight against America. And why should they fight? The English seaman knows that he does not get his due; give him that, and he will fight for the island like a bull-dog. So think I, and many others that I know. We have no care for the country, and, why, should we? We are slaves on the salt water, and the captain is a

god. The song says, 'Britons never shall be slaves'—humbug, perfect humbug, that it disgusts me to hear. A Russian is happier in his slavery and ignorance than an Englishman with his fine sentiments and his poverty.' Among many similar testimonies, the following is that of another South American seaman:—'We often talk of the subject on board. Many say that if war broke out, they would not fight for such a country; more still say, that they would like better to fight in an American vessel against England, than in an English vessel against America. I fought for the country at Saint-Jean-d'Acre, and I would fight for her yet, bad as she is, but ten sailors to one would act differently. This has cost me more than one dispute on board, and often I have been ill-treated by my comrades for saying I would fight for the country.'—*Quoted from the Morning Chronicle*, vol. i. pp. 329, 332.

Wages of Agricultural Labour in England, and general condition of the Labourers.—'In the counties of Buckingham and Oxford, says the author of the Inquiry, the labourers received a little while ago 10s. 6d., and even 11s. per week; but, since, they have been reduced to 10s., and even to 9s. 6d.; and if one may judge from the level that tends to establish itself, we shall be brought to take 9s. as the average wages in these two counties. * * * In the counties of Berks and Wilts, taking into account the rise of wages during harvest, the average for the year would not exceed 7s. 6d. a week. * * * In Devonshire and in Somerset the average was, in general, between 7s. 6d. and 8s. * * * In Suffolk the wage varies considerably. Before harvest, the maximum for the field-labourer was 9s. a week; but in some places, chiefly in the western division, it was not more than 8s. Since harvest there has been a general reduction of a shilling per week, and in the neighbourhood of Clare and Cavendish, the farmers have resolved to fix wages at 6s. for married men, and to reduce them proportionately for women and unmarried men. * * * In the north of the county of Norfolk the labourer earns, on an average, 9s. or 10s. a week; in the east the wage is much lower. * * * In the part of Essex adjoining the metropolis the wage is 10s. a week; in the north and west of the same county it is invariably two or three shillings less. * * * In Durham wages are continually falling; so in Northumberland; in Cumberland, the salary was, three or four years ago, from 9 to 10 guineas a year; it has now fallen to 7 or 8 guineas. * * In Hampshire the maximum wage is about 7s. a week. If, says the *Morning Chronicle*, one asks how a family of nine persons—and many families in England are more numerous—can can live on an income of 8s. a week (as in a particular instance of a Wiltshire family under notice) here are the details:—Rent, 1s. a week; tea, 6d.; bacon, 5d.; bread, 5s.; soap and soda, 5d.; fuel, 8d. After having described the miserable habitations in which the field-labourers huddle, the inquiry from which I have derived these details declares that *the position of the savages of America is a hundred times preferable, their wigwams palaces compared to the hovels inhabited by the labourers, their clothing*

more comfortable, and their food more substantial. Thus, after having climbed the ladder of modern civilization, the English people has fallen, on the avowal of the journalists of London, below the Redskins of America; and it is not alone as regards material well-being that the comparison between the savage and the English peasant is a disgrace to the second; even in ignorance and embrutement he yields nothing to the Indian.—vol. ii., pp. 14—30.

Poisonings in the Agricultural Districts for Burial-club fees.—‘The Rev. Mr. Wilkins, vicar of Wickes, told me (the *Morning Chronicle* correspondent) that, from the time of Mary May’s arrival in his parish, he had resolved to watch her conduct attentively, because he had learnt that fourteen of this woman’s children had died in a sudden manner. After having lived several weeks in the parish of Wickes, Mary May went to ask the vicar to bury one of her children, the young Eliza, aged ten years, a pretty child, and in good health the day before. The vicar expressed his surprise at so sudden a death. ‘Oh,’ said Mary May, ‘she went out like a candle, as all my other children did.’ A little after, Mary May returned to the vicar, and asked him to bury her brother as speedily as possible. The suspicions of Mr. Wilkins were roused, and he tried, but in vain, to delay the funeral some days, that an inquest might be made. A week later, Mary May asked him to sign a certificate, stating that her brother had been in perfect health fifteen days before his decease—that being the time, as he afterwards learnt, when she had caused her brother to be entered as nominee on the burial-club list of Harwich. Without this document, she said, ‘the club would not pay her.’ When the body was exhumed, there was found in the bowels a considerable dose of arsenic, and Mary May was arrested, tried, and condemned. Before her execution she refused to make any confession, but she let these words escape her: ‘If I told all I know, the hangman would have work for a year.’ It would be, perhaps, imprudent to attach too much importance to the declaration of so wretched a creature; but if one couples these words with the circumstances brought out on the trial, and if one observes to what an extraordinary figure the mortality in burial-clubs rises, one will certainly find that the general opinion as to the terrible effects of these societies is not without foundation.’—*Quoted*, vol. ii., pp. 64, 65.

Use of Opium in the Manufacturing Districts.—‘Inquiry proves that the organization of the manufacturing system has for its inevitable result the pernicious and almost universal employment of narcotics. * * In Manchester and other great centres the use of narcotics has gone to such lengths, according to the most trustworthy writers, that it would be difficult to give the amount of the consumption among the working classes. At Ashton it has been ascertained that the weekly sale of such drugs, by fifteen venders, apothecaries or publicans, reached on the average 6 gallons, 2 quarts, and 1½ pints. * * People talk in England of the invasion of this new scourge with a feeling of terror. It would seem that, by a decree of eternal justice, the manufacturing industry were destined to perish by the poison which itself carried

into the Celestial Empire, in order to open for itself new markets. This passion for opium, I have said, gratifies itself in secret ; but, as one writer remarks, twenty years ago it was the same with gin-drinkers ; they used to slink furtively into the small shops where this pernicious beverage was then sold. Now this shame has vanished : the shops of publicans have become palaces glittering with gas-lights : and at present, men, women, and children go with open forehead into these haunts, where they lose, along with their sense and health, all feeling of duty. Shall it be the same with opium, and shall the commerce and use of this poison also elevate themselves into shamelessness and notoriety ? It is to be feared ; for, passion or want, the custom has extended rapidly, and in that hell wherein the population of the Britannic Isles is now shaken hither and thither, this evil cannot but increase.'—Vol. ii., pp. 139—143.

The foregoing are, as it were, but a few selected particles out of a vast mass of details and statistics relative to the internal condition of British society at this moment, hastily and somewhat chaotically accumulated by M. Ledru-Rollin, from all kinds of English papers and pamphlets, but chiefly from the *Morning Chronicle*, and sent across the Channel in the shape of three hundred and fifty printed pages, or half the whole work, to gladden the hearts of all true Frenchmen, and spread from Calais to Marseilles, from Strasbourg to Bourdeaux, the welcome anticipation that now at last the hour of retribution has come when Heaven, duly aroused to the advantages of a French alliance, shall take revenge for Waterloo, and our nation of shopkeepers, disrupted by internal agencies, shall begin to go to pieces.

Taking no exception, we repeat, to the accuracy of these facts and representations of M. Ledru-Rollin, but allowing, for supposition's sake, that they are one and all true and irrefragable, there are still two considerations in connexion with them that appear, as we have already hinted, to be of some importance in the argument. In the first place, these facts and representations, though true of England, are not the whole truth with regard to England. They form the description or diagnosis of England's disease, without any reference to all those evidences that exist of a deep and powerful vitality still diffused throughout her manly frame, keeping her pulsations large and strong even while there is pain in particular parts, and capable, by the blessing of God, and the help of good physic, of reducing and overcoming even a tenfold worse malady. To offer a mass of facts such as the foregoing, as a fair representation of English society as a whole, is as if, to exhibit the natives of one country to those of another, one were to load a ship with patients from the hospitals and lazarett-houses. Again, there is this objection to M. Ledru-Rollin's facts,

in the particular service that he puts them on, namely, as proofs that England is in a state of decay, that such facts are by no means special to English society, but are common to all populous and civilized societies whatever. Supposing that one desired to retaliate, would it not be possible, by collecting statistics out of the work of Parent-Duchatelet, for example, and out of such other accounts of the *Classes Dangereuses* and of the state of labour in France, as have been published by M. Louis Blanc, and hundreds of others, to present such a fearful picture of existing material misery in that country as, especially if taken in connexion with evidence of another kind, namely—evidence of the wretched decrepitude of the moral sense over a great part of the French population, the semi-monkeyism of the French (so, at least, it appears to the Germanic man) in much that they think and do, and their all but total want of seriousness, solidity, and stalwartness—would amount to quite as decisive a demonstration of the moribundity of France, as M. Ledru-Rollin has here offered of the moribundity of England? In what part of the world, we would ask, are crime and misery wanting; over what part of our globe does the observing angel hover, where there is not foulness, foulness, foulness? We are no economists, no disciples of *Laissez-faire*; neither in this particular place do we speak as Calvinists; but we do not believe, in any French sense, in that flippant French thing, equally unpoetic and unscientific, human perfectibility. What, cry M. Louis Blanc, M. Ledru-Rollin, and others,—that blasphemy against God and progress, that evil and misery are eternal in this world; that poor shred of an old and exploded theology; that vicious and despicable crotchet of arrest against all work and all reform—do you believe *that*? Peace, gentlemen; there is a deeper than you; neither is it through you that the universe will speak its last word on these or other matters! *Your* progress is a pretty conception, unknown except to sciologists; *your* science an amiable triviality which a higher engulphs and absorbs! The miseries of this world, one may see without being a theologian, consists of two parts or kinds—the one, the defalcations of humanity towards what is not human, the melancholies, old as the earth, that come and go, in every finite breast; the other, the want of bread, and all that that implies. Social arrangements, teaching men in the mass to husband and distribute their resources better than they have done, may clear away much, it might even be all, of this latter misery from the earth; but the former will still endure, as indestructible as man's nature, and even in that ideal millennium of the future, when there shall be bread in plenty, and education as large as the

world can take in, and universal freedom to take and to keep, there will still be woe, and restlessness, and want.

But let us do no injustice. The miseries and anomalies of modern civilization have probably attained their utmost growth in England. M. Ledru-Rollin may be right in asserting, that the social sufferings of England are such as neither France nor any other nation of the world could parallel. It is almost our duty to accept that supposition; for however discreditable we may think it in M. Ledru-Rollin to have taken no notice of the possibility of such a comparison, we shall derive little moral advantage from the thought that our neighbours are in nearly as bad a state as ourselves. Nor do we see any wide-spread disposition amongst us to have recourse to the flattering unctious of so mean a subterfuge. On the contrary, (and in his delineations of English society M. Ledru-Rollin ought to have given some prominence to so important a fact) there is perhaps no other country in the world so sensible of the extent of its internal maladies as England, or so candid and serious in its representations of them. We cannot, indeed, say as yet that any large or general spirit of legislative activity has penetrated our government; our official and central modes of procedure are still contemptibly too small for the mass of social mal-arrangement against which they are directed; but if we consider the number of really able and grave men, scattered over our whole island, to whom the evils and corruptions of our social system are matters of daily and hourly thought, we shall certainly see less cause to fear that the disease has already outgrown the possible means of remedy. That a foreigner, like M. Ledru-Rollin, should have been able to send over to his countrymen such a quantity of evidence against England, furnished deliberately and openly by Englishmen themselves, is a fact of some hopeful significance. We do not think that we exaggerate in the slightest degree when we say, that in Great Britain the interest felt in the questions of pauperism and crime, has recently been diffused so widely, and attained such a degree of force, that, were it thought possible, by a remorseless interruption of all our present leisurely processes and, if we may so call them, moral luxuries of literature, poetry, art, and abstract science—were it thought possible, we say, by the remorseless interruption and proscription of all these processes, for the space of one half century, to discharge and set free into society such an amount of mental energy and talent as, when concentrated practically on the problem of British pauperism, would certainly master and solve that problem; then, with the utmost zeal and cheerfulness, that sacrifice would be made, and the nation, con-

tent to have no poetry, no art, no new science or literature, during a whole half century, would think itself amply repaid for the loss, if, at the end of that half century it could say to Futurity, 'Here, after fifty years of trouble, we succeed in handing over to you a populous island purged of every felon and of every pauper.' Were such a mode of procedure possible and compatible with the laws of the human spirit in the aggregate, we believe that England would be sufficiently in earnest to adopt it; and it is only because larger ideas are afloat, and because men know that things are not done in that way, and that what ministers to the nobility of the individual is also socially a benefit, that the notion has not gained ground. M. Ledru-Rollin ought to have been able, even in the midst of his just accusations against us, partially to recognise this.

But how is it, it is time to ask, how is it, that M. Ledru-Rollin, in his capacity as a Frenchman and a philosopher, succeeds in accounting to himself for the strange phenomenon he so painfully describes—the phenomenon of a nation powerful over the whole earth, yet everywhere unjust, villanous, abhorred; wealthy in internal resources yet full of crime, and loathsomeness, and want? In other words, what is M. Ledru-Rollin's theory of England? So far as appears to us, his views on this head are contained in two sets of criticisms—criticisms on the English character as such, on the peculiarities, moral and intellectual, so to speak, of the Britannic man; and criticisms on the mechanism of the British constitution. In both sets of criticisms he is very severe upon us, and makes very short work of us. The Britannic man—*i. e.*, John Bull, he considers to be a sort of humbug, an exceedingly poor variety, indeed, of the genus *Homo*, and by no means comparable at all to his neighbour, Jacques Bonhomme. The British constitution—*i. e.*, John Bull's daughter, he considers to be a most miserable female, neither so good-looking nor so serviceable as Mademoiselle *Egalité*, the daughter of Jacques, although (probably because she is older and has fewer lovers) she is certainly oftener to be found at home.

M. Ledru-Rollin's ideas of the English character and genius are summed up by him in a chapter intitled specifically *Du Rôle de l'Angleterre dans l'ordre des idées*. From this amusing chapter we will extract a few sentences.—

'All nations have had their star, that is to say, their ideal. * * The star that glittered in the heaven of Greece was called Venus,—*i. e.* Beauty; that of Rome, Mars or Jupiter,—*i. e.*, Force or Domination; and that which, for fifty years, has climbed the sky of France, is called Justice, Eternal Right, *Equality*. The Englishman alone has grown great in his island, and developed his fortune without any ascendant

light, without a progressive and general philosophy, *without ideal*; and, despite his Puritan hypocrisies, he has never raised his looks or his heart above his masts and cargoes: he has no star to follow, no mission to fulfil, as have all the true servant-peoples of humanity. Athens, that imperceptible point, has marked its place by an undying light in the route of thought; what traces will the Englishman leave, this possessor of the world? He is his own god, his own beginning and end; success is his morality, interest his logic; he has no other principles, no other philosophy, no other rules of duty, than the advantages or necessities of his fortune. The English are, *par excellence*, the people of *fact*, and of unchangeable traditions. What was it that gave to England her legislation of property, cutting at one stroke the chain of her origins? The Norman Conquest,—i. e. savage *fact*, force; and since she submitted to it, her feudal code has not undergone the least modification, although the level of right has everywhere been elevated from age to age. Whence has she got her religion? From a royal whim, a princely caprice, a wanton outbreak of Henry VIII., that is to say, from *fact*, and from fact of the most wretched kind, the least worthy cause for an institution so august among men. * * In philosophy and education her characteristic is a blind and absolute respect for dead tradition, the same logic always subordinating principle to fact, and petrifying the intelligence. * * A vigorous and transcendental genius did project itself towards spiritualism and generalization, for England has had her Bacon, that great *Encyclopédiste* of the sixteenth century; but fact, always fact must re-act against the ideal, and Bacon has been abjured for Locke, the anatomist of sensation; just as Thomas More and his generous aspirations are abjured for the figures of Malthus. And there was justice in this; for to a politics of *fact*, a religion of *fact*, a social economy of *fact*, what philosophy could more appropriately be wedded than a philosophy of *fact*, or of sensation? * * But this distinctive characteristic of Britannic society is conspicuous above all in her literature, her science, and her arts. True, there have been fine geniuses in England—Newton, amongst others, who has rendered her famous for ever in science; and high literature counts also more than one masterpiece there of every kind; Shakspeare has thrown over this island a lustre, the radiance of which, instead of fading, increases from age to age, and gains new horizons, as does the light of the sun when it disengages itself from vapours, and mounts into the full heaven. Milton, in his turn, has left one of the great *épopées* recognised in the history of literature; and our century is still full of the voice of Byron. But these powerful spirits have passed over their isle like meteors. Their generations followed them not; and their glory has not been productive. What genius has there been in England, that, seizing, as Voltaire and as Rousseau, the secret treasures of human reason and of eternal right, has stamped them with its own mark, so as to throw them abroad as a currency into the world at large? Where are the heirs of Shakspeare?—where is his school? (*Où sont les héritiers de Shakspeare?—où est son école?*)

* * The English theatre now does not exist; it died with Sheridan;

it is now but a monotonous and clumsy echo of the vaudevilles or the melodramas of the continent; and if Shakspeare, so long forgotten, is in honour, he owes it not to his immortal and frank genius: it is the client sheltered under the purple of Elizabeth; it is the partial chronicler of the national wars; it is the great poet glorified by all kinds of external sanctions, and by all the homages of Europe, that England pays incense to; she admires herself in the glass of these divine poems, but she knows not their depths, and in her worship she has no feeling but self-conceit. Milton has not even a lamp in his tomb; *Protestant* England has never had but rancours for that austere and fine genius, who for three centuries (!!) has been taking his place between Shakspeare and Dante. She admires less the *Paradise Lost* than she remembers the death-warrant of Charles I. As for Byron, the great revolts of his intelligence, and the holy audacities of his thought, will never be forgiven him by the hypocrisies of his country-women. His life and his death were for them a scandal, as were his works; and, proscribed now as in his time, *Manfred* is still under anathema. Why did he not sing of Pitt or Wellington, instead of weeping at the tomb of Marceau? *Religious* England would then have deified him, even in his vices.—Vol. i. pp. 91—97.

Were we desirous, once in our life, of pounding a pretentious Frenchman to atoms, we could not wish for a better opportunity of doing so than would be afforded by the deliberate publication of such a piece of ferocious drivel as the foregoing. One knows not which most to admire—the perfect ignorance of the writer, whether of England in particular, or of history in general; the inconceivable shallowness of his thought, disgraceful in a fellow-countryman of Comte and Proudhon; or the turgid insolence, the more than forensic *pluck*, with which, concealing the one, and utterly unconscious of the other, he does his accusing oratory. Under such charges, for example, as that we disown Byron, hate Milton, and value Shakspeare only as the client of Elizabeth and the eulogist of our national exploits—under such charges as these, what can poor John Bull do but sit breathless and bewildered, like Mr. Pickwick during the speech of Buzfuz? Were we accused of eating horseflesh, or of having a *penchant* for a soup made of pipeclay, or of any other horrible and monstrous eccentricity of the like nature, we could not be more at a loss for a ready answer. But if we are struck dumb by the sheer magnificence of such fictions, there are other parts of the speech of this foreign Buzfuz at which we can afford to smile. When we hear him talk, for instance, of the Baconian Philosophy as exhibiting a tendency towards *spiritualism* and *generalization*, we detect the Frenchman at once, no human being but a Frenchman being capable of such a cool identification of two such diverse substantives; and when we hear him accuse the English of abandoning

Bacon for Locke, we are amused at the miserable want of the merest elementary knowledge displayed in such a combination of errors—the error, in the first place, of speaking of the Baconian and Lockian philosophies as if they were antagonistic; the error, in the second place, of supposing that the philosophy of Locke has ever prevailed in Great Britain; and the error, in the third place, of not knowing that this very philosophy was more eagerly received, more openly professed, and more intensely believed in France than in any other country of the world. The fact is, M. Ledru-Rollin had heard of the Philosophy of Sensation as being a bad and low kind of philosophy; and in getting up his case, he, though with the dimmest possible idea in his own mind as to the nature of this Philosophy of Sensation, or of any other philosophy whatever, thought he might as well make a lawyer's use of this learned point, too; England being, in his theory, a hard, matter-of-fact country, and the Philosophy of Sensation sounding as if it meant something extremely matter-of-fact, and therefore extremely likely to be English. But it is when M. Ledru-Rollin talks of *les profondeurs* of Shakspeare's poetry as things not understood by the English, and when, in the helplessness of his oratoric flight, he lets the query escape him, '*Où est l'école de Shakspeare?*' that we have him most fairly at our mercy. Positively, had M. Ledru-Rollin known the ludicrous effect of these sayings of his in the ears of Englishmen, he would, in mere prudence, have omitted them. What, a Parisian, a compatriot of M. Alexandre Dumas, a native of a country whose translations from other languages are notoriously the worst in the world, and whose incapacity of faithfully rendering the thoughts of other nations has passed into a European proverb—is this the man to illustrate to us the *profondeurs* of our Shakspeare? *A bas*, he and his *profondeurs* together! Were he to read Shakspeare till he grew blind, his perception of the poet's meaning, let us tell him, would, by the very necessities of his French nature, always remain as far short of the true Teutonic interpretation of the same as the 'Gentlemen of the Army' in the famous French translation of Xenophon fell short of the '*ὁ ἀνδρῶν στρατιῶται*' it stood for, or as the parodies of Shakspeare by MM. Scribe and Dumas fall short of the versions of Schlegel and Tieck. '*L'Ecole de Shakspeare*'—we despair of conveying to M. Ledru-Rollin any fit notion of the utter ludicrousness of this expression to English ears otherwise than by saying that every time that one Englishman shall repeat it to another, the two will necessarily begin to laugh and make fun of M. Ledru-Rollin.

And here we border on a very tempting field of recrimination. How we might revel in quotations from German and English writers, contemptuously critical of the French mind and its

ways! How we might accumulate from Goethe and Jean Paul testimonies to the general deficiency of French thought as compared with British; testimonies all the more galling to Frenchmen that they are made in a spirit of kindness and good humour! And how, to illustrate the frivolousness of the French and their want of reverence, we might collect such one-sided stories as that told by Coleridge, in his 'Biographia Literaria,' of the party of French officers who, coming up while he and a distinguished German scholar were viewing the statue of Moses by Michael Angelo, began instantly to make witty and obscene remarks, as the German had predicted they would, on the horns symbolically placed by the sculptor on the great lawgiver's head! But all this would be unjust and irritating. We are not, and would not be, of the party of those that make light of the genius of the French! Acquiescing as we do in some of those criticisms respecting French thought and literature that were first made current in Europe by Lessing, Goethe, and other Germans; believing also, that by some freak or some deep design of nature, this little island has been enabled to give birth to one or two men far outpassing all French dimensions; sharing even, in some degree, the boastful conviction so common amongst us, that out of the brain of the single Englishman, Shakspeare, there might have been cut some fifty or sixty great French poets, without the slightest inconvenience or sense of loss to Shakspeare from the operation, we would yet always speak of the French as a people historically our peers and coequals—a people possessing qualities and high traditions such as we have not, but, if we had them, would justly be proud of. The French are a brave, gallant, electric nation, daring to devise and prompt to execute: in respect of their nervous susceptibility, and their tendency to swift and immediate expression, they have constituted themselves the advanced guard of the species in the career of social progress; and in that faculty of theirs for the rapid and efficient formulization, or, (if we may permit ourselves so uncouth a word,) *algebraization* of facts and thoughts, they have a peculiarity which will ever make them useful and formidable as a member of our earth's confederacy of peoples. There is, we believe, some constitutional discrepancy between the Teutonic character and the French character, preventing them from perfect mutual sympathy, just as there is also between the Teutonic character and the Slavonic character; but, for this very reason, we believe that each will find something medicinal in the study of the peculiarities of the other, and hence we should esteem it a positive disservice done to the interests of Great Britain, were any British author of the present day to try to do for France what M. Ledru-Rollin has tried to do for England.

Yet that special criticism of M. Ledru-Rollin with respect to the English, that they are a people guided solely by fact and precedent, while the French are guided by theory and principle, ought not to pass unnoticed. The statement is one of the commonplaces of the French journals and pamphlets, and in repeating it in so shallow and unelaborated a form, M. Ledru-Rollin has proved that he has no original power of thought, and can but parrot, without enlarging, the ordinary propositions of the current hour. That the English are a matter-of-fact people is what everybody says; when, therefore, the same thing is formally printed in a book, one expects to find something like an analysis of the conception involved in the words. When it is said that the English are a matter-of-fact people, it certainly cannot be meant that they are deficient in what is called imagination or ideality. On the contrary, a large inheritance of this quality is their Teutonic birthright. The English are a Germanic people, and it was the Germans that first taught the modern world to know what real humour, real sentiment, and real imagination were. All that is vague, ideal, and mystic in the modern European character, as distinguished from the sharp, clear, and impetuous organism of the antique men of the Mediterranean, has been derived from the blood of the northern races. If a Frenchman now feels sentimentally in the moonlight, the probability is that he derives his power even to do this from some fair-haired Teutonic ancestor. And still the Latin peoples of the south remain inferior in this respect to the genuine sons of Odin. In the single English poet, Tennyson, there is, we believe, more of true ideality, the true sense of the illimitable, than in all the poets of France put together. When, therefore, the French claim to be an imaginative people, they confound imaginativeness, properly so called, in which they certainly are deficient, with mere ardour, vivacity, or impetuosity of temperament. What M. Ledru-Rollin means when he says that the Englishman alone among Europeans has no star, no ideal, is probably this—that the Englishman advances not so much by intellectually prescribing for himself what he is to do, as by seating himself steadily in the car of circumstances, and reserving only as much right of personal direction over the vehicle as may be necessary to ensure his safety and comfort at every individual moment. But this does not argue an unideal character. On the contrary, it is a method extremely natural to men of highly thoughtful and contemplative minds. To invent a theorem, a phrase, a formula; to call this an ideal, and to hang it up like a little blue lamp or artificial star, towards which we may always steer—such is one method of procedure in this life, and it certainly has its advan-

tages: to believe, however, that out of the impenetrable past there flows a broad current charged with a just and irresistible impetus; to float forward faithfully if sadly on the bosom of this current, using all our intellectual lights only to make luminous the little portion of the gloom that lies immediately around us, and doing this because we know these lights to be capable of nothing more—such is also a method of procedure not without reasons in its favour. The French adopt the one; the English the other. The French, an essentially scientific people, have too much faith in mere propositions or general expressions, which at best are but ephemeral things, and at best can involve but a portion of truth; the English, on the other hand, are probably too diffident of the value of such expressions, and too jealous of any attempts of the intellect to prescribe laws to the whole nature. And here, again, each may derive benefit from the study of the other. The British would be the better for some infusion into their national character of the French tendency to verbal generalization; and the French would not be the worse for some of John Bull's love of fact and precedent. For it ought to be recollected that we have something else to do with the world than to be always mending it; we have also to live in it. The French, it may be said, are like a man always so busy repairing his inexpressibles as never to have them on. Hence, probably, the name of *Sans-Culottes*.

The best parts of M. Ledru-Rollin's book are decidedly its criticisms on the British constitution. The whole of his views and impressions on this subject he sums up in the single word *Aristocratic*. England, says M. Ledru-Rollin, is an aristocratic country; her laws are aristocratic; her institutions are aristocratic; her customs, and pageants are aristocratic; her dispositions and tendencies are aristocratic. To illustrate how thoroughly aristocratic is the organization of British society at the present hour, he devotes six successive chapters to the consideration of the following matters:—the *aristocratie foncière*, or landed aristocracy of England; her *aristocratie commerciale*, or commercial aristocracy; her *aristocratie politique*, or parliamentary aristocracy; her *aristocratie clericale*, or the aristocratic constitution of her church; her *aristocratie universitaire*, or the aristocratic constitution of her universities; and her *aristocratie judiciaire*, or the aristocratic constitution and procedure of her courts of law. The following extract from the chapter on the *aristocratie politique*, will serve as a specimen of this portion of the work:—

‘One cannot, in fact, comprehend England by recognising her, in the sphere of official action, as anything else than an oligarchy under three

different faces—the aristocracy of the crown, the aristocracy of the land, the aristocracy of the counter—all three united by one interest, subservient to one another, and interlaced in resistance to the flood that could submerge all. Thus, the Crown depends on the Lords and the Commons. But, in their turn, the Lords depend on the Crown, which can increase their number, and which keeps them stretched towards the child's coral of its favours, its employments, its pensions; as the Lords also extend their roots even into the House of Commons, whither it chances that, out of the 658 members, there have penetrated 571 persons that are either sons, brothers, grandsons, uncles, sons-in-law, nephews, or cousins of peers; or officers, functionaries, or advocates, dependent on Peers or on the Crown. In all this, where is the people—where are the representatives? This government is, therefore, nothing else than an aristocratic trinity, indivisible, as well as separated into three persons, each having its part and its different attributes for the scene of the world.'—Vol. i. p. 44.

Premising that these criticisms of M. Ledru-Rollin, however true, are to be regarded as, at the utmost, but criticisms on what may be called the mechanism of English social procedure, derogating but slightly from the general worth and the general vitality that may still be diffused through England as a nation; and, premising also, that even when thus limited they contain much that might be exposed as false and erroneous—we would still allow that they do in so far hit the right nail on the head. Compared with the United States, or even, in some respects, with France, Great Britain may be justly described as still a very aristocratic country; that is to say, the constitution of her society is still such that her population does not move so freely as it might within itself; all the superior functions of the state, civil, military, intellectual, and ecclesiastical, being virtually monopolized by a small and pretty constant body of the inhabitants distinguished by the possession of qualifications that are to a certain extent merely hereditary or artificial, while the great mass remains shut down, under the name of the people, into a kind of passive substratum or consolidated industrial mob, over which, and with too little reference to it, the national business is conducted. That much of this state of things is necessary and unalterable by any change of human arrangements; that, for example, there must always be a distinction between the few who directly govern and manage, and the many who are directly governed and managed, we are, of course, aware; but that in England, at present, there is a more stringent and vicious operation of aristocratic methods than this, is a fact which no one can deny that considers the constitution of our parliaments, the constitution of the English church, the organization of our army, the nature of our laws for the regulation of industry, or the nature of our

laws for the regulation of property in land. In our civil liberties, indeed, and in our excellent administration of the law as it exists, we have compensations that might even induce us to prefer the citizenship of aristocratic England to the citizenship of republican and equalitarian France, or even to the citizenship of republican and equalitarian America; nevertheless it is an opinion in which, we believe, many will agree with ourselves, that, among the various courses of political activity that can be selected at the present hour, none is more honourable than that which, openly proclaiming hostility to every vestige of artificial aristocracy that lingers among us, and openly espousing the cause of increasing industrial and personal enfranchisement, shall seek, in a true British spirit, to speed on in British society a sound democratic evolution. Nor, in doing so, let us despise the lessons that France, or even that M. Ledru-Rollin, may be able to give us. There is little risk of our learning them too well.

At the same time, however, there is one fatal abuse of this democratic fervour, against which the example of the wretched and acrid exhibition of it by M. Ledru-Rollin ought to put us on our guard. When we see this definition of England as an aristocratic country converted into a sentence of degradation against the whole of the past activity of England; when, on admitting that the constitution of England is and has been aristocratic, we are called on to abjure, as by natural consequence, all pride in her historical career, and to cast obloquy on her as a spoiler, a ruffian, and a traitor to civilization—in such a case we shall best consult, not only our own dignity, but also real philosophic truth, by throwing all *pros* and *cons* about democracy and aristocracy overboard, glancing upwards at the old flag of England, drinking confusion, if need be, to the whole foreign world, and joining even the rabid Tories of the land in a stout British huzza. And such, we believe, is what we should all do. Even Mr. Mayhew's sulky British seamen, we believe, would fight for the island yet.

The argumentative portion of M. Ledru-Rollin's book, in which he tries to make good the terrible noun in his title-page, has already been partially disposed of. A word or two more, expressly devoted to this point, may, however, be here added. How confident M. Ledru-Rollin is in his predictions of our downfall, may be seen from the following sentence:—‘I have analyzed the systems; I have followed out all the perspectives, all the possible evolutions; I have sounded all the issues, and everywhere I have found written these fatidical words—*The Fall of England*.’ And such is the tone throughout: everywhere, *Décadence, Décadence, Décadence*: it is all over with England. And what, after

all, is the amount of the reasoning brought up to back all this bluster of assertion? England is full of social wrong, malady, and suffering! Very well, England, as we have already said, is full also of moral integrity, of talent, of earnestness; she also knows and declares, and is beginning boldly to grapple with, the problem of her dishealth; and in all this there is large hope and promise for the future. England is an aristocratic country! Very well, but she knows this too: aristocracy is not immortal; and she has pledged herself, in her own British fashion, to a sure and steady democratic evolution. Let it be supposed even that the worst shall come to the worst, and that British society, abandoning its predilections for the slow, the cautious, and the gradual, shall muster, in some fell hour, all its explosive energies, and blow its present mechanism to pieces; still, even in the midst of this revolutionary chaos, England will still be England, and as France, after her revolution, did not cease to be France, so England, probably managing her revolution fifty times better, will still continue her life in a new form, and retain the best and greatest of her traditions. One only semblance of argument does M. Ledru-Rollin adduce to make good, in the face of such replies, his thesis of the *Décadence*—the analogy, namely, of such defunct powers of the past as Carthage, Rome, Spain, Holland, and Venice. And one only consideration of natural probability does he find, wherewith to convert this shadowy and untangible analogy from a mere thing of rhetoric into something like sense and ratiocination. It is this: the natural and internal resources of England are limited, and her greatness at present depends on her power to increase those, by exchanging her produce with the rest of the world; but seeing that in the progress of things, and all the faster for free trade, civilization and science tend to become equal over the globe—seeing that Australiás and Americas are rising up to compete with her in her own arts—a time must come when she shall fall back into her natural position, as a country of the third or fourth magnitude, inferior to France, inferior to Russia, inferior even to Spain or Italy.

Of this argument of the natural and inevitable reduction of England by the competition with her of a whole world, first improved by her lessons, and up to her level, (an argument, by the way, which M. Ledru Rollin has borrowed from Englishmen, who have already propounded and illustrated it, and which is, by its scientific nature, utterly out of the spirit of his virulent book,) we will only say that the *Décadence* it forewarns us of is, in the first place, far off, and, in the second place, a thing in itself rather beautiful than fearful. We ourselves believe in some such *Décadence*. It is now six months since, in this very Journal, we

blew the trumpet of a similar, and even more ominous anticipation. We will repeat our own words.

'That there are epochs, waves, vicissitudes in human affairs on the large scale as well as on the small; that kingdoms, empires, and dynasties rise and fall, come and go; that, to state the things more abstractly, the organisms of nations and races, as well as of individuals, are subject to a law of inevitable spontaneous decline—these are facts that no man capable of observation or reasoning can disbelieve or gainsay. That the present time is but the passing phase of a great wholesale evolution; and that, as a series of civilizations have preceded and produced it, so, another series of civilizations, should the world last long enough, will follow it and grow out of it, is a kind of axiom with all that have reflected on history. And let but this general truth be stated in a particular form; let but the speculation arise, for example, what may be the condition of our own island two, or three, or four hundred years after this: all cant about British courage and resources, the wooden walls of England, and that kind of thing, resolutely set aside, let the question be calmly entertained in the light of general historical analogy, whether the ultimate possession of our island by a race different from that now living on it—say a race with a Russian tincture, is not a probability, nay a certainty; and in what spirit, Mr. Bull, shall we receive the very blue conclusion?'—*British Quarterly Review* for Feb. 1850.

Here, we fancy, is a *Décadence* every bit as good, though by no means the same, as that expounded and hoped for by M. Ledru-Rollin. But it is a *Décadence* of which it is not necessary to be so afraid as M. Ledru-Rollin would fain make us of his. For, whenever such a process of dissolution or modification shall begin, of this at least we may be convinced, it will involve, not England alone, but all Western Europe. France and England will go together. If, as we have ventured to surmise, the great coming agency of evolution, should be violent and warlike—a Slavonic irruption, for example—then either France and England will be submerged by the same tide; or, no longer rivals, they will exist as members of a new occidental confederacy, having common aims, and pledged each part of it to forward them to the extent of all its resources. Or should the agency be, as in the borrowed argument of M. Ledru-Rollin, that of the pacific competition of the whole improved globe with all its individual parts, then, when England is reduced to a power of the fourth magnitude, how much larger, with Australias, Americas, and Russias to occupy the first rank, will be the terrestrial importance of France? But either result still lies at a great and uncertain distance. France and England have each, in all probability, a large amount of work still separately to do. And as for England, whenever her hour shall come, she may lay down her life cheer-

fully, sure of a noble epitaph. She will leave the planet Anglo-Saxon.

To the observations we have already offered in connexion with this work of M. Ledru-Rollin we must add one more; namely, that its effect upon ourselves has been to diminish very considerably the opinion we were disposed to entertain of the competence of the author as a politician and social reformer. We believe, indeed, that M. Ledru-Rollin has honourably selected a high political route; that he belongs to a party of men, already pretty numerous throughout Europe, who, whatever amount of obloquy may be cast on them on account of their restlessness and violence, do really cherish large thoughts for the human species, and catch, in quite a singular manner, certain luminous premonitions of what is to exist in the future. We believe also that, in this party, M. Ledru-Rollin stands distinguished for oratorical power, and for personal courage. We used to read the reports of his speeches in the French chamber with much interest, and with frequent admiration. One passage, in particular, in his speech on the *Droit du Travail*, we still remember, as perhaps the most eloquent bit of language uttered during that great debate. Even in the present book there are traces of a mastery of vituperative oratory; for many passages, that are quite contemptible as regards the amount of matter that they contain, have yet a kind of burning fierceness in them, derived from the evident earnestness of the writer, that enables them to wound and blister, where they cannot either impress or convince. The author, we believe, does hate England; and is engaged in no mere literary pretence when he says so. But when we find a man thus enslaved and jaundiced by a mere narrow and meagre ferocity; when we find in him no good humour, no moments of repose or sobriety, no disposition to look around with a smile, and interpret things favourably—in short, no breadth or generality of sentiment; when we see him proceeding constantly with set teeth and venomous visage, like a dog intent to bite; when, in the service of his bitter and ill-conditioned state of temper, we see him distort facts and tumble over history; and when, in addition to all this, we find in him no intellectual largeness or depth, no tendency to elaborate and intricate speculation, no wealth of clear and happy expressions, the relics of past thought,—then, our hopes from the activity of such a man in any department of human application, and, above all, in the work of political reform, must be pitched very low indeed. That no good will come of M. Ledru-Rollin, and that even his ferocity may not be turned to some useful account, we are not prepared to say; but this we will say, that, inasmuch as no movement is worth more than the

mind or minds it issues from, then, if out of the efforts of the present Red-Republican party in Europe, any real and permanent amelioration of the state of human society is to come, it must be because there exist in that party spirits more largely and generously endowed than M. Ledru-Rollin, and capable of drenching all that he shall originate with a flood of better conceptions.

What a contrast between such a politician as M. Ledru-Rollin and the statesman that England has just lost! The worth of Sir Robert Peel as a political leader may be said to have consisted above all in this—the sobriety and generality of his nature. Generality of intellect, in the special sense of that phrase, he can hardly be said to have possessed. Both by his natural disposition and his education he was kept out of the range of what are called *first* principles; and accomplished, able, and scholarly as he was, few men were more clumsy than he in the expression of anything in the shape of an abstract proposition. He positively could not do it; and, if he tried it, would only blunder round and round the matter on hand, saying there was a ‘principle’ involved, and while attempting to evolve this said ‘principle,’ which a Frenchman could have done in a moment, only involving it still more inextricably in a heap of *ands*, and *buts*, and *whiches*. In this respect he was greatly surpassed by the best Whig speakers; the very essence of Whig statesmanship consisting in the profession of a certain limited list of abstractions, accompanied by a power of intelligently applying them in the solution of social questions. But if Sir Robert was thus *par excellence* an Englishman, according to the definition of the English mind given by M. Ledru-Rollin; if his mode of advancing was not by prescribing to himself intellectually the point in the distant horizon which he was to reach, and then moving towards it, but by attaching himself more or less implicitly to the otherwise-determined movement of circumstances, it must at least be said of him, that in his career were notably illustrated some of the advantages of this method. For, if Sir Robert did not display generality of intellect in the ordinary sense of that phrase, he possessed in a remarkable degree what we have called generality of nature. Whatever conception his intellect did realize, the whole of the rest of his nature seemed to be free to gather round that conception and become genially subservient to it. And thus, as he was also a singularly open man, a man singularly attentive to whatever was said or done within the reach of his observation, and singularly capable of retaining and pondering it, it so happened that his whole political life was a progress from the old to the new, from the narrow to the large and general.

People that knew him in private, used to describe him as a man in whose mind something or other seemed always to be *taking place*. He would listen to a conversation, or receive a piece of information, without giving the slightest sign at the time that he was in any particular degree interested; but, as surely as possible, if he could be watched long enough, the appropriate reply or acknowledgment would be observed to follow, and that most commonly in the form of *action*. Precisely so was it with him in political life. He would sit night after night in the House of Commons listening to facts and arguments, or he would lend an attentive ear to the buzz of opinion throughout the country, and this he would do so quietly and passively that nobody could suppose him to be impressed: ultimately, however, what he had heard would take effect in his mind in the form of a small speck of perception or conviction that was not there before; this perception or conviction would increase; the rest of his nature would gather round it and be wholly penetrated by it; and at last, after a due lapse of time, that noblest exhibition of man, a ripe and completed *action*, would be given to the world. Twice in his life he illustrated this process in a manner almost prodigious—first, in the Catholic Emancipation struggle, and again in the Repeal of the Corn Laws. It cannot be denied, indeed, that in these cases he had the merit neither of original conception, nor of a conversion so speedy as might have been; and, on the whole, it must be admitted, that if Sir Robert had possessed a little more even of the French tendency towards generality of thought and expression, his greatness as a statesman would have been proportionately increased. Still, remembering, as we ought to do, of how little value this tendency is when it is not associated with truthfulness and boldness of nature, and how pre-eminently it is the business of the statesman, not to precede the thoughts of his age, but only to reduce as large a quantity as possible of its best thought into the form of law and action, we shall not allow even the just criticisms that have been pronounced on the deceased statesman in respect of his plagiarisms and his slowness, to interfere with our sense of his superiority on the whole. * Considering, too, how little sensitive he was to the absurd charge of inconsistency, and how whatever modification his mind had undergone remained permanent in it, we shall certainly see cause at this particular time to regret, with double sorrow, his premature death. As he had listened before to the buzz of opinion, so, the supposition of many was, he was listening to it again; whatever advanced thoughts were going in the country on the great questions of Education, Emigration, the Suffrage, and Pauperism, nay, even of Co-operative Industry and

Socialism, were, it was imagined, slowly producing their impression on this man; again, the current belief was, something *was taking place* in the mind of Peel; and, had he lived, we might, therefore, once more have had from him a specimen of ripe and large legislation. All this, it is true, may be but the fond illusion of a too sudden bereavement. Still, Conservative as he was, and eminently English as he was in his mode of thinking, where shall we find a statesman whose actions have been more large and innovative? Guizot, the *doctrinaire*, the man of generality, has done nothing so bold; Ledru-Rollin himself, the Republican and Socialist chief, will do nothing bolder. Neither of them has Peel's manliness and general soundness of nature. Hitherto, also, it must be said of the English Whigs, that, with larger doctrinal maxims than the party of Sir Robert, their want of a leader with the same fulness, courage, and moral completeness of disposition, has made them but peddling statesmen. May they do better yet! The curse of them, and of us all is, that we fear large measures.

CRITICISMS ON BOOKS.

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| 1. In Memoriam. | 9. Weld's Summer Ramble. |
| 2. Summer Months in Spain. | 10. Shoolbred's Poems. |
| 3. Essays, by Henry Rogers. | 11. The Roman, by Sydney Yendys. |
| 4. Blackie's <i>Æschylus</i> . | 12. Sermons, by Joseph Sortain. |
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| 7. Wratislaw's Bohemian Poetry. | 15. Mann on Prayer. |
| 8. Kent's Doom of Mythology. | 16. Pamphlets on Bible Monopoly. |

I. *In Memoriam*. Moxon. 1850. pp. 210.

It is generally known that these poems are the production of Alfred Tennyson—the expression of his sorrow for the loss of a chosen friend, Mr. Arthur Hallam, a son of the historian. The pieces which compose the volume are short, on an average little exceeding the limits of the sonnet, but unfettered by its rules, and through them all there runs the same vein of pensive tenderness, the same plaintive rhythm. They evince a greater depth of sorrow than that which in ancient days called on the Muses of Sicily to sing a dirge for Bion. They are not cast in the classic mould of *Lycidas*, or of that mournful Latin poem in which Milton deplores the death of Charles Diodati under the name of Damon; neither are they crowded with the ethereal fancies which make the *Adonais* of Shelley seem rather the lament of spirits of the air, or ‘genii of the wandering breeze,’ than the complaint of mortal man. The grief that here finds utterance is a grief like that of Constance, which ‘walks up and down’ with the bereaved one, and gives a ‘tone and tint’ to every thought. It has led the poet to meditations deep and sad and hopeful, on life and death and immortality.

There are no headings to the hundred and twenty-nine pieces which make up the book, nor is there any specified arrangement according to subject, so that the transitions of thought from theme to theme are likely by their frequency and suddenness to embarrass most readers at the first. This is a serious disadvantage, since it makes what is not really obscure appear so; and where, as is here and there the case, there is a want of clearness, the passage is rendered almost unintelligible from the difficulty of divining the writer's starting-point. Many of the thoughts are in themselves of a refined and abstract character, and will not be appreciated on a cursory perusal. 'In Memoriam' is a companion for a solitary summer walk by the sea-shore, alternately to read and muse to the sound of the waves. Mr. Tennyson has always been distinguished for an exquisite felicity of expression, and for that accuracy of ear and command of language which make the thought and the sound reciprocally enhance each other. Such excellences lie upon the surface, and are here conspicuous in many a lovely line. At intervals, too, there are touches of feeling,—almost dramatic representations of an emotion or a thought in a few lines, more like the suggestive simplicity of Uhland than anything in our literature. To enjoy the volume fully it should be read with thoughtful pauses, the heart should be opened by some present or remembered sadness, the imagination should be suffered to dwell on the pictures indicated, often by a single line or a single epithet, and the speculative faculty should stand ready girded to go forth on an excursion, for the poem abounds in hints and surmises that open interminable avenues of thought. It is no new thing for the fancy of the poet to find in the outward world numerous echoes or representations that give back or image his inward feeling, but bereavement has never found before so many touching symbols, so many answering relationships in the common experience of life, as are here presented, peopling the neighbourhood of sadness with unlooked-for sympathies.

II. *Gazpacho; or, Summer Months in Spain.* By WILLIAM GEORGE CLARK, M.A. London: J. W. Parker. pp. 276.

Gazpacho is the name of a dish common in Spain,—a cold soup made of oil and water, potherbs and bread. Mr. Clark would modestly give us to understand that his book is composed of quite as ordinary ingredients mixed with quite as little skill. His account is a medley certainly, but a very clever one, and rather an artistic salad than a homely Gazpacho. Criticisms on art, sketches of scenery and incident, reflections, digressions, all are seasoned with a genial humour that leads the willing reader gaily from chapter to chapter, from Burgos to Madrid, from Madrid to Granada, and thence to Gibraltar, Seville, and Cordova. The author has avoided the two extremes, into one of which writers of travels are so apt to fall; he has not aimed at the politico-economical species of narration, which sinks personality in statistics, and may be instructive but is certainly dry; neither, on the contrary, has he chosen the egotistico-gastronomical method, which estimates all things from the stomachic point of view, prints diaries entire, and, informing the reader more about the means than the end of travel, is superficial and uninteresting at the same time.

III. *Essays selected from Contributions to the Edinburgh Review.* By HENRY ROGERS. 2 vols. 8vo. Longman and Co. 1850.

The contents of the first of these volumes are intitled 'Biographical and Critical,' the papers in the second volume are described as 'Theological and Political.' Thomas Fuller, Andrew Marvel, Luther, Leibnitz, Pascal, and Plato, have a place in the biographical sketches; and the theological papers have done good service in the dissection of Tractarianism, and in defence of Revelation. The political papers, particularly that on 'Revolution and

Reform,' while wholesome as directed against those who make an idol of the crowd, err, in our judgment, rather materially on the side of excuses for men in power. But these form a small portion of the publication. Both the substance and general style of the articles entitle them to a place with the first class productions of our time. Most refreshing has it been to us to turn from the conceits of all sorts which are now obtruded upon us from so many quarters, to volumes so rich in learning, so pregnant with thought, and so simple, manly—thoroughly English in style. They belong to a school of authorship, in which we could wish to see the young mind of the country nurtured and matured.

IV. *The Lyrical Dramas of Æschylus, from the Greek, translated into English verse.* By JOHN STUART BLACKIE, Professor of Latin Literature in Marischal College, Aberdeen. 2 vols. 8vo. Parker. London, 1850.

From the Universities of Scotland we generally look for Metaphysics, from Dublin for pure or mixed science, while, confining our observation within these islands, from Oxford and Cambridge only, with their younger sister of London, do we expect contributions to classical literature of much mark or moment. Our expectations have taken their shape principally from the prevailing character of the productions issuing from these venerable foundations, nor would we be supposed for a moment to entertain the idea, that scholars 'ripe and good' are not to be found ministering the soundest nurture in every department to the alumni of these institutions. Such, however, is the fact, that the chosen home of classical lore in Great Britain is to be found on the banks of Cam and Isis, rather than elsewhere. But as there is no rule without an exception, so the work before us might trace its fatherhood to Oxford itself, for the classical spirit which it breathes, while it boasts a vigour and vivacity somewhat unusual, we conceive, in the products of our southern cloisters. Many of these are leaden-hued as the crass air begotten of the swamps that surround their Alma Mater, while the mantle of the old Tragedian in Blackie's translation is shot with the dyes of a playful Aurora. It reads like an original, the happiest achievement of a translator, and the surest proof of success. The author has avoided the common faults of being too literal and too loose: nor has he yielded to the very strong temptation of seeking to reproduce in his version the metres of the original. Our stately English blank verse has been wisely adopted throughout as a fair representative of the Greek Iambic Trimeter; and in dealing with the choruses—a more difficult question—he has selected such English metres as to his ear 'seemed most dramatically to represent the feeling of the original, making a marked contrast everywhere between the rhythmical movement of joy and sorrow, and always distinguishing carefully between what was piled up with a stable continuity of sublime emotion, and what was ejaculated in a hurried and broken style, where the Dochmiac verse prevails.'—Pref. xvi. This is the true method of translation, to re-produce in another tongue the very impression made upon the mind by the original, a success accorded to a very few, but achieved by our author in a distinguished manner. The Text of Wellauer has been generally followed, and graceful acknowledgment is made of the author's obligations to some English and German scholars. Take the work as a whole, it must supersede alike the tame respectability of Potter, and the disjointed rhythms of Kennedy, and other introducers of Greek metres into English verse. Looking at what he has done, and what he has avoided, the curious felicity of many of his epithets, together with the racy appreciation of the great dramatist that marks his whole version, the solid learning he exhibits, and profound study of his original, we are happy to pronounce Professor Blackie on the merits of this work—*tanto Tragædo haud impar.*

V. *A Guide to German Literature; or Manual to facilitate an acquaintance with the German Classic Authors.* By FRANZ ADOLPH MOSCHZISKE, of the University of Leipzig.

We heartily rejoice that our office does not entail upon us the audible pronunciation of this author's name. It stands at the back of two tasty well-bound volumes, but when we advance to somewhere about the fourth consonant, it seems thoroughly to repel the presumption of attempting to give it utterance. The courageous student, however, rallying, and penetrating only a little way, cannot fail to give the book a cordial welcome as an agreeable aid and stimulus to his studies. It contains a short sketch of German literature, followed by some account of the various authors, with copious extracts from their works; these passages are well chosen, and suffer but little from their necessary brevity. If we find fault with anything it will be with its strain of unmix'd commendation.

VI. *Eastern Monachism.* By R. SPENCE HARDY, Member of the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society. Partridge and Oakley. pp. 430.

The elaborate work of Mr. Ward has rendered the Brahminical religion, in all its minutiae, familiar to all who feel interested in the subject. Mr. Hardy renders the English reader a similar service with respect to the faith of Buddha. Such a book is welcome. We ought to have within ordinary reach a full and accurate account of a religion which numbers in various parts of the globe between three and four hundred millions of adherents. A work like the present could only have been composed, amidst pressing professional duties, by a man of unusual industry; it embraces an account of the religious books, the laws, ceremonies, and present condition of the Buddhists, with an interesting comparative view of the development of the same quietist notions and practices elsewhere in the east, and at various periods in the west. This philosophical pursuit of the successive metamorphoses of a single subtle principle, is a feature too generally wanting in works on these subjects, and adds greatly to the merit of the work, and to its interest for the general reader.

VII. *Lyra Czecho-slovanská: Bohemian Poems, Ancient and Modern; Translated from the original Slavonic, with an Introductory Essay.* By A. H. WRATISLAW, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Christ's College, Cambridge. Parker. London. 1849.

Wandering by the banks of the Moldau, only second in picturesque beauty to the romantic Elbe, and full of the memories old Prague supplied of Jan Ziska and John Huss, of Nepomuck the saint and Wallenstein the soldier, of Sigismund and the great Frederic, of Tycht. Brahe and Kepler, of Szechian independence and Teutonic tyranny, of all, in short, that told of olden faith and valour, devotion and genius,—gazing, too, with melancholy interest upon the crumbling Dom, the palatial Hradšchin, the Rathhaus, the statue-crowned bridge, the Carolinum, once a national and Protestant, now an alien and Popish university, it was our hap to encounter, one summer since, a young Englishman of scholarly acquirements and elegant literature, whose pursuits at the time were more serious than our own. He had taken upon him the self-imposed task of tracing the stream of Bohemian literature to its fountain head, and by force of diligent application and loving enthusiasm, of reawakening in his own soul the echoes of his ancestral tongue. That student was our author, and one result of his researches is the graceful volume before us. It is composed in a simple and elegant style, giving the most favourable impression of the taste and cultivation of the author. It contains historical ballads on the stirring incidents of the Bohemian annals, elegies, lyrical poems of every mood, 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe,' and a few copies of original versos. We cordially commend it to the attention of our readers.

VIII. *Aletheia; or, the Doom of Mythology: with other Poems.* By WILLIAM CHARLES KENT. Longmans, pp. 321.

The principal poem in this book swarms with the names of classic deities, great and small. It reads as though all the words in a classical dictionary had been emptied on the writer's pages, and he has, in fact, found it necessary to affix a glossary to the work for the unlearned. If Keats occasionally erred in this direction, his imagination always furnished many more pictures and images than did his memory names; so that, if the reader lost his way, it was among flowers, never among mere words. With Mr. Kent, the nomenclature outdoes the poetry. With such a display of classical terminology the author should at least have avoided two or three false quantities which deform his lines, and have taken care that his hexameters were all such in reality as well as in name. His faults of language are commonly similar to those of Keats, without the fancy that riots in 'Endymion,' or the grandeur of that colossal fragment, 'Hyperion.' Still Mr. Kent is at times spirited and expressive. His diction is alternately felicitous and faulty. The shorter poems are the best, but the best are not such as can secure eminence in a day like the present, when so much good poetry is continually appearing.

IX. *Auvergne, Piedmont, and Savoy: a Summer Ramble.* By CHARLES RICHARD WELD. J.W. Parker. pp. 351.

An interesting account of a tour through districts where, as yet, the successive swarms of summer ramblers have not smoothed away quite all the romantic inconveniences of travel. The reader who wanders with Mr. Weld among the picturesque streets of Clermont, or the precipices of the Puy Ferrand; who mounts to the Grande Chartreuse, the 'Escorial of the Alps,' and descends through the defile of Exilles on the sunny Susa, will find himself travelling in very sensible and agreeable company. The account of a visit to the Carthusians in their silent convent hung among the crags is a good piece of description, and a most refreshing thing to read on a hot day. The author gives us little scientific information, but his pictures of scenery and manners, and his pleasant miscellaneous gossip by the way, will render his book generally attractive.

X. *Poems.* By ANDREW EWEN SHOOLBRED. Edinburgh: Grant and Taylor. pp. 312.

These poems, the solace of sickness, are simple, unaffected, and devout. Their author has, doubtless, already realized his reward, in the alleviation and enjoyment afforded by composition. But a love for reverie, the power to appreciate poetic excellence, and even a passion for poetical production, all of which Mr. Shoolbred possesses, are not of themselves sufficient to entitle any one to the appellation of poet in the higher acceptation of the term.

XI. *The Roman.* By SYDNEY YENDYS. R. Bentley. pp. 166.

This poem represents, in a succession of scenes remarkable for power and beauty, the progress of an Italian patriot, who endeavours to rekindle the old Roman spirit in the hearts of his countrymen. He assumes the guise of a monk, mingles with rich and poor throughout the length and breadth of the land, speaks his stirring words, and departs, leaving them to engender in the thoughts of his hearers a self-forgetting passion for freedom, which shall at length cast out the oppressor. The action of the piece is simple, but the interest is well sustained. The one idea of the patriot is the key-note of the whole, it subordinates everything beside, and breathes its passion throughout the work. The faults of the poem—occasional exuberance, and over-elaboration of an analogy or a thought—are such as time may correct, while its excellences entitle its author to no mean place among the genuine singers of our day.

XII. *Sermons.* By JOSEPH SORTAIN, A.B. 8vo, pp. 398.

These discourses possess one quality which with many will be a recommendation—they are short; but a second and less doubtful peculiarity is, that they each give prominence to some one idea, which is left by the preacher to be digested as food for the season; this idea, moreover, is often original and striking, and is always presented with ability, and in a devout spirit. If we were disposed to complain, it would be of the taste of the preface; and of the style generally, as being much more abstract and elevated than could be required, even by the most refined auditory. If Mr. Sortain would only aim at a Saxon clearness of expression, rather than at a classical elegance, he would be improved wonderfully, and that in the estimation of the most cultivated among his hearers, quite as much as in the judgment of the most humble.

XIII. *Discourses on Holy Scripture; with Notes and Illustrations.* By JOHN KELLY, Minister of Crescent Chapel, Liverpool. Foolscap, pp. 364. Snow. 1850.

Mr. Kelly should, ere this, have been well known to the public from the Press. This valuable series of discourses, together with the 'Notes and Illustrations' which accompany them, will enable many to judge, more adequately than heretofore, as to the ability and acquirements of the author. There is thoroughness in the writer's orthodoxy, but it is a strong hand that here grapples for the old truth. The discourses are eight in number, and on the following subjects—to some of these topics we hope to return another day:—I. The New Testament Canon; II. The Old Testament Canon; III. Inspiration; IV. Same subject; V. The Right Receiving of the Word of God; VI. The Spirit in which the Scriptures should be Studied; VII. The Influence of the Gospel on Individual Character; VIII. The Influence of the Bible on Society. It is a volume that should be placed largely in the hand of the thoughtful youth of our time.

XIV. *Nineveh and Persepolis: an Historical Sketch of Ancient Syria and Persia, with an account of the Recent Researches in those Countries.* By W. S. W. VAUX, M.A., Assistant in the department of Antiquities, British Museum. Foolscap. pp. 436. Hall and Co. 1850.

This book is handsomely printed, suitably embellished, and presents a valuable summary of our ancient and our more recent knowledge on the interesting subject to which it relates.

XV. *The Gift of Prayer.* By THOMAS MANN. 12mo. Third edition.

We are pleased to see a volume on this subject in a *third* edition. It is a judicious book, well adapted to aid in a wise development of the most precious of all spiritual gifts. It is not designed for the ministry merely, but for all who attempt in any way to lead the devotions of others, and indeed for all Christians.

XVI. *Pamphlets, on the Bible Monopoly.* By ADAM THOMPSON, D.D. 8vo.

Two facts are indisputable; first, that the cost of the Holy Scriptures has been reduced to an extent that is really marvellous; and, second, that this result is to be attributed mainly to the indefatigable labours of Dr. Thompson, of Coldstream. We sincerely rejoice in the attempt now made in Scotland, to express sympathy with him in his generous effort, and hope to see the South follow the example of the North in this matter.

** * Many notices for this department are unavoidably postponed to our next number.*

